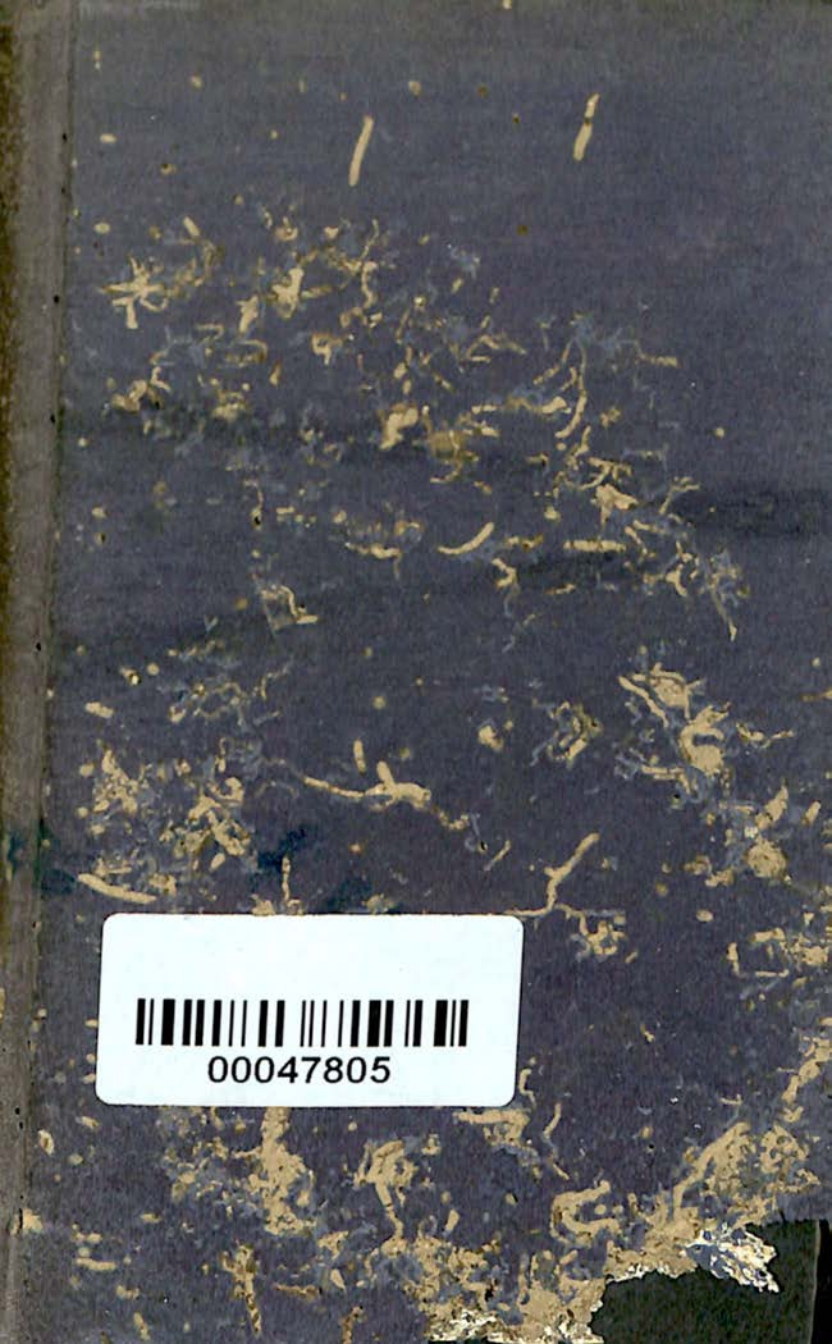
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THE

DOUBLE GALLANT:

OR, THE

SICK LADY'S CURE.

A

COMEDY.

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PROLOGUE.

COU'D those, who never try'd, conceive the Sweat,
The Toil requir'd, to make a Play compleat;
They'd pardon, or encourage all that cou'd
Pretend to be but Tolerably good.
Plot, Wit, and Humour's hard to meet in one,
And yet without 'em all——all's lamely done:
One Wit, perhaps, another Humour paints;
A third designs you well, but Genius wants;
A fourth begins with Fire——but, ah! to weak to hold
it, faints.
A Modern Bard, who late adorn'd the Bays,
Whose Muse deserv'd his Fame to envy'd Praise,
Was still observ'd to want his Judgment most in Plays.
Those, he too often found, required the Pain,
And stronger Forces of a vig'rous Brain:
Nay, even alter'd Plays, like old Houses mended,
Cost little less than new, before they're ended;
At least, our Author finds the Experience true,
For equal Pains had made this wholly new:
And tho' the Name seem, and the Scenes will show
That 'tis, in Fact, no more the same, than now
Cam'd Chatsworth is, what 'twas some Years ago.
Pardon the Boldness, that a Play shou'd dare,
With Works of so much Wonder to compare:
But as that Fabrick's antient Walls or Wood
Were little worth, to make this new one good;
So of this Play, we hope, 'tis understood.
For tho' from former Scenes some Hints he draws,
The Ground-Plot's wholly chang'd from what it was:
Not but he hopes you'll find enough that's new,
In Plot, in Persons, Wit, and Humour too:
Yet what's not his, he owns in other's right,
Nor toils he now for Fame, but your Delight.
If that's attain'd, what's matter whose the Play's;
Applaud the Scenes, and strip him of the Praise.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Sir *Solomon Sadlife*,	Mr. *Johnson*.
Clerimont,	Mr. *Booth*.
Careless,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Atall,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Captain *Strut*,	Mr. *Bowen*.
Sir *Squabble Splitlaw*,	Mr. *Norris*.
Saunter,	Mr. [illegible].
Old Mr. [illegible],	Mr. *Bullock*.
Sir *Harry Atall*,	Mr. *Croft*.
Supple,	Mr. *Fairbank*.
Dr. *Blister*,	
Rhubarb,	
Finder,	

WOMEN.

Lady *Dainty*,	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Lady *Sadlife*,	Mrs. *Cross*.
Clarinda,	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Sylvia,	Mrs. *Bradshaw*.
Wishwell,	Mrs. *Saunders*.
Slup,	Mrs. *Brown*.

THE

THE DOUBLE GALLANT: OR, THE SICK LADY'S CURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The [illegible] *MARK.*

Enter Clerimont *and* Atall.

CLERIMONT.

MR. *Atall*, your very humble Servant.

At. O *Cler.* [illegible] such an Adventure, (I was just going to your Lodgings) such a transporting Accident! in short, I am now positively fix'd in Love for altogether.

Cler. All the Sex together, I believe.

At. Nay, if thou dost not believe me, and stand my Friend, I am ruin'd past Redemption.

Cler. Dear, Sir, if I stand your Friend without believing you, won't that do as well? But why shou'd you think I don't believe you? I have seen you twice in

Love within this Fortnight; and it wou'd be hard indeed to ſuppoſe a Heart of ſo much Mettle could not hold out a third Engagement.

At. Then to be ſerious in one Word, I am honourably in love; and if ſhe proves the Woman I am ſure ſhe muſt, will poſitively marry her.

Cler. Marry! O degenerate Virtue!

At. Now will you help me?

Cler. Sir, you may depend upon me: But that I may be the better able to ſerve you——all Things in order ——pray give me Leave firſt to ask a Queſtion or two: What is this honourable Lady's Name?

At. Faith, I don't know.

Cler. What are her Parents?

At. I can't tell.

Cler. What Fortune has ſhe?

At. I don't know.

Cler. Where does ſhe live?

At. I can't tell.

Cler. A very conciſe Account of the Perſon you deſign to marry. Pray, Sir, what is't you do know of her?

At. That I'll tell you! Coming yeſterday from *Greenwich* by Water, I overtook a Pair of Oars, whoſe lovely Freight was one ſingle Lady and a Fellow in a handſome Livery in the Stern. When I came up, I had at firſt reſolv'd to uſe the Privilege of the Element, and bait her with Watermen's Wit, till I came to the Bridge: But as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me, inſtead of turning her Head aſide, or cramming her Hoods in her Mouth to raiſe my Curioſity, ſhe very prudently prevented my Deſign; and as I paſs'd, bow'd to me with an humble Bluſh, that ſpoke at once ſuch Senſe, ſo juſt a Fear, and Modeſty, as put the looſeſt of my Thoughts to rout. And when ſhe found her Eyes had mov'd into me Manners, the cautious Gloom that ſat upon her Beauties, diſappear'd; her ſparkling Eyes reſum'd their native Fire; ſhe look'd, ſhe ſmil'd, ſhe talk'd, while her diffuſive Charms new fir'd my Heart, and gave my Soul a Softneſs it never felt before——To be brief, her Converſation

tion was as charming as her Perſon, both eaſy, unconſtrain'd, and ſprightly: But then her Limbs! O rapturous Thought! The ſnowy Down upon the Wings of unfledg'd Love, had never half that Softneſs.

Cler. Raptures indeed. Pray, Sir, how came you ſo well acquainted with her Limbs?

At. By the moſt fortunate Misfortune ſure that ever was: For as we were ſhooting the Bridge, her Boat, by the Negligence of the Waterman, running againſt the Piles, was over-ſet; out jumps the Footman to take care of a ſingle Rogue, and down went the poor Lady to the Bottom. My Boat being before her, the Stream drove her, by the Help of her Clothes, towards me; at Sight of her I plung'd in, caught her in my Arms, and with much ado ſupported her till my Waterman pull'd in to ſave us. But the charming Difficulty of her getting into the Boat gave me a Tranſport that all the wide Water in the *Thames* had not Power to cool: For, Sir, while I was giving her a Lift into the Boat, I found the floating of her Clothes had left her lovely Limbs beneath as bare as new-born *Venus* riſing from the Sea.

Cler. What an impudent Happineſs art thou capable of!

At. When ſhe was a little recover'd from her Fright, ſhe began to enquire my Name, Abode, and Circumſtances, that ſhe might know whom ſhe ow'd her Life and Preſervation to. Now, to tell you the Truth, I durſt not trust her with my real Name, leſt ſhe ſhould from thence have diſcover'd that my Father was now actually under Bonds to marry me to another Woman; ſo faith I now'n told her my Name was *Freeman*, a *Glouceſterſhire* Gentleman, of a good Eſtate, juſt come to Town about a *Chancery* Suit. Beſides, I was unwilling any Accident ſhould let my Father know of my being yet in *England*, leſt he ſhould find me out, and force me to marry the Woman I never ſaw (for which, you know he commanded me home) before I have Time to prevent it.

Cler. Well, but cou'd not you learn the Lady's Name all this while?

At.

At. No 'Faith, ſhe was inexorable to all Intreaties; only told me in general Terms, that if what I vow'd to her was ſincere, ſhe wou'd give me a Proof in a few Days what Hazards ſhe would run to requite my Services; and after having told her where ſhe might hear of me, I ſaw her into a Chair, preſs'd her by the cold Roſy Fingers, kiſs'd 'em warm, and parted.

Cler. What! Then you are quite off of the Lady, I ſuppoſe, that you made an Acquaintance with in the *Park* laſt Week.

At. No, no; not ſo neither: One's my *Juno*, all Pride and Beauty: but this my *Venus*, all Life, Love, and Softneſs. Now, what I beg of thee, dear *Clerimont*, is this: Mrs. *Juno*, as I told you, having done me the Honour of a civil Viſit or two at my own Lodgings, I muſt needs borrow thine to entertain Mrs. *Venus* in; for if the Rival Goddeſſes ſhould meet, and Claſh, you know there would be the Devil to do between them.

Cler. Well, Sir, my Lodgings are at your Service: But you muſt be very private and ſober, I can tell you; for my Landlady's a *Preſbyterian*; if ſhe ſuſpects your Deſign, you're blown up, depend upon't.

At. Don't fear, I'll be as careful as a guilty Conſcience: But I wan't immediate Poſſeſſion; for I expect to hear from her every Moment, and have already directed her to ſend thither. Pr'ythee come with me.

Cler. 'Faith, you muſt excuſe me; I expect ſome Ladies in the *Park* that I would not miſs of for an Empire: But yonder's my Servant, he ſhall conduct you.

At. Very good! that will do as well then: I'll ſend my Man along with him to expect her Commands, and call me if ſhe ſends: And in the mean time I'll e'en go home to my own Lodgings: for to tell you the Truth, I expect a ſmall Meſſage there from my Goddeſs Imperial. And I am not ſo much in love with my new Bird in the Bush, as to let t'other fly out of my Hand for her.

Cler. And pray, Sir, what Name does your Goddeſs Imperial, as you call her, know you by?

At. O, Sir, with her I paſs for a Man of Arms, and am

and call'd Col. *Standfaſt*; with my new Face, *John Freeman* of *Flatland Hall*, Eſq; But Time flies; I muſt leave you.

Clar. Well, dear *Atall*, I'm yours——Good Luck to you, [*Exit* At.] What a happy Fellow is this, that owes his Succeſs with the Women purely to his Inconſtancy? What a Blockhead am I, to taint my Inclinations with Virtue, when I have ſo many daily Examples before my Eyes, of People's being ill us'd for their Sincerity? Here comes another too almoſt as happy as he, a Fellow that's wiſe enough to be but half in Love, and make his whole Life a ſtudied Idleneſs.

Enter Careleſs.

Clar. So, *Careleſs!* you're conſtant, I ſee, to your Morning's Saunter. Well! how ſtand Matters? I hear ſtrange Things of thee; that after having rail'd at Marriage all thy Life, thou haſt reſolv'd to fall into the Nooſe at laſt.

Care. I don't ſee any great Terror in the Nooſe, (as you call it) when a Man's weary of Liberty: The Liberty of playing the Fool, when one's turn'd of thirty, is not of much Value.

Clar. How-day! Then you begin to have nothing in your Head now, but Settlements, Children, and the main Chance?

Care. Ev'n ſo faith; but in hopes to come at 'em too, I am forc'd very often to make my Way thro' Pills, Elixirs, Bolus's, Ptizans, and Gallipots.

Clar. What, is your Miſtreſs an Apothecary's Widow?

Care. No, but ſhe is an Apothecary's Shop, and keeps as many Drugs in her Bed-chamber; ſhe has her Phyſick for every Hour of the Day and Night——for 'tis vulgar, ſhe ſays, to be a Moment in rude and perfect Health. Her Bed lin'd with Poppies; the black Boys at the Feet, that the Healths employ to bear Flowers in their Arms, ſhe loads with *Diaſcordium*, and other ſleepy Potions; her Sweet-bags, inſtead of the common and offen-

ſive

five Smells of Muſk and Amber, breathe nothing but the more modiſh and ſalubrious Scents of Hart's-horn, Rue, and Aſſafœtida.

Cler. Why, at this Rate, ſhe's only fit to be the Conſort of *Hippocrates*. But pray what other Charms has this extraordinary Lady?

Care. She has one, *Tom*, that a Man may reliſh without being ſo deep a Phyſician.

Cler. What's that?

Care. Why, two thouſand Pound a Year.

Cler. No vulgar Beauty, I confeſs, Sir; But can'ſt thou for any Conſideration throw thyſelf into this Hoſpital, this Box of Phyſick, and die all Night like Leaf-Gold upon a Pill.

Care. O, dear Sir, this is not half the Evil; her Humour is as fantaſtic as her Diet; nothing that is *Engliſh* muſt come near her; all her Delight is in foreign Impertinences: Her Rooms are all of *Japan* or *Perſia*, her Dreſs *Indian*, and her Equipage are all Monſters: The Coachman came over with his Horſes, both from *Ruſſia*, (*Flanders* are too common) the reſt of her Trim are a mottly Crowd of Blacks, Tawny, Olives, Feulamots, and pale Blues: In ſhort, ſhe's for any thing that comes from beyond Sea; her greateſt Monſters are thoſe of her own Country, and ſhe's in love with nothing o'this Side the Line, but the Apothecaries.

Cler. Apothecaries quotha! why your fine Lady, for aught I ſee, is a perfect Doſe of Folly and Phyſick; in a Month's time ſhe'll grow like an Antimonial Cup, and a Miſs will be able to work with you.

Care. But to prevent that, *Tom*, I deſign upon the Wedding-Day to break all her Gallipots, kick the Doctor down Stairs, and force her, inſtead of Phyſick, to take a hearty Meal of a ſwinging Rump of Boil'd Beef and Carrots, and ſo 'faith I have told her.

Cler. That's ſomething familiar: Are you ſo near Man and Wife?

Care. O nearer, for I ſometimes plague her till ſhe hates the very Sight of me.

Cler.

Cler. Ha! ha! very good! So being a very troubleſome Lover, you pretend to cure her of her Phyſick by a Counter Poiſon.

Care. Right; I intend to ſee a Doctor to preſcribe her an Hour of my Converſation to be taken every Night and Morning; and this to be continued till her Fever of Averſion's over.

Cler. An admirable Recipe!

Care. Well; *Tom*, but how ſtand thy own Affairs? Is *Clarinda* kind yet?

Cler. Faith I can't ſay ſhe's abſolutely kind, but ſhe's pretty near it; for ſhe's grown ſo ridiculouſly ill-humour'd to me of late, that if ſhe keeps the ſame Airs a Week longer, I am in hopes to find as much Eaſe from her Folly, as my Conſtancy would from her Good-nature—But to be plain, I'm afraid I have ſome ſecret Rival in the Caſe; for Women's Vanity ſeldom gives them Courage enough to uſe an old Lover heartily ill, till they are firſt ſure of a new one, that they intend to uſe better.

Care. What ſays Sir *Solomon?* He is your Friend I preſume.

Cler. Yes, at leaſt I can make him ſo when I pleaſe: There is an odd five hundred Pound in her Fortune, that he has a great mind, ſhou'd ſtick to his Fingers, when he pays in the reſt on't; which I am afraid I muſt comply with, for ſhe can't eaſily marry without his Conſent. And yet ſhe's ſo alter'd in her Behaviour of late, that I ſcarce know what to do—Pr'ythee take a turn and adviſe me.

Care. With all my Heart. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to Sir* Solomon Sadlife's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Solomon, *and* Supple *his Man.*

Sir *Sol. Supple*, doſt not thou perceive I put a great Confidence in thee? I truſt thee with my Boſom Secrets.

Sup. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* Ah, *Supple!* I begin to hate my Wife—— but be ſecret.

Sup.

Sup. I'll never tell while I live, Sir,

Sir *Sol.* Nay then I'll truſt thee further: Between thee and I, *Supple*, I have reaſon to believe my Wife hates me too.

Sup. Ah! Dear Sir, I doubt that's no Secret; for to ſay the Truth, my Lady's bitter young and gameſome.

Sir *Sol.* But can ſhe have the Impudence, think'ſt thou, to make a Cuckold of a Knight, one that was dubb'd by the Royal Sword?

Sup. Alas! Sir, I warrant ſhe'as the Courage of a Counteſs, if ſhe's once provok'd, ſhe cares not what ſhe does in her Paſſion; if you were ten times a Knight, ſhe'd give you Dub for Dub, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* Ah! *Supple*, when her Blood's up, I confeſs ſhe's the Devil; and I queſtion if the whole Conclave of Cardinals could lay her. But ſuppoſe ſhe ſhou'd reſolve to give me a Sample of her Sex, and make me a Cuckold in cool Blood?

Sup. Why if ſhe ſhou'd, Sir, don't take it ſo to Heart, Cuckolds are no ſuch Monſters now-a-days: In the City you know, Sir, it's ſo many honeſt Men's Fortune, that no body minds it there; and at this End of the Town a Cuckold has as much Reſpect as his Wife, for aught I ſee; for Gentlemen don't know but it may be their own Caſe another Day, and ſo People are willing to do as they would be done by.

Sir *Sol.* And yet I do not think but my Spouſe is honeſt—and think ſhe is not—wou'd I were ſatisfy'd.

Sup. Troth, Sir, I don't know what to think, but in my Conſcience I believe good looking after her can do her no Harm.

Sir *Sol.* Right, *Supple*; and in order to it, I'll firſt demoliſh her viſiting Days: For how do I know but they may be ſo many private Clubs for Cuckoldom.

Sup. Ah! Sir, your Worſhip knows I was always againſt your coming to this End of the Town.

Sir *Sol.* Thou wert indeed, my honeſt *Supple*: But Woman fair and ſubtleſt Woman, worm'd and work'd me to her Wiſhes; like ſome *Mark Anthony*. I let my Empire

pire moulder from my Hands, and gave up all for Love. Fool, to truſt thy Honour with a Woman! A Race of Vipers! They were Deceivers, *Supple*, from the Beginning. I'll have no Viſiters, that's determin'd.

Sup. Truly, Sir, I begin to think there's nothing ſav'd by them in the Year's End.

Sir *Sol.* O *Supple*, I run mad when I think on't; every powder'd Wig I meet is a piece of Ordnance planted againſt my Honour; the rattling of a fine Charriot gives me the Spleen, and my very Soul's ſet on Edge at the Squeak of a Fiddle.

Sup. And what's more provoking, Sir, the abominable Rogues always pitch upon this Side the Park for their Muſic and Intrigues.

Sir *Sol.* Dogs! Villains! Monſters! Zbud! I've been in a Sweat ever ſince I liv'd here——twice or thrice a Week all the Cuckold-makers in Town rendezvous under my Window. Inſupportable—I muſt have a young Wife with a Murrain to me—I hate her too—and yet the Devil on't is, I'm ſtill jealous of her—Stay! let me reckon up all the fashionable Virtues ſhe has that can make a Man happy. In the firſt Place—I think her very ugly——

Sup. Ah! that's becauſe you are marry'd to her, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* As for her Expences, no Arithmetic can reach 'em; ſhe's always longing for ſomething dear and uſeleſs; ſhe will certainly ruin me in China, Silks, Ribbands, Ewes, Laces, Perfumes, Waſhes, Powder, Patches, Jeſſamine-Gloves, and Ratifia.

Sup. Ah! Sir, that's a cruel Liquor with 'em.

Sir *Sol.* To ſum up all wou'd run me mad——The only way to put a ſtop to her Career, muſt be to put off my Coach, turn away her Chairmen, lock out her *Swiſs* Porter, bar up the Doors, keep out all Viſiters, and then ſhe'll be leſs expenſive.

Sup. Ay, Sir, for few Women think it worth their while to dreſs for their Husbands.

Sir *Sol.* Then we ſha'n't be plagu'd with my old Lady *Tittle Tattle*'s Howd'ye's in a Morning, nor my Lady *Dainty*'s

Dainty's Spleen, or the ſudden Indiſpoſition of that grim Beaſt her horrible *Dutch* Maſtiff.

Su. No, Sir, nor the Impertinence of that great fat Creature, my Lady *Swill-Tea.*

Sir *Sol.* And her ſquinting Daughter. No, no: Let the Tide run ſomewhere elſe; I am reſolv'd to know the Happineſs of living in Silence, without the Din of a Viſiting-Day, ſpent in a continual Jargon of Impertinence, of this pretty Lace, and that pretty Ribband; this News of the Ring, and that of the Circle; this Party for *Plays*, and t'other for *Eunuchs* and *Opera*'s; one laughs in *Gamut*, another ſneezes in *Elami Alt*; and Hey! all their Clacks go together with a *Babel* of Sounds, till their Scandal and Faſhions are all run over; and then to the Peace of the Neighbourhood, they part with the ſame Impertinence they enter'd——No, *Supple*, after this Night, nothing in Petticoats ſhall come within ten Yards of my Doors.

Sup. Nor in Breeches neither?

Sir *Sol.* Only Mr. *Clerimont*; for I expect him to ſign Articles with me for the five hundred Pound he is to give me, for that ungovernable Jade my Niece *Clarinda.* [*Aſide.*] Ha! ſee, who's that? [*Knocking.*

Sup. O, Sir, 'tis the three ſtrange Suitors that wou'd marry Madam *Clarinda.*

Sir *Sol.* Let 'em come in: I'll divert myſelf by laughing at them a little, and then ſend 'em about their Buſineſs like Fools as they came.

Enter Supple, *with* Capt. Strut, *Sir* Squabble Splithair, *and* Saunter.

Sir *Sol.* Well, Gentlemen, your Buſineſs with me, I underſtand is much the ſame; my Conſent to your marrying my Kinſwoman; I ſhould be glad if any of you bring Pretences that I like; and ſo if you pleaſe, Gentlemen,——one after another; and when I have heard you all, I'll give you my Anſwer——And in the firſt place, what are you, Sir?

Capt.

Capt. I, Sir, am——a Man of Honour.

Sir *Sol.* Nay, Sir, what's that, a Lord?

Capt. No, Sir, one that ſcorns to take the Lye, or pay Debts.

Sir *Sol.* Humh! that's pretty near the matter,—an extraordinary Perſon. Where do you live, Sir

Capt. Why, here,——and there, Sir: I'm a Man of a frank Nature, and am always at home.

Sir *Sol.* Where do you ſleep a-nights?

Capt. No where! I ſit up every Night at the Tavern: and in the Morning,—lie rough in the *Round-houſe*.

Sir *Sol.* Pray, Sir, how do you ſpend your Time when you are out of a Tavern?

Capt. I play at *Cramp*, *Matches* at *Tennis*, *Bowls* and *Pitch-bar*, and get in deſparate Debts for young Fellows, that dare not fight for themſelves.

Sir *Sol.* Are you never run through the Body?

Capt. Often Sir; yet I fear nothing but a *Bailiff*, or a *Court-Martial*.—Sir, I kiſs every Woman that ſmiles, and kick every Man that frowns upon me: for I take both to myſelf, whether they meant me, or not.

Sir *Sol.* How, Sir! ſtrike before you know whether you are affronted, or not? I thought you were a Man of Honour

Capt. So I am, Sir, and would not have it ſtain'd—in quarrelling. Delays look ſcurvily: Firſt Blows are beſt. When a Man looks angry upon me, and ſays any thing I don't underſtand, I knock him down; and then 'tis no matter whether I underſtand him or no—Shall a Rascal, becauſe he has read Books, talk pertly to me?

Sir *Sol.* Why, Sir, are not your Men of Honour given to Learning?

Capt. Thoſe that think it worth their while, are; but we generally leave that to the Chaplain, and the Chaplain ſometimes leaves it to the Agent—Our Diſputes need but little Reading; Blows, Blood, and Wounds, are Soldiers Arguments, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* Nay, Sir, I ſhan't diſpute with you——But pray, Sir, what can you ſettle upon my Kinſwoman?

Capt.

Capt. My Glory, and my Sword.

Sir *Sol.* A Jointure of vaſt Honour, I muſt confeſs. Pray, Sir, where may your Glory lie?

Capt. In the *Gazette.*

Sir *Sol.* And your Sword——the Silver-hilted one. I mean.

Capt. At the *Pawn-broker's.*

Sir *Sol.* And pray, Sir, why wou'd you marry?

Capt. Sir, I owe about fifteen hundred Pound; beſide I have a mind to leave off Whoring, and keep a freſh Girl to myſelf.

Sir *Sol.* Hah! a very ſober Principle, truly. Well, Sir, ſince I know your Pretences, will you give me Leave to talk with the other Gentlemen——Pray, Sir, what are you?

Sir *Squab.* I, Sir, am none of your Skipjacks, no Spend-thrift Courtier, nor beggarly Soldier, but a ſolid ſubſtantial Man, with a thinking Head, and a prudent Conſcience; that have liv'd theſe twenty Years in St. *Magnus* Pariſh, have lent my Money to the Government, and owe none of my Neighbours a Shilling.

Sir *Sol.* Pray, Sir, what may be your Name?

Sir *Squab.* My Name, Sir, is Sir *Squabble Splithair*, Knt. and Citizen of *London*,

Sir *Sol.* And what may be your Profeſſion, Sir?

Sir *Squab.* Sir, I profeſs:——Truth, I can hardly tell you what I profeſs; but turning of Money is my chief Buſineſs. Sir, I'll make a Bargain with any Man in the City, and defy him to out-wit me.——I have been too ſharp for every body I have dealt with, and have got a plentiful Eſtate by other People's Folly and my own Induſtry. Beſide, I am a Member of the Old *Eaſt-India* Company, and no Man alive will ever be able to tell what I'm worth.

Sir *Sol.* Very likely, Sir.

Sir *Squab.* Sir, I live ſoberly, and mind the main Chance: I never ſpend an idle Penny out of *Robin's* or *Garraway's* Coffee-houſe: I dine for a Groat at the Chop-houſe: I fell by a ſhort Yard, and bring in a long Bill.

Sir

Sir *Sol.* Hah! you are rich, no doubt, Sir.

Sir *Squab.* Then, Sir, I am a ſevere Perſecutor of ill Women, and never let any of them 'ſcape the Beadle's Correction without a valuable Conſideration.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, ay, you're much in the right, Sir; make 'em pay for their Wickedneſs.

Sir *Squab.* Then I diſcountenance the Enemies of the Government, by encouraging them firſt to run prohibited Goods; and then I diſcover 'em to ſhew my Loyalty.

Sir *Sol.* You'll be a great Man, Sir.

Sir *Squab.* Then, Sir, I am Guardian to my only Siſter; and tho' ſhe is ſix Years above Age, I ſtill keep her Fortune carefully in my own Hands, for fear ſhe ſhou'd throw it away upon ſome beggarly young Fellow: But give her a good Gentlewomanly Education; for I have taught her ſeveral Tunes myſelf, upon the *Dulcimer*; and to ſave the Charge of a Singing-Maſter, I let her go once a Week with her Maid, in the Gallery, to learn the Songs out of the *Opera*.

Sir *Sol.* Good again, Sir; why this will certainly carry my Niece: Theſe are Qualities not to be reſiſted. But now, Sir, what are you willing to ſettle upon her?

Sir *Squab.* Settle, Sir! why I'll—look you, Sir, I don't underſtand your Law-Terms and hard Words:——— But I'll make her a happy Woman. She ſhall want for nothing: I'll ſettle a good Huſband upon her; ſhe ſhall have Money in her Pocket, and good Clothes upon her Back; ſhe ſhall have her youngeſt 'Prentice in a *Blue Livery*, carry her *Gilt-Bible* before her to Church every *Sunday*; ſhe ſhall wear a Gold Chain upon her Neck, and ſit in the great Pew next the Pulpit.

Sir *Sol.* Ay!

Sir *Squab.* Nay, Sir, if ſhe pleaſes my Humour, ſhe ſhall wear her Sunday Clothes every Day; go abroad once a Month in a Sedan; go to a Goſſiping once a Quarter: and once a Year ſhe ſhall conſtantly Lie in.

Sir *Sol.* Hold! hold! Sir, that I'm afraid, is more than you can promiſe.

Sir

Sir *Squab.* Sir, what I ſay I'll ſtand to; and if you doubt my Word, I'll give you City-Security for the Performance of it.

Sir *Sol.* Nay, Sir, what you can't perform, there's no doubt but your Security will.——Well, Sir! now I have heard what you can do.——I have but a Word or two with this Gentleman, and then——

Sir *Squab.* Sir, with all my heart; if you can get a better Bargain, take it.

Sir *Sol.* Well, Sir! now, pray what are you?

Saun. I, Sir!—ha, hah! I'm nothing at all, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* Ha! that is not much indeed, Sir.——But Sir, have you no Employment?

Saun. Employment! what do you mean, old Gentleman, Joiner's Work?——Sir, I'm a Gentleman.

Sir *Sol.* Very good, Sir:——And pray, what Eſtate have you.

Saun. I can't tell, Sir:——I never mind Account I don't underſtand 'em.

Sir *Sol.* Pray, Sir, what is't you do underſtand?

Saun. Bite, Bam, and the beſt of the Lay, old Boy.

Sir *Sol.* Hah; that's every Word more than I underſtand, I muſt confeſs. Do you know nothing of the Law, Sir?

Saun. Um!—juſt as much as I got from being often arreſted.

Sir *Sol.* Do you follow no Buſineſs, Sir?

Saun. No, Sir, I hate it—I avoid it.—I'll make Buſineſs follow me; a Gentleman's above it.

Sir *Sol.* Hah! you ſeem to lead a pleaſant Life, Sir.

Saun. Yes, Sir, Pleaſure's my Principle, and I'll ſtick to it as long as I live.

Sir *Sol.* Pray, what's your chief Diverſions?

Saun. Sauntering!——As thus, Sir, from my Lodging to the *Smyrna*, thence to *White*'s; then to the *Smyrna* again, then to *White*'s again; and all the while, my Chair follows me empty. Then I dine, drink a Bottle, go to *Will*'s, go behind the Scenes, make love in the *Green-Room*, take a Benefit-Ticket; forget the Boxes

Boxes, ſtraddle into the Pit; *Green-Room* again; do the ſame at both Houſes, and ſtay at neither.

Sir *Sol.* Hah! a pretty Life: do you never ſtudy, Sir?

Saun. Um—in a Morning a little, while my Man draws on my Shoes, I hum over a Preface, or ſo: Then turn to the Concluſion, and give my Judgment accordingly.——I hate Fatigue; a Gentleman ſhou'd only have a Taſte of every Thing.

Sir *Sol.* But do you never ſtudy yourſelf neither?

Saun. O yes, Sir, that I never fail to do, at leaſt three Hours in a Glaſs every Morning.

Sir *Sol.* Provoking Dog! [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, and what other powerful Reaſons have you, to encourage my Niece's coming into your Family?

Saun. Why, none ſo great, Sir, as my Family itſelf; 'tis as ancient as any in *England*. The Saunterers, Sir, came in with King *Stephen* the Conqueror. And a Man of Honour, Sir, always values a good Family beyond Fortune.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, but ſome Fools don't, Sir; and I ſhall not bluſh to tell you, I am one of thoſe. And let me tell you, Sir, he that out-lives his Fortune, will have much ado ſometimes to make his Family own him. Poverty at Court, Sir, is like Wit in the City, always counted illegitimate.—Well, Gentlemen, I have heard you all; And I won't marry my Kinſwoman to this Gentleman, becauſe his prudent Conſcience, as he calls it, will let him ſpend but a Penny a Day: Nor to this Gentleman, becauſe, as far as I find, he has not that to ſpend: Nor to the noble Captain here, becauſe he ſpends more than he has.

Capt. Why then, Sir, I'll ſtick to my Punk, and a Pipe of Mundungus.

Sir Squab. And as for Sir *Squabble Splitbair*,—know, Sir, that now I won't take under a Thouſand Pound more with your Niece; and ſo your Friend, and Servant.

Saun. And for me, Sir.——

Sir *Sol.* O ſweet Mr. *Nothing to do!*.

Saun.

Saun. Know, Sir, that the Noble Family of the Scrapterers ſhall never be ſtain'd with the baſe Blood of a Put, Sir; and ſo your Servant again, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Sir *Sol.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, I ſee there are other Monſters in the World beſide Cuckolds, and full as ridiculous. But now to my own Affairs. I'll ſtep into the *Park*, and ſee if I can meet with my hopeful Spouſe there! I warrant, engag'd in ſome innocent Freedom, (as ſhe calls it,) as walking in a Maſk, to laugh at the Impertinence of Fops that don't know her; but 'tis more likely, I'm afraid, a Plot to Intrigue with thoſe that do. Oh! how many Torments lie in the ſmall Circle of a Wedding-Ring! *Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Clarinda's *Apartment.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Sylvia.

Cla. HA! ha! poor *Sylvia!*

Syl. Nay, pr'ythee, don't laugh at me. There's no accounting for Inclination: For if there were, you know, why ſhou'd it be a greater Folly in me, to fall in love with a Man I never ſaw but once in my Life, than it is in you to reſiſt an honeſt Gentleman, whoſe Fidelity has deſerv'd your Heart an hundred times over.

Clar. Ah! but an utter Stranger, Couſin, and one that, for aught you know, may be no Gentleman.

Syl. That's impoſſible; his Converſation cou'd not be counterfeit. An elevated Wit, and good Breeding, have a natural Luſtre that's inimitable. Beſide, he ſav'd my Life at the hazard of his own; ſo that Part of what I give him, is but Gratitude.

Clar. Well! you are the firſt Woman that ever took fire in the middle of the *Thames*, ſure. But ſuppoſe now he is marry'd, and has three or four Children!

Syl. Ha! Pr'ythee don't teaze me with ſo many ill-natur'd Objections: I tell you he is not marry'd, I am ſure he is not: for I never ſaw a Face look more in humour in my Life.——Beſide, he told me himſelf, he was a Country Gentleman, juſt come to Town upon Buſineſs: And I'm reſolv'd to believe him.

Clar. Well! well! I'll ſuppoſe you both as fit for one another then as a couple of Tables. But, ſtill, my Dear, you know there's a ſurly old Father's Command againſt you; he is in Articles to marry you to another: And

tho' I know, Love is a notable Contriver, I don't ſee how you'll get over that Difficulty.

Syl. 'Tis a terrible one, I own; but with a little of your Aſſiſtance, dear *Clarinda*, I am ſtill in hopes to bring it to an even Wager, I prove as wiſe as my Father.

Clar. Nay, you may be ſure of me: You may ſee by the Management of my own Amours, I have ſo natural a Compaſſion for Diſobedience, I ſha'n't be able to refuſe you any thing in Diſtreſs.—There's my Hand; ——tell me how I can ſerve you.

Syl. Why thus;—Becauſe I wou'd not wholly diſcover myſelf to him at once, I have ſent him a Note to viſit me here, as if theſe Lodgings were my own.

Clar. Hither! to my Lodgings! 'Twas well I ſent Col. *Standfaſt* Word I ſhou'd not be at home. [*Aſide.*

Syl. I hope you'll pardon my Freedom, ſince one end of my taking it too, was to have your Opinion of him before I engage any farther.

Clar. O! it needs no Apology; any thing of mine is at your Service.—I am only afraid, my troubleſome Lover Mr. *Clerimont*, ſhou'd happen to ſee him; who is, of late, ſo impertinently jealous of a Rival, tho' from what Cauſe I know not——not but I lye too. [*Aſide.* I ſay, ſhou'd he ſee him, your Country Gentleman wou'd be in Danger, I can tell you.

Syl. O! there's no Fear of that; for I have order'd him to be brought in the back-way: When I have talk'd with him a little alone, I'll find an Occaſion to leave him with you; and then we'll compare our Opinions of him.

Enter Servant to Clarinda.

Serv. Madam, my Lady *Sadlife*.

Syl. Pſhaw! ſhe here!

Clar. Don't be uneaſy; ſhe ſhan't diſturb you: I'll take care of her.

Enter

Enter Lady Sadlife.

Lady *Sad.* O my Dears you have loſt the ſweeteſt Morning ſure, that ever peep'd out of the Firmament The Park never was in ſuch Perfection.

Clar. 'Tis always ſo when your Ladyſhip's there.

Lady *Sad.* 'Tis never ſo without my dear *Clarinda.*

Syl. How civilly we Women hate one another. [*Aſide.*

Was there a good deal of Company, Madam?

Lady *Sad.* Abundance! and the beſt I have ſeen this Seaſon: for 'twas between Twelve and One, the very Hour you know, when the Mob are violently hungry. O the Air was ſo inſpiring! ſo amorous! And to compleat the Pleaſure, I was attack'd in Converſation, by the moſt charming, modeſt, agreeably inſinuating young Fellow, ſure, that ever Woman play'd the fool with.

Clar. Who was it?

Lady *Sad.* Nay, Heav'n knows; his Face is as entirely new, as his Converſation. What Wretches our young Fellows are to him?

Syl. What Sort of a Perſon?

Lady *Sad.* Tall, ſtreight, well-limb'd, walk'd firm; and a Look as chearful as a *May-day* Morning

Syl. The Picture's very like. Pray Heav'n it is not my Gentleman's. [*Aſide.*

Clar. I wiſh this don't prove my Colonel. [*Aſide.*

Syl. How came you to part with him ſo ſoon.

Lady *Sad.* O name it not! that eternal Damper of all Pleaſure, my Husband Sir *Solomon*, came into the *Mall* in the very Criſis of our Converſation——I ſaw him at a Diſtance, and complain'd that the Air grew tainted, that I was ſick o'th' ſudden, and left him in ſuch Abruptneſs and Confuſion, as if he had been himſelf my Huſband.

Clar. A melancholy Diſappointment indeed!

Lady *Sad.* Oh? 'tis a Huſband's Nature to give 'em.

A Servant whiſpers Sylvia.

Syl. Deſire him to walk in——Couſin, you'll be at hand.

Clar. In the next Room——Come, Madam, *Sylvia* has a little Buſineſs. I'll ſhew you ſome of the ſweeteſt, prettieſt-figur'd China.

Lady *Sad.* My Dear, I wait on you,

[*Exeunt Lady* Sad. *and* Clar.

Enter Atall, as *Mr.* Freeman.

Syl. You find, Sir, I have kept my Word in ſeeing you; 'tis all you yet have ask'd of me; and when I know 'tis in my power to be more obliging, there's nothing you can command in Honour, I ſhall refuſe you.

At. This generous Offer, Madam, is ſo high an Obligation, that it were almoſt mean in me to ask a farther Favour. [*Aſide.*] Death! what a Neck ſhe has! But 'tis a Lover's Merit to be a Miſer in his Wiſhes, and graſp at all Occaſions to enrich 'em—I own I feel your Charms too ſenſibly prevail, but dare not give a Looſe to my ambitious Thoughts, 'till I have paſs'd one dreadful Doubt that ſhakes 'em.

Syl. If 'tis in my power to clear it, ask me freely.

At. I tremble at the Trial; and yet methinks my Fears are vain: But yet to kill or cure 'em once for ever, be juſt and tell me; are you married?

Syl. If that can make you eaſy, No.

At. 'Tis Eaſe indeed——now are you promis'd, nor your Heart engag'd?

Syl. That's hard to tell you: But to be juſt, I own my Father has engag'd my Perſon to one I never ſaw, and my Heart I fear's inclining to one he never ſaw.

At. O yet be merciful, and eaſe my Doubt; tell me the happy Man that has deſerv'd ſo exquiſite a Bleſſing.

Syl. That, Sir, requires ſome Pauſe; 'tis the only Secret

Secret yet I can refuſe you: Firſt tell me why you're ſo inquiſitive, without letting me know the Condition of your own Heart.

At. In every Circumſtance my Heart's the ſame with yours; 'tis promis'd to one I never ſaw, by a commanding Father, who by my firm Hopes of Happineſs I am reſolv'd to diſobey, unleſs your Cruelty prevents it.

Syl. But my Diſobedience would beggar me.

At. Baniſh that Fear. I'm Heir to a Fortune will ſupport you like yourſelf——May I not know your Family?

Syl. Yet you muſt not.

At. Why that Nicety? Is not it in my power to enquire whoſe Houſe this is when I am gone?

Syl. And be never the wiſer: Theſe Lodgings are a Friend's, and are only borrowed on this Occaſion: But to ſave you the trouble of any farther needleſs Queſtions, I will make you one Propoſal. I have a young Lady here within, who is the only Confident of my Engagements to you: On her Opinion I rely; nor can you take it ill, if I make no farther Steps without it: 'Twould be miſerable indeed ſhou'd we both meet Beggars. I own your Actions and Appearance merit all you can deſire; let her be as well ſatisfy'd of your Pretenſions and Condition, and you ſhall find it ſha'n't be a little Fortune ſhall make me ungrateful.

At. So generous an Offer exceeds my Hopes.

Syl. Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Deſire my Couſin *Clarinda* to walk in.

At. Ha! *Clarinda!* if it ſhou'd be my *Clarinda* now, I'm in a ſweet Condition——by all that's terrible the very ſhe; this was finely contriv'd of Fortune.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Defend me! Col. *Standfaſt!* ſhe has certainly diſcover'd my Affairs with him, and has a mind to inſult

me by an affected Reſignation of her Pretenſions to him —I'll diſappoint her, I won't know him.

Syl. Couſin, pray, come forward; this is the Gentleman I am ſo much oblig'd to—Sir, this Lady is a Relation of mine, and the Perſon we are ſpeaking of.

At. I ſhall be proud to be better known among any of your Friends. [*Salutes her.*

Clar. Soh! he takes the Hint, I ſee, and ſeems not to know me neither: I know not what to think—perhaps ſhe's only jealous of him, and had a mind that my ſeeing her Engagement with him, ſhou'd Occaſion a Breach between him and me—I am confounded! I hate both him and her. How unconcern'd he looks! Confuſion! he addreſſes her before my Face. [*Aſide.*

Lady Sadlife *peeping in.*

Lady *Sad.* What do I ſee? The pleaſant young Fellow that talk'd with me in the *Park* juſt now! This is the luckieſt Accident! I muſt know a little more of him. [*Retires.*

Syl. Couſin, and Mr. *Freeman*——I think I need not make any Apology——you both know the occaſion of my leaving you together——in a Quarter of an Hour I'll wait on you again. [*Exit* Syl.

At. So, I'm in a hopeful way now, Faith; but Buff's the word—I'll ſtand it.

Clar. Mr. *Freeman!* So, my Gentleman has chang'd his Name too! How harmleſs he looks——I have my Senſes ſure, and yet the Demureneſs of that Face looks as if he had a mind to perſuade me out of 'em. I cou'd find in my heart to humour his Aſſurance, and ſee how far he'll carry it——won't you pleaſe to ſit, Sir? [*They ſit.*

At. What the Devil can this mean?—ſure ſhe has a mind to counterface me, and not know me too—with all my Heart: If her Ladyſhip won't know me, I'm ſure 'tis not my Buſineſs at this time to know her.

Clar.

Clar. Certainly that Face is Cannon Proof. [*Aſide.*

At. Now for a formal Speech, as if I had never ſeen her in my Life before.—Madam—a hem! Madam, I——a hem!

Clar. Curſe of that ſteady Face. [*Aſide.*

At. I ſay, Madam, ſince I am an utter Stranger to you, I am afraid it will be very difficult for me to offer you more Arguments than one to do me a Friendſhip with your Couſin; but if you are, as ſhe ſeems to own you, her real Friend, I preſume you can't give her a better Proof of your being ſo, than pleading the Cauſe of a ſincere and humble Lover, whoſe tender Wiſhes never can propoſe to taſte of Peace in Life without her.

Clar. Umph!——I'm choak'd. [*Aſide.*

At. She gave me Hopes, that when I had ſatisfied you of my Birth and Fortune, you wou'd do me the Honour to let me know her Name and Family.

Clar. Sir, I muſt own you are the moſt perfect Maſter of your Art, that ever enter'd the Liſts of Aſſurance.

At. Madam!

Clar. And I don't doubt but you'll find it a much eaſier Taſk to impoſe upon my Couſin, than me.

At. Impoſe, Madam! I ſhou'd be ſorry any thing I have ſaid cou'd diſoblige you into ſuch hard Thoughts of me: Sure, Madam, you are under ſome Miſinformation.

Clar. I was indeed, but now my Eyes are open—— for 'till this Minute I never knew that the gay Col. *Standfaſt*, was the demure Mr. *Freeman.*

At. Col. *Standfaſt*! This is extremely dark, Madam.

Clar. This Jeſt is tedious, Sir——Impudence grows dull, when 'tis ſo very extravagant.

At. Madam, I am a Gentleman—but not yet wiſe enough, I find, to account for the Humours of a fine Lady.

Clar. Troth, Sir, on ſecond Thoughts I begin to be a little better reconcil'd to your Aſſurance; 'tis in ſome ſort Modeſty to deny yourſelf; for to own your Perjuries to my Face, had been an Inſolence tranſcendently provoking.

At. Really, Madam, my not being able to apprehend one Word of all this is a great Inconvenience to myſelf.

fair with your Couſin: But if you will firſt do me the Honour to make me acquainted with her Name and Family, I don't much care if I do take a little Pains afterwards to come to a right Underſtanding with you.

Clar. Come! come! ſince you ſee this Aſſurance will do you no Good, you had better put on a ſimple honeſt Look, and generouſly confeſs your Frailties: The ſame Slyneſs that deceiv'd me firſt, will ſtill find me Woman enough to pardon you.

At. That Bite won't do. [*Aſide.*] Sure, Madam, you miſtake me for ſome other Perſon!

Clar. Inſolent! audacious Villain! I am not to have my Senſes then! [*Aſide.*

At. No.

Clar. And you are reſolv'd to ſtand it to the laſt!

At. The laſt Extremity. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Well, Sir, ſince you won't know yourſelf, 'tis poſſible at leaſt you may have ſome ſmall Acquaintance with the Perſon I take you for: It can do you no Harm, I preſume, to own you know Colonel *Standfaſt*.

At. By all that's binding, I know no more of him than you know of me.

Clar. If you know as much, 'tis enough.

At. Never ſaw or heard of any ſuch Perſon, ſince I was born.

Clar. Nay! that's hard! And I muſt tell you, Sir, ſince you will own nothing to me, I'll own ſomething to my Couſin for you: I'll take care ſhe ſhall know you perfectly.

At. Be not ſo barbarous, Madam, without a Cauſe to miſrepreſent me, where my Soul moſt languiſhes to be clearly known: Upon my Knees I beg you do not in a raſh Error of my Perſon ſo apparent, blindly ruin me with the only Creature in whom my humble Heart has treaſur'd up its future Hopes of Happineſs.

Clar. Poor little Malice, you think this ſtings me now; but you ſhall find—I'm not ſo little Miſtreſs of my Heart, but I can ſtill recall it—and ſince you are ſo much a Stranger to Colonel *Standfaſt*, I'll tell you where

to

to find him, and tell him this from me; I hate him, ſcorn, deſpiſe, and loath him: I never meant him but at beſt for my Diverſion, and ſhould he ever renew his dull Addreſſes to me, I'll have him uſed as his vain Inſolence deſerves. Now, Sir, I have no more to ſay, and I deſire you would leave the Houſe immediately.

At. I would not willingly diſoblige you, Madam, but 'tis impoſſible to ſtir 'till I have ſeen your Couſin, and clear'd myſelf of theſe ſtrange Aſperſions.

Clar. Don't flatter yourſelf, Sir, with ſo vain a Hope, for I muſt tell you once for all, you've ſeen the laſt of her: And if you won't be gone, you'll oblige me to have you forc'd away.

At. I'll be even with you. [*Aſide.*] Well, Madam, ſince I find nothing can prevail upon your Cruelty, I'll take my Leave: But as you hope for Juſtice on the Man that wrongs you, at leaſt be faithful to your lovely Friend, And when you have nam'd to her my utmoſt Guilt, yet paint my Paſſion as it is, ſincere. Tell her what Tortures I endur'd in this ſevere Excluſion from her Sight, that 'till my Innocence is clear to her, and ſhe again receives me into Mercy,

A Madman's Frenzy's Heav'n to what I feel;
The Wounds you give, 'tis ſhe alone can heal. [Exit.

Clar. Moſt abandon'd Impudence! And yet I know not which vexes me moſt, his out-facing my Senſes, or his inſolent owning his Paſſion for my Couſin to my Face: 'Tis impoſſible ſhe cou'd put him upon this, it muſt be all his own; but be it as it will, by all that's Woman I'll have Revenge. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Atall *and* Lady Sadlife *at the other Side.*

At. Hey-day! is there no way down Stairs here? Death! I can't find my way out! This is the oddeſt Houſe.

Lady *Sad.* Here he is—I'll venture to paſs by him.

At. Pray, Madam, which is the neareſt way out?

Lady *Sad.* Sir! out——a——

At. O my Stars! is't you, Madam, this is fortunate indeed—I beg you tell me, do you live here, Madam?

Lady *Sad.* Not very far off, Sir: But this is no Place to talk with you alone—indeed I muſt beg your pardon.

At. By all thoſe kindling Charms that fire my Soul, no Conſequence on Earth ſhall make me quit, my hold 'till you've given me ſome kind Aſſurance that I ſhall ſee you again, and ſpeedily; Jgad I'll have one out of the Family at leaſt.

Lady *Sad.* O good, here's Company!

At. O do not rack me with Delays, but quick, before this dear ſhort liv'd Opportunity's loſt, inform me where you live, or kill me: To part with this ſoft white Hand is ten thouſand Daggers to my Heart. [*Kiſſing it eagerly.*

Lady *Sad.* O lud! I am going home this Minute: And if you ſhou'd offer to dog my Chair, I proteſt I——— was ever ſuch Uſuge———Lord———ſure! oh——— Follow me down then. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Clarinda, *and* Sylvia.

Syl. Ha! ha! ha!

Clar. Nay, you may laugh, Madam, but what I tell you is true.

Syl. Ha! ha! ha!

Clar. You don't believe me then.

Syl. I do believe, that when ſome Women are inclin'd to like a Man, nothing more palpably diſcovers it, than their railing at him; ha! ha!———Your Pardon, Couſin; you know you laugh'd at me juſt now upon the ſame Occaſion.

Clar. The Occaſion's quite different, Madam; I hate him. And, once more I tell you, he's a Villain; you're impos'd on. He's a Colonel of Foot, his Regiment's now in *Spain*, and his Name's *Standfaſt*.

Syl. But pray, good Couſin, whence had you this Intelligence of him?

Clar. From the ſame Place that you had your falſe Account, Madam, his own Mouth.

Syl. Ay! pray when!

Clar. This Day ſeven-night.

Syl. Where?

Clar. In the next Room.

Syl. How came you to ſee him there?

Clar. Becauſe there was Company in this

Syl. What was his Buſineſs with you?

Clar. Much about the ſame, as his Buſineſs with you — Love.

Syl. Love! to you!

Clar. Me, Madam! Lord! What am I? Old! or a Monſter! Is it ſo prodigious that a Man ſhould like me?

Syl. No! but I'm amaz'd to think, if he had lik'd you, he ſhou'd leave you ſo ſoon, for me!

Clar. For you! Leave me for you! No, Madam, I did not tell you that neither! Ha! ha!

Syl. No! What made you ſo violently angry with him then? Indeed, Couſin, you had better take ſome other fairer way; this Artifice is much too weak to make me break with him. But, however, to let you ſee I can be ſtill a Friend; prove him to be what you ſay he is, and my Engagements with him ſhall ſoon be over.

Clar. Look you, Madam, not but I ſlight the tendereſt of his Addreſſes; but to convince you that my Vanity was not miſtaken in him, I'll write to him by the Name of Col *Standfaſt*, and do you the ſame by that of *Freeman*; and let's each appoint him to meet us at my Lady *Sadlife*'s at the ſame time: If theſe appear two different Men, I think our Diſpute's eaſily at an end; if but one, and he does not own all I've ſaid of him to your Face; I'll make you a very humble Curt'ſy, and beg your Pardon.

Syl. And if he does own it, I'll make your Ladyſhip the ſame Reverence, and beg yours.

Enter Clerimont.

Clar. Pihah! he here!

Cler.

Cler. I am glad to find you in ſuch good Company, Madam.

Clar. One's ſeldom long in good Company Sir.

Cler. I am ſorry mine has been ſo troubleſome of late; but I value your Eaſe at too high a rate, to diſturb it. [*Going.*

Syl. Nay, Mr. *Clerimont*, upon my word, you ſhan't ſtir. Hark you—[*Whiſpers.*] Your Pardon, Couſin.

Clar. I muſt not loſe him neither.—Mr. *Clerimont*'s way is to be ſevere in his Conſtruction of People's Meanings.

Syl. I'll write my Letter, and be with you, Couſin. [*Ex.*

Cler. It was always my Principle, Madam, to have an humble Opinion of my Merit; when a Woman of Senſe frowns upon me, I ought to think I deſerve it.

Clar. But to expect to be always receiv'd with a Smile, I think, is having a very extraordinary Opinion of one's Merit.

Cler. We differ a little as to Fact, Madam: For theſe ten Days paſt, I have had no Diſtinction, but a ſevere Reſervedneſs. You did not uſe to be ſo ſparing of your Good-humour; and while I ſee you gay to all the World but me, I can't but be a little concern'd at the Change.

Clar. If he has diſcover'd the Colonel now, I'm undone! he cou'd not meet him, ſure.——I muſt humour him a little. [*Aſide.*] Men of your ſincere Temper, Mr. *Clerimont*, I own, don't always meet with the Uſage they deſerve: but Women are giddy things, and had we no Errors to anſwer for, the Uſe of Good-nature in a Lover wou'd be loſt. Vanity is our inherent Weakneſs: You muſt not chide, if we are ſometimes fonder of your Paſſions than your Prudence.

Cler. This friendly Condeſcenſion makes me more your Slave than ever. O! yet be kind, and tell me, have I been tortur'd with a groundleſs Jealouſy?

Clar. Let your own Heart be Judge——But don't take it ill if I leave you now:—I have ſome earneſt Buſineſs with my Couſin *Sylvia*—But to-night at my Lady *Dainty*'s I'll make you amends; you'll be there.

Cler.

Clar. I need not promise you [illegible] your Servant.—Ah! How eaſily is poor Sincerity impos'd on! Now for the Colonel. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit.*

Clar. This unexpected Change of Humour more ſtirs my Jealouſy than all her late Severity.—I'll watch her cloſe.

For ſhe that from a juſt Reproach is kind,
Gives more Suſpicion of her guilty Mind, [*blind.*
And throws her Smiles, like Duſt, to ſtrike the Lover

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady Dainty's *Apartment: A Table, with Vials, Gallipots, Glaſſes,* &c.

Lady Dainty, *and* Situp *her Woman.*

Lady D. Situp! Situp!

Sit. Madam!

Lady D. Thou art ſtrangely ſlow; I told thee the *Harts-horn!* I have the Vapours to that degree.

Sit. If your Ladyſhip would take my Advice, you ſhou'd e'en fling your Phyſick out of the Window; if you were not in perfect Health in three Days, I'd be bound to be ſick for you.

Lady D. Peace, Goody Impertinence! I tell thee, no Woman of Quality is, or ſhou'd be in perfect Health—Huh! huh! [*Coughs faintly.*] To be always in Health, is as vulgar as to be always in Humour, and wou'd equally betray one's want of Wit and Breeding; 'tis only fit for the clumſy State of a Citizen.—I am ready to faint under the very Idea of ſuch a barbarous Life.——Where are the Fellows?

Sit. Here, Madam—— [*Enter two Footmen.*

Lady D. Cæſar!——run to my Lady *Roundſides*; deſire to know how ſhe reſted; and tell her the Violence of my Cold is abated: Huh! huh! *Pompey*, ſtep you to my Lady *Killchairman*'s; give my Service; ſay, I have been ſo embarraſs'd with the Spleen all this Morning, that I am under the greateſt Uncertainty in the World, whether I ſhall be able to ſtir out, or no—And d'ye hear! deſire to know how my Lord does, and the new Monkey—— [*Exeunt Footmen.*

Sit. In my Conſcience, theſe great Ladies make themſelves ſick to make themſelves Buſineſs; and are as well or ill, only in Ceremony to one another. [*Aſide.*

Lady D.

Lady *D.* Where's t'other Fellow?

Sit. He is not return'd yet, Madam.

Lady *D.* 'Tis indeed a ſtrange Lump, not fit to carry Diſeaſe to any body: I ſent him t'other day to the Butcher's of *Diet-Drink* with the *Chclick*, and the Brute put it into his own *Tramontane* Language, and call'd it the *Belly-Ache*:—Never was Creature under ſuch Confuſion, ſure! At my next Viſit, half the Company ſaluted me upon it.—I was forc'd to explain the Booby's Meaning leſt they ſhould have ſuppos'd the Delicacy of my Conſtitution capable of ſo vulgar a Diſeaſe: O huh! huh!

Sit. I wiſh your Ladyſhip had not Occaſion to ſend for any, for my part——

Lady *D.* Thy part?—Pr'ythee! thou wert made of the rough Maſculine kind;—'tis betraying our Sex not to be ſikly, and tender.—All the Families I viſit, have ſomething deriv'd to 'em from the elegant nice State of Indiſpoſition; you ſee, even in the Men, a genteel (as it were) Stagger, or Twine of the Bodies; as if they were not yet confirm'd enough for the rough laborious Exerciſe of Walking, a lazy Saunter in their Motion, ſomething ſo Quality! and their Voices ſo ſoft and low, you'd think they were falling aſleep, they are ſo very delicate.

Sit. But methinks, Madam, it would be better if the Men were not altogether ſo tender.

Lady *D.* Indeed, I have ſometimes wiſh'd the Creatures were not, but that the Niceneſs of their Frame ſo much diſtinguiſhes 'em from the Herd of common People: Nay, ev'n moſt of their Diſeaſes, you ſee, are not prophan'd by the Crowd: The *Apoplexy*, the *Gout*, and *Vapours*, are all peculiar to the Nobility.—Huh! huh! and I could almoſt wiſh, that *Colds* were only ours;—there's ſomething in 'em ſo genteel,——ſo agreeably diſordering——Huh! huh!

Sit. That, I hope, I ſhall never be fit for 'em—Your Ladyſhip forgot the *Spleen*.

Lady *D.* Oh!——my dear *Spleen*,——I grudge That ev'n to ſome of Us.

Sit. I knew an Ironmonger's Wife in this City that was mightily troubled with it.

Lady *D.*

Lady D. Foh! What a Creature haſt thou nam'd! An Ironmonger's Wife have the *Spleen!* Thou might'ſt as well have ſaid, her Husband was a fine Gentleman; not but thoſe Wretches give themſelves the Air of following us in every thing; they dreſs, game, viſit, keep Whores, their Husbands keep Chaplains, and go on as far as humble Nature can: But then the Creatures are ſo fond of Noiſe, and Merry-making, that the Delicacy of the *Spleen* can't bear their Barbarity; and, therefore, never does 'em the Honour to viſit 'em. I profeſs——I feel it, while I commend it——Give me ſomething.

Sir. Will your Ladyſhip pleaſe to take any of the *Steel-Drops?* or the *Bolus?* or the *Electuary?* or——

Lady D. This Wench will ſmother me with Queſtions,——huh! huh! Bring any of 'em—Theſe healthy Slats are ſo boiſterous, they ſplit one's Brains: I fancy myſelf in an Inn, while ſhe talks to me—I muſt have ſome decay'd Perſon of Quality about me: For the Commons of *England* are the ſtrangeſt Creatures,——huh! huh!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mrs. *Sylvia,* Madam, is come to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

Lady D. Deſire her to walk in;—let the Phyſic alone: I'll take a little of her Company; ſhe's mighty good for the *Spleen.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Dear Lady *Dainty!*

Lady D. My good Creature, I'm over-joy'd to ſee you ——Huh! huh!

Syl. I am ſorry to ſee your Ladyſhip wrapt up thus; I was in hopes to have had your Company to the *Indian* Houſe.

Lady D. If any thing could tempt me abroad, 'twou'd be that Place, and ſuch agreeable Company: but how came you, dear *Sylvia,* to be reconcil'd to any thing in an *Indian* Houſe? You us'd to have a moſt barbarous Inclination for our own odious Manufactures.

Syl.

ay, Madam, I am only going to recruit my *Tea-Table*: As to the rest of their Trumpery, I am as much out of Humour with it as ever.

Lady D. How can a Woman of Taste, as you are, be fond of any thing that's common? There is a peculiar Air in every thing that's foreign.

Syl. Fancy your Ladyship hates your own Country, as some Women do their Husbands, only for being too near 'em?

Lady D. And is not that a very good Reason? For don't you find, it holds from most Husbands to their Wives too: I hate any thing that's to be had like a Pound of *Sugar* at every Grocer's: I am ready to swoon at the fulsom Shops upon *Ludgate-hill*; and wou'd no more have my Equipage in an *English* Dress, than of an *English* Birth or Education.

Syl. Now I think, our own Habits and Servants are as proper and useful as any.

Lady D. Useful! O deplorable! What a Trade's-man's Reason, my Dear, do you give? How insipid wou'd Life be, if we had nothing about us but what was necessary? Can you suppose so many Women of Quality wou'd run mad after Monkeys, Squirrels, Parroquets, *Dutch* Dogs, and Eunuchs, but that they are of no manner of use in the World!

Syl. Now for that Reason, I like none of 'em all.

Lady D. How! Why, are not you struck with the Magnificence of a foreign Equipage? as *Swiss* Porters, *French* Cooks and Footmen, *Italian* Singers, *Turkish* Coach-men, and *Indian* Pages?

Syl. Very Geographical indeed?

Lady D. Does not my Lord *Outside*'s touch you?

Syl. It did surprise me at first, I own: For his frightful *Blackmoor* Coach-man, with his flat Nose, and great Silver Collar, made me fancy they had dress'd up a *Dutch* Mastiff, and I expected every Minute to hear him bark at his Horses.

Lady D. Well, thou art a pleasant Creature, thy Distaste is so diverting.

Syl.

Syl. And your Ladyſhip is ſo expenſive, that really I am not able to come into it.

Lady D. Now it is to me prodigious! how ſome Women can muddle away their Money upon Houſwifery, Children, Books, and Charities, when there are ſo many well-bred Ways, and foreign Curioſities, that moſt elegantly require it—I have every Morning the Rarities of all Countries brought to me, and am in love with every new thing I ſee—Are the People come yet, *Situp?*

Sit. They have been below, Madam, this half Hour.

Lady D. Diſpoſe 'em in the Parlour, and we'll be there preſently. [*Exit* Sit.

Syl. How can your Ladyſhip take ſuch pleaſure in being cheated with the Bawbles of other Countries?

Lady D. Thou art a very Infidel to all Finery.

Syl. And you are a very Bigot—

Lady D. A Perſon of all Reaſon, and no Complaiſance.

Syl. And your Ladyſhip all Complaiſance, and no Reaſon.

Lady D. Follow me, and be converted. [*Exeunt.*

Re enter Situp, *a Woman with* China Ware, *an* Indian *Man with* Screens, Tea, *&c. a* Birdman *with a* Paroquet, Monkey, *&c.*

Sit. Come! come into this Room.

Chin. W. I hope your Ladyſhip's Lady won't be long coming.

Sit. I don't care if ſhe never comes to you.—It ſeems you trade with the Ladies for old Cloaths, and give 'em *China* for their Gowns and Petticoats I'm like to have a fine time on't with ſuch Creatures as you indeed.

Chi. Alas! Madam, I'm but a poor Woman, and am forc'd to do any thing to live: Will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to accept of a Piece of *China?*

Sit. Puh! no;—I don't care.—Tho' I muſt needs ſay, you look like an honeſt Woman. [*Looks on it.*

Chi. Thank you, good Madam.

Sit.

Sit. Our Places are like to come to a fine paſs indeed, if our Ladies muſt buy their *China* with our Perquiſites: At this rate, my Lady ſha'n't have an old Fan, or a Glove; but ——

Chi. Pray, Madam, take it.

Sit. No, not I; I won't have it, eſpecially without a Sauce to't. Here, take it again.

Chi. Indeed you ſhall accept of it.

Sit. Not I, truly——Come, give it me, give it me; here's my Lady.

Enter Lady Dainty *and* Sylvia.

Lady D. Well, my Dear, is not this a pretty Sight now?

Syl. It's better than ſo many Doctors and Apothecaries, indeed.

Lady D. All Trades muſt live you know; and thoſe no more than theſe could ſubſiſt, if the World were all wiſe, or healthy.

Syl. I'm afraid our real Diſeaſes are but few to our imaginary, and Doctors get more by the Sound than the Sickly.

Lady D. My Dear, you're allow'd to ſay any thing——but now I muſt talk with the People.——Have you got any thing new there?

Chi.
Ind.
Arm.
Bird. } Yes, an't pleaſe your Ladyſhip.

Lady D. One at once.——

Bird. I have brought your Ladyſhip the fineſt Monkey——

Syl. What a filthy thing it is!

Lady D. I now think he looks very humourous and agreeable——I vow in a white Periwig he might do Miſchief; cou'd he but talk, and take Snuff, there's ne'er a Fop in Town wou'd go beyond him.

Syl. Moſt Fops would go farther if they did not ſpeak; but talking, indeed, makes 'em very often worſe Company than Monkeys.

Lady D. Thou pretty little Picture of Man——how very *Indian* he looks! I cou'd kiſs the dear Creature.

Syl.

Syl. Ah! don't touch him, he'll bite

Bird. No, Madam, he is the tameſt you ever ſaw, and the leaſt miſchievous.

Lady D. Then take him away, I won't have him, for Miſchief is the Wit of a Monkey, and I wou'd not give a Farthing for one that wou'd not break me three or four Pounds worth of China in a Morning. O! I am in love with theſe *Indian* Figures—do but obſerve what an innocent natural Simplicity there is in all the Actions of 'em.

Chi. Theſe are Pagods, Madam, that the *Indians* worſhip.

Lady D. So far I am an *Indian*.

Syl. Now to me they are all Monſters.

Lady D. Prophane Creature—I would fain buy ſomething of the *Armenians*; but Amber Necklaces are ſuch old Things; they are the only People that come ſo far, and bring no Rarieties with 'em———Oh! Here *Situp* ſhall wear one.

Sit. Lord! Dear Madam, I ſhall make ſuch a Figure, People will think I am going to dine with my Lady Mayoreſs.

Chi. Is your Ladyſhip for a Piece of right *Flanders* Lace?

Lady D. Um——no, I don't care for it now it is not prohibited.

Ind. Will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to have a Pound of fine Tea?

Lady D. What filthy odious *Bohea*, I ſuppoſe.

Ind. No, Madam, right *Kappakawawa*.

Lady D. Well, there's ſomething in the very Sound of that Name, that makes it irreſiſtible——What is't a Pound?

Ind. But ſix Guineas, Madam.

Lady D. How infinitely cheap! I'll buy it all. *Situp* take the Man in and pay him, and let the reſt call again To-morrow.

Omnes. Bleſs your Ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* Chi. Ind. Arm. *and* Bird.

Lady D. Lord! how feverish I am——the leaſt Motion does ſo diſorder me——do but feel me.

Syl.

Syl. No really, I think you are in very good Temper.

Lady *D.* Burning indeed, Child.

Enter Servant, Doctor *and* Apothecary.

Serv. Madam, here's *Doctor Bolus* and the *Apothecary.*

Lady *D.* Oh! Doctor, I'm glad you're come, one is not sure of a Moment's Life without you.

Dr. How did your Ladyship rest, Madam?

[*Feels her Pulse.*

Lady *D.* Never worse, indeed Doctor: I once fell into a little slumber indeed, but then was disturb'd by the most odious frightful Dream: I dreamt there was an impudent Fellow that came into my Chamber with his Sword drawn, and swore he would marry me whether I wou'd or no; and so methought I flew out of the Room, and the horrid Creature pursu'd me to a vast great thorny Wood, and the Briars did so stick in my Cloaths, and I pull'd and was so out of Breath; and then methought upon a sudden he chang'd into a great roaring mad Bull, and then methought I ran, and ran, and ran, and my Legs did so ach, that if the Fright had not waken'd me, I had certainly perish'd in my Sleep with the Apprehension.

Dr. A certain Sign of a disorder'd Brain, Madam, but I'll order something that shall compose your Ladyship.

Lady *D.* Mr. *Rhubarb*, I must quarrel with you—— you don't disguise your Medicines enough, they taste all Physic; in a little time you'll bring me to take plain Jallap. Huh! huh!

Rhub. To alter it more might offend the Operation, Madam.

Lady *D.* I don't care what is offended, so my taste is not.

Dr. Hark you, Mr. *Rhubarb*, withdraw the Medicine rather than not make it pleasant; I'll find a Reason for the want of its Operation.

Rhub. But, Sir, if we don't look about us she'll grow well upon our Hands.

D

Dr. Never fear that, ſhe's too much a Woman of Quality to dare to be well without her Doctor's Opinion.

Rhub. Sir, we have drain'd the whole Catalogue of Diſeaſes already, there is not another left to put in her Head.

Dr. Then I'll make her go 'em over again.

Enter Careleſs.

Care. So! here's the old Levee! *Doctor* and *Apothecary* in cloſe Conſultation: Now will I demoliſh the Quack and his Medicines before her Face——Mr. *Rhubarb*, your Servant, pray what have you got in your Hand there?

Rhu. Only a Julep and compoſing Draught for my Lady, Sir.

Care. Have you ſo, Sir——pray let me ſee——I'll preſcribe to day——Doctor you may go——the Lady ſhall take no Phyſic at preſent but me.

Dr. Sir——

Care. Nay, if you won't believe me——

[*Breaks the Phials.*

Lady *D.* Ah!—— [*Frighted and leaning upon* Syl.

Dr. Come away, Mr. *Rhubarb*——he'll certainly put her out of Order, and then ſhe'll ſend for us again.

[*Ex.* Doctor *and* Apoth.

Care. You ſee, Madam, what Pains I take to come into your Favour.

Lady *D.* You take a very prepoſterous Way I can tell you, Sir.

Care. I can't tell how I ſucceed, but I am ſure I endeavour right, for I ſtudy every Morning new Impertinence to entertain you; for ſince I find nothing but Dogs, Doctors and Monkeys are your Favourites, it's very hard if your Ladyſhip won't admit me as one of the Number.

Lady *D.* When I find you of an equal Merit with my Monkey, you ſhall be in the ſame State of Favour: I confeſs, as a Proof of your Wit, you have done me as much

much Miſchief here: But you have not half Pug's Judgment, nor his Spirit; for that Creature will do a World of pleaſant Things, without caring whether one likes 'em or not.

Care. Why truly, Madam, the little Gentleman my Rival, I believe is much in the right on't; and if you obſerve, I have taken as much Pains of late to diſoblige, as to pleaſe you.

Lady *D.* You ſucceed better in one than t'other, I can tell you, Sir.

Care. I am glad on't——for if you had not now and then to plague you, what wou'd you do for a Pretence to be chagreen, to faint, have the Spleen, the Vapours, and all thoſe modiſh Diſorders that ſo nicely diſtinguiſh a Woman of Quality?

Lady *D.* I am perfectly confounded! Certainly there are ſome People too impudent for our Reſentment.

Care. Modeſty's a ſtarving Virtue, Madam, an old threadbare Faſhion of the laſt Age, and wou'd ſit as oddly upon a Lover now as a picked Beard and Muſtachoes.

Lady *D.* Moſt aſtoniſhing!

Care. I have try'd ſighing and looking ſilly a great while, but 'twou'd not do—nay, had you had as little Wit as Good-nature, ſhou'd have proceeded to dance and ſing——Tell me but how, what Face or Form can worſhip you, and behold your Votary.

Lady *D.* Not, Sir, as the *Perſians* do the Sun, with your Face towards me: The beſt Proof you can give me of your horrid Devotion, is never to ſee me more. Come, my Dear. [*Ex. with* Sylvia.

Syl. I'm amaz'd ſo much Aſſurance ſhou'd not ſucceed. [*Exit.*

Care. And this ſhan't make me out of love with my Virtue—Impudence has ever been a ſucceſsful Quality—and 'twou'd be hard indeed if I ſhou'd be the firſt that did not thrive by it [*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, Clerimont's *Lodgings.*

Enter Atall, *and* Finder *his Man.*

At. You are ſure you know the Houſe again?

Fin. Ah! as well as I do the Upper Gallery, Sir: 'Tis Sir *Solomon Sadlife*'s, at the two Glaſs Lanthorns, within three Doors of my Lord Duke's

At. Very well, Sir, then take this Letter, enquire for my Lady *Sadlife*'s Woman, and ſtay for an Anſwer.

Fin. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

At. Well, I find 'tis as ridiculous to propoſe Pleaſure in Love without Variety of Miſtreſſes, as to pretend to be a keen Sportſman without a good Stable of Horſes: We may talk what we will, but I ſay we love as we hunt, for Pleaſure; and he's likelieſt to ſee moſt of the Sport I'm ſure that has a good leſh Nag in the Field. How this Lady may prove I can't tell, but if ſhe is not a Deedy Tit at the Bottom, I'm no Jockey.

Re-enter Finder.

Fin. Sir, here are two Letters for you.

At. Who brought 'em?

Fin. A Couple of Footmen, and they both deſire an Anſwer.

At. Bid 'em ſtay, and do you make haſte where I order'd you.

Fin. Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

At. To Col. *Standfaſt*—that's *Clarinda*'s Hand—— To Mr. *Freeman*———that muſt be my *Incognita.* Ah! I have moſt mind to open this firſt: But if 'tother malicious Creature ſhou'd have perverted her growing Inclinations to me, 'twou'd put my whole Frame in a Trembling. Hold, I'll gueſs my Fate by Degrees—this may give me a Glimpſe of it. [*Reads Clar. Letter.*] Um——um——um ——ha! *to meet her at my Lady* Sadlife's *at Seven o'Clock to-night*, and takes no manner of Notice of my late diſ-

owning

owning myſelf to her———ſomething's at the Bottom of all this———now to ſolve the Riddle. [*Reads t'other Letter.*] *My Couſin* Clarinda *has told ſome Things of you that very much alarm me; but I am willing to ſuſpend my Belief of them 'till I ſee you, which I deſire may be at my Lady* Sc——nſe's *at Seven this Evening.*

The Devil! the ſame Place!

As you value the real Friendſhip of your Incognita.

So now the Riddle's out, the Rival Queens are fairly come to a Reference, and one or both of 'em I muſt loſe, that's poſitive!———Hard!

Enter Clerimont.

Hard Fortune! Now poor Impudence what will become of thee? O *Clerimont!* ſuch a Complication of Adventures ſince I ſaw thee, ſuch ſweet Hopes, Fears and unaccountable Difficulties, ſure never poor Dog was ſurrounded with.

Cler. O! you are an induſtrious Perſon, you'll get over 'em. But pray let's hear.

At. To begin then in the Climax of my Misfortunes: in the firſt Place, the private Lodgings that my *Incognita* appointed to receive me in, prove to be the very individual Habitation of my other Miſtreſs, whom (to compleat the Blunder of my ill Luck) ſhe civilly introduced in Perſon to recommend me to her better Acquaintance.

Cler. Ha! ha! Death! how cou'd you ſtand 'em both together?

At. The old Way——Buff——I ſtuck like a Burr to my Name of *Freeman*, addreſs'd my *Incognita* before the other's Face, and with a moſt unmov'd good Breeding, harmleſly aced her down I had never ſeen her in my Life before.

Cler. The prettieſt Modeſty I ever heard of. Well, but how did they diſcover you at laſt?

At. Why faith, the Matter's yet in Suſpenſe, and I find by both their Letters that they don't yet well know what to think; (but to go on with my Luck) you muſt know

they have ſince both appointed me, by ſeveral Names, to meet 'em at one and the ſame Place at Seven o'Clock this Evening.

Cler. Ah!

At. And laſtly to crown my Fortune, (as if the Devil himſelf moſt triumphantly rode a ſtraddle upon my Ruin) the ſame Place of their Appointment happens to be the very Houſe of a third Lady, with whom I made an Acquaintance ſince Morning, and had juſt before ſent Word I wou'd viſit near the ſame Hour this Evening.

Cler. O! Murder! Poor *Atall!* thou art really fallen under the laſt Degree of Compaſſion.

At. And yet, with a little of thy Aſſiſtance, in the middle of their ſmall Shot, I don't ſtill deſpair of holding my Head above Water.

Cler. You muſt think me barbarous indeed, if in ſuch Diſtreſs I ſhou'd not throw out a Rope to ſave you——not that I can imagine what you propoſe; for I dare ſwear thou doſt not deſign to marry any one of 'em.

At. Shou'd my *Incognita*'s Birth prove equal to her Beauty, I tremble to tell thee what might become of me.

Cler. Why then you had as good quit her Friend, now.

At. No, no, that is not ſafe neither——and if I don't keep in with her, Intimacy will certainly give her Opportunities of ſpoiling my Market with her Rival.

Cler. Death! But you can't meet 'em both, you muſt loſe one of 'em, unleſs you can ſplit yourſelf.

At. Pr'ythee don't ſuſpect my Courage or my Modeſty, for I'm reſolv'd to go on, if you will ſtand by me.

Cler. Faith, my very Curioſity would make me do that——but what can I do?

At. You muſt appear for me upon Occaſion in Perſon.

Cler. With all my Heart——What elſe?

At. I ſhall want a Queen's Meſſenger in my Intereſt, or rather one that can perſonate one.

Cler. That's eaſily found——but what to do?

At. Come along, and I'll tell you——for firſt I muſt anſwer their Letters.

Cler. Thou art an Original, Faith. [*Exeunt.*

The

The SCENE *changes to Sir* Solomon's.

Enter Sir Solomon *leading Lady* Sadlife; *and* Wiſhwell *her Woman.*

Sir *Sol.* There, Madam, let me have no more of theſe Airings———no Good, I'm ſure, can keep a Woman five or ſix Hours abroad in a Morning.

Lady *Sad.* You deny me all the innocent Freedoms of Life.

Sir *Sol.* Hah! you have the modiſh Cant of this End of the Town, I ſee: Intriguing, Gaming, Gadding, and Party-Quarries with a Pox to 'em, are innocent Freedoms, forſooth.

Lady *Sad.* I don't know what you mean, I'm ſure I have not one Acquaintance in the World that does an ill Thing.

Sir *Sol.* They muſt be better look'd after than your Ladyſhip then; but I'll mend my Hand as faſt as I can: Do you look to your Reputation henceforward, and I'll take care of your Perſon.

Lady *Sad.* You wrong my Virtue with theſe unjuſt Suſpicions.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, it's no Matter for that; better I wrong it than you. I'll ſecure my Doors for this Day at leaſt. [*Ex.*

Lady *Sad.* O! *Wiſhwell!* what ſhall I do?

Wiſh. What's the Matter, Madam?

Lady *Sad.* I expect a Letter from a Gentleman every Minute, and if it ſhou'd fall into Sir *Solomon*'s Hands, I'm Ruin'd paſt Redemption.

Wiſh. He won't ſuſpect it, Madam, ſure, if they are directed to me, as they uſed to be.

Lady *Sad.* But his Jealouſy's grown ſo violent of late, there's no truſting to it now; if he meets it I ſhall be lock'd up for ever.

Wiſh. O dear, Madam! I vow your Ladyſhip frights me———Why, he'll kill me for keeping Counſel.

Lady *Sad.* Run to the Window, quick, and watch the Meſſenger. [*Exit Wiſh.*] Ah! there's my Ruin near.———I feel it———[*A knocking at the Door.*] What ſhall I

do?——Be very inſolent, or very humble, and cry. I have known ſome Women, upon theſe Occaſions, out-ſtrut their Huſband's Jealouſy, and make 'em aſk Pardon for finding 'em out——O Lud! here he comes——I can't do't, my Courage fails me——I muſt e'en ſtick to my Handkerchief, and truſt to Nature.

Re-enter Sir Solomon, *taking a Letter from* Finder.

Sir *Sol.* Sir, I ſhall make bold to read this Letter; and if you have a mind to ſave your Bones, there's your Way out.

Find. O terrible! I ſhan't have a whole one in my Skin when I come home to my Maſter——[*Exit* Finder.

Lady *Sad.* [*Aſide.*] I'm loſt for ever.

Sir *Sol.* [*Reads.*] "Pardon, moſt Divine Creature,
"the Impatience of my Heart;
Very well! theſe are her innocent Freedoms! ah Cockatrice! "which languiſhes for an Oppor-
"tunity to convince you of its Sin-
"cerity——
O the tender——Son of a Whore!
"which nothing cou'd relieve but
"the ſweet hope of ſeeing you this
"Evening.

Poor Lady! whoſe Virtue I have wrong'd with unjuſt Suſpicions!

Lady *Sad.* I'm ready to ſink with Apprehenſion!

Sir *Sol.*——"To-night, at Seven, expect your
"dying *Strephon.*

Die, and be damn'd; for I'll remove your Comforter, by cutting her Throat——I cou'd find in my Heart to ram his impudent Letter into her Windpipe——
——Ha! what's this!
"To Mrs. *Wiſhwell*, my Lady
"*Sadlife*'s Woman.

Ad, I'm glad of it with all my Heart——What a happy Thing 'tis to have one's Jealouſy diſappointed!——Now have I been curſing my poor Wife for the miſtaken

miſtaken Wickedneſs of that Trollop——'Tis well I kept my Thoughts to myſelf: For the Virtue of a Wife, when wrongfully accus'd, is moſt unmercifully inſolent ——Come, I'll do a great Thing——I'll kiſs her, and make her amends——What's the Matter, my Dear? Has any Thing frighted you?

Lady *Sad.* Nothing but your hard Uſage.

Sir *Sol.* Come! come! dry thy Tears, it ſhall be ſo no more——But, hark ye! I have made a Diſcovery here——Your *Wiſhwell* I'm afraid is a Slut——She has an Intrigue.

Lady *Sad.* An Intrigue! Heavens, in our Family!

Sir *Sol.* Read there——I wiſh ſhe be honeſt——

Lady *Sad.* How!——if there be the leaſt Ground to think it, Sir *Solomon*, poſitively ſhe ſhan't ſtay a Minute in the Houſe——Impudent Creature——have an *Affair* with a Man!

Sir *Sol.* But hold, my Dear——don't let your Virtue cenſure too ſeverely neither.

Lady *Sad.* I ſhudder at the Thoughts of her.

Sir *Sol.* Patience, I ſay, how do we know but his Courtſhip may be honourable?

Lady *Sad.* That, indeed, requires ſome Pauſe.

Wiſh.——[*Peeping in.*] So! all's ſafe I ſee——He thinks the Letter's to me——O good Madam——that Letter was to me the Fellow ſays——I wonder, Sir, how you cou'd ſerve one ſo; if my Sweetheart ſhou'd hear you had open'd it, I know he wou'd not have me; ſo he wou'd not.

Sir *Sol.* Never fear that, for if he is in love with you, he's too much a Fool to value being laugh'd at.

Lady *Sad.* If it be yours, here take your Stuff; and next time bid him take better Care, than to ſend his Letters ſo publickly.

Wiſh. Yes, Madam; but now your Ladyſhip has read it, I'd feign beg the Honour of Sir *Solomon* to anſwer it for me; for I can't write.

Lady *Sad.* Not write!

Sir *Sol.* Nay, he thinks he's above that I ſuppoſe;

for he calls her divine Creature——A pretty Piece of Divinity truly——But come, my Dear——Egad, we'll anſwer it for her. Here's Paper——you ſhall do it.

Lady *Sad.* I, Sir *Solomon!* Lard, I won't write to Fellows, not I—I hope he won't take me at my Word. *Aſide.*

Sir *Sol.* Nay, you ſhall do it——come, 'twill get her a good Huſband.

Wiſh. Ay! Pray, good Madam, do——

Sir *Sol.* Ah! how eager the Jade is!——

Lady *Sad.* I can't tell how to write to any body but you, my Dear.

Sir *Sol.* Well! well! I'll dictate then—Come, begin—

Lady *Sad.* Lard! this is the oddeſt Fancy!

Sits to write.

Sir *Sol.* Come! come! Dear Sir; (for we'll be as loving as he for his Ears.)

Wiſh. No, pray, Madam, begin Dear Honey, or My deareſt Angel.

Lady *Sad.* Out! you Fool! you muſt not be ſo fond—Dear Sir is very well. [*Writes.*

Sir *Sol.* Ay! ay! ſo 'tis; but theſe young Fillies are for ſetting out at the Top of their Speed——But pr'ythee, *Wiſhwell*, what is thy Lover? for the Style of his Letter may ſerve for a Counteſs.

Wiſh. Sir, he's but a Butler at preſent; but he's a good Schollard, as you may ſee by his Hand-writing; and in time may come to be a Steward; and then we ſhan't be long without a Coach, Sir.

Lady *Sad.* Dear Sir——what muſt I write next?

Sir *Sol.* Why—— [*Muſing.*

Wiſh. Hoping you are in good Health, as I am at this preſent Writing.

Sir *Sol.* You Puppy, he'll laugh at you.

Wiſh. I'm ſure my Mother us'd to begin all her Letters ſo.

Sir *Sol.* And thou art every Inch of thee her own Daughter, that I'll ſay for thee.

Lady *Sad.* Come, I have done't. [*Reads.*] "Dear "Sir, ſhe muſt have very little Merit that is inſenſible "of yours.

Sir

Sir *Sol.* Very well, 'faith! write all yourſelf.

Wiſh. Ay! good Madam, do; that's better than mine. ——But pray, dear Madam, let it end with, *So I reſt your deareſt loving Friend, 'till Death us do part.*

Lady *Sad.* [*Aſide.*] This abſurd Slut will make me laugh out.

Sir *Sol.* But hearkye, you, Huſſy; ſuppoſe now you ſhou'd be a little ſcornful and inſolent to ſhew your Breeding, and a little ill-natur'd in it to ſhew your Wit.

Wiſh. Ay, Sir! that is, if I deſign'd him for my Gallant: But ſince he is to be but my Huſband, I muſt be very good-natur'd and civil before I have him; and huff him, and ſhew my Wit after.

Sir *Sol.* Here's a Jade for you! [*Aſide.*] But why muſt you huff your Huſband, Huſſy?

Wiſh. O Sir! that's to give him a good Opinion of my Virtue; for you know, Sir, a Huſband can't think one cou'd be ſo very domineering, if one were not very honeſt.

Sir *Sol.* 'Sbud! this Fool on my Conſcience, ſpeaks the Senſe of the whole Sex. [*Aſide.*

Wiſh. Then, Sir, I have been told, that a Huſband loves one the better, the more one hectors him, as a Spaniel does the more one beats him.

Sir *Sol.* Hah! thy Husband will have a bleſſed Time on't.

Lady *Sad.* So! I have done.

Wiſh. O pray, Madam, read it.

Lady *Sad.* [*Reads.*] "Dear Sir——She muſt have very "little Merit that is inſenſible of yours; and while "you continue to love, and tell me ſo, expect what-"ever you can hope from ſo much Wit, and ſuch "unfeign'd Sincerity—At the Hour you mention, "you will be truly welcome to your paſſionate——

Wiſh. Oh! Madam! it is not half kind enough; pray put in ſome more Dears.

Sir *Sol.* Ay! ay! ſweeten it well——let it be all Syrup——with a Pox to her.

Wiſh. Every line ſhou'd have a *dear ſweet Sir* in it; ſo it ſhou'd——He'll think I don't love him elſe.

Sir *Sol.* Poor Moppet!—

Lady *Sad.* No! no! 'tis better now——Well, what muſt be at the Bottom? to anſwer *Strephon?*——

Sir *Sol.* Pray let her divine Ladyſhip ſign——*Abigail.*

Wiſh. No; pray, Madam, ſet down *Liſpamintha.*

Sir *Sol. Liſpamintha!*

Lady *Sad.* No, come——I'll write *Celia.* Here, go in and ſeal it.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, come! I'll lend you a Wafer, that he may'nt wait for your Divinityſhip.

Wiſh. Pſhah! you always flout one ſo.

[*Exe.* Sir Sol. *and* Wiſh.

Lady *Sad.* So! this is luckily over—Well! I ſee a Woman ſhou'd never be diſcourag'd from coming off at the greateſt Plunge: For tho' I was half dead with the Fright, yet now I'm a little recovered, I find——

That Apprehenſion does the Bliſs endear;
The real Danger's nothing to the Fear. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir Solomon's.

Enter Lady Sadlife, Atall, *and* Wishwell *with Lights.*

Lady *Sad.* THIS Room, I think, is pleasanter; if you please, we'll sit here, Sir—*Wishwell!* Shut the Door, and take the Key o'th inside, and set Chairs.

Wish. Yes, Madam.

Lady *Sad.* Lard! Sir, what a strange Opinion you must have of me, for receiving your Visits upon so slender an Acquaintance.

At. I have a much stranger Opinion, Madam, of your ordering your Servant to lock herself in with us.

Lady *Sad.* O! you would not have us wait upon ourselves.

At. Really, Madam, I can't conceive that two Lovers alone have much Occasion for Attendance. [*They sit.*

Lady *Sad.* Lovers! Lard! how you talk! Can't People converse without that Stuff!

At. Um!—yes, Madam, People may; but without a little of that Stuff, Conversation is generally very apt to be insipid.

Lady *Sad.* Pooh! why, we can say any thing without her hearing, you see.

At. Ay! but if we should talk ourselves up to an Occasion of being without her, it wou'd look worse to send her out, than to have let her wait without when she was out.

Lady *Sad.* You are pretty hard to please, I find, Sir: some Men, I believe, wou'd think themselves well us'd, in so free a Reception as yours.

At. Hah! I see, this is like to come to nothing this Time; so I'll e'en put her out of Humour, that I may

get off in Time to my *Incognita*. [*Aside.*] Really, Madam, I can never think myſelf free, where my Hand and my Tongue are ty'd. [*Pointing to* Wiſhwell.

Lady *Sad.* Your Converſation, I find, is very different from what it was, Sir.

At. With Submiſſion, Madam, I think it very proper for the Place we are in. If you had ſent for me, only to ſip Tea, to ſit ſtill, and be civil with my Hat under my Arm, like a ſtrange Recreation from *Ireland*, ſo, why was I brought hither with ſo much Caution and Privacy?

Lady *Sad.* Suppoſe I had a favourable Thought of you; does that give you a Title to treat me as if it was not in my power to refuſe you any Thing?

At. Come, Madam, I'll be plain with you—I wou'd not have you to think me ignorant of all the tendereſt Forms that ought to approach a Lady's Favours; but when a Woman breaks the ſeeming Promiſe of her Eyes, with me ſhe loſes all Pretence to 'em. (Your Woman's being with us is ridiculous;) I had a Lover's honeſt Reaſon, to expect you hear alone; but ſhe that thinks to make me dance Attendance to her Pride, to ſit at a diſtance, and tamely talk myſelf to a ſubmiſſive Flame for her; while ſhe with Eyes inſenſible receives it, and e'en ſwells her fatal Vanity, to a deſpiſing of her eaſy Conqueſt, before ſhe enjoys it; let me tell you, Madam, in very conciſe Terms, that Woman—is moſt confumedly miſtaken.

Lady *Sad.* You have a very odd way of treating People; you Men are the ſtrangeſt Creatures! Is there no ſuch Thing as Patience in your Compoſition!

At. O yes, Madam, abundance; for if you pleaſe but to order Madamoiſelle to get the Tea ready, to boil it a great while, and ſtay 'till it's done, you ſhall find I can yet change the Air of my Approaches.

Lady *Sad.* I don't know how to make her do any ſuch Thing, not I, Lard! She knows, I have had Tea juſt now.

At. I have not; and ſo your humble Servant, Madam.

Lady *Sad.* Hold!

At. Really, Madam, my Stomach won't ſtay; and

if

if your Ladyſhip's Tea is not ready, I muſt beg leave to take a Diſh at the Coffee-houſe.

[*As he is going,* Sir Solomon *knocks at the Door.*

Wiſh. O Heav'ns! my Maſter, Madam.

Sir *Sol.* Open the Door, there, (within.)

Lady *Sad.* What ſhall we do?

Ar. Nothing now, I'm ſure.

Lady *Sad.* Open the Door, and ſay, the Gentleman came to you.

Wiſh. O lud! Madam, I ſhall never be able to manage it at ſo ſhort a Warning.—We had better ſhut the Gentleman into the Cloſet, and ſay, he came to no body at all.

Lady *Sad.* In! in then, for Mercy's ſake, quickly, Sir!

Ar. Soh; this is like to be a very pretty Buſineſs! Oh! Succeſs! and Impudence! thou haſt quite forſaken me.

[*Enters the Cloſet.*

Wiſh. Do you ſtep into your Bed-Chamber, Madam, and leave my Maſter to me. [*Exit Lady* Sadlife.

[Wiſhwell *opens the Door,* &c.

Enter Sir Solomon.

Sir *Sol.* What's the Reaſon, Miſtreſs, I am to be lock'd out of my Wife's Apartment?

Wiſh. Sir, my Lady was waſhing her——her——Neck, Sir, and I cou'd not come any ſooner.

Sir *Sol.* I'm ſure I heard a Man's Voice. [*Aſide.*] Bid your Lady come hither.—He muſt be hereabouts; 'tis ſo! all's out, all's over now: The Devil has done his worſt, and I am a Cuckold in ſpite of my Wiſdom. 'Sbud! now an *Italian* would poiſon his Wife for this, a *Spaniard* would ſtab her, and a *Turk* would cut off her Head with a Scimitar; but a poor Dog of an *Engliſh* Cuckold now, can only ſquabble and call Names.—Hold! here ſhe comes.——I muſt ſmother my Jealouſy that her Guilt mayn't be upon its Guard.

Enter Lady Sadlife, *and* Wiſhwell.

Sir *Sol.* My Dear! how do you do? Come hither, and kiſs me.

Lady

Lady *Sad.* I did not expect you home ſo ſoon, my Dear.

Sir *Sol.* Poor Rogue——I don't believe you——with a Pox to you. [*Aſide.*] *Wiſhwell*, go down, I have Buſineſs with your Lady.

Wiſh. Yes, Sir——but I'll watch——afraid this Good-humour——

Lady *Sad.* I ſcarce know whether he's jealous, or not.

Sir *Sol.* Now dare not I go near that Cloſet door——the murderous Dog ſhould poke a Hole——the Key-hole.——Um——I have an Old Thought in my Head——ay! and that will diſcover the whole bottom of her Affair——'Tis better to ſeem not to know one's Diſhonour, when one has not Courage enough to revenge it.

Lady *Sad.* I don't like his Looks, methinks.

Sir *Sol.* Odſo! what have I forgot now——Pry'thee, my Dear, ſtep into my Study, (for I am ſo weary!) and in the uppermoſt Parcel of Letters, you'll find one that I receiv'd from *Yorkſhire* to-day, in the Scrutore; bring it down, and ſome Paper; I will anſwer it while I think on't.

Lady *Sad.* If you pleaſe to lend me your Key——but had not you better write in your Study, my Dear?

Sir *Sol.* No! no! I tell you, I'm ſo tir'd, I am not able to walk.——There! make haſte.

Lady *Sad.* Would all were well over. [*Exit Lady* Sad.

Sir *Sol.* 'Tis ſo by her Eagerneſs to be rid of me. Well, ſince I find I dare not behave myſelf like a Man of Honour in this Buſineſs, I'll at leaſt act like a Perſon of Prudence, and Penetration: For ſay, I ſhou'd clap a Brace of Slugs now in the very Bowels of this Raſcal, it may hang me; but if it does not, it can't divorce me:——no, I'll e'en put out the Candles, and in a ſoft, gentle Whore's Voice, deſire the Gentleman to walk about his Buſineſs; and if I can get him out before my Wife returns, I'll faſtly poſt myſelf in his room; and ſo, when ſhe comes to ſet him at liberty, in the dark, I'll humour the Cheat, 'till I draw her into ſome caſual Confeſſion of

the

the Fact; anp then this injur'd Front ſhall bounce upon her, like a Thunderbolt. [*Puts out the Candle.*

Wiſh. [*Behind.*] Say you ſo, Sir? I'll take care my [illegible] ſhall be provided for you. *Exit.*

Sir *Sol.* Hiſt! Hiſt! Sir! Sir!

Enter Atall *from the Cloſet.*

At. Is all clear? May I venture, Madam?

Sir *Sol.* Ay! ay! quick! quick!! make haſte before Sir *Solomon* returns. A ſtrait-back'd Dog, I warrant him. [*Aſide.*] But when ſhall I ſee you again?

At. Whenever you'll promiſe me to make a better uſe of an Opportunity.

Sir *Sol.* Ha! then 'tis poſſible he mayn't yet have put the finiſhing Stroke to me.

At. Is this the Door?

Sir *Sol.* Ay! ay! away! [*Exit* Atall.] Soh! now the Danger of being murder'd is over; I find, my Courage returns: And if I catch my Wife but inclining to be no better than ſhe ſhou'd be, I'm not ſure that Blood wo'n't be the Conſequence.

[*He goes into the Cloſet, and* Wiſhwell *enters.*

Wiſh. Soh! my Lady has her Cue; and, if my wiſe Maſter can give her no better Proofs of his Penetration than this, ſhe'd be a greater Fool than he, if ſhe ſhou'd not do what ſhe has a mind to. Sir! Sir! Come! you may come out now. Sir *Solomon*'s gone.

Enter Sir Solomon *from the Cloſet.*

Sir *Sol.* So! now for a ſoft Speech, to ſet her impudent Blood in a Ferment, and then let it out with my Penknife. [*Aſide.*] Come, dear Creature, now let's make the kindeſt uſe of our Opportunity.

Wiſh. Not for the World! if Sir *Solomon* ſhou'd come again, I ſhou'd be ruin'd——Pray be gone——I'll ſend to you to-morrow.

Sir *Sol.* Nay, now you love me not——You would not let me part elſe thus unſatisfied.

Wiſh.

Wiſh. Now you're unkind. You know I love you, or I ſhould not run ſuch Hazards for you.

Sir *Sol.* Fond Whore! [*Aſide.*] But I'm afraid you love Sir *Solomon*, and lay up all your Tenderneſs for him.

Wiſh. O ridiculous! How can ſo ſad a Wretch as you the leaſt uneaſy Thought! I loath the very ſight of him.

Sir *Sol.* Damn'd infernal Strumpet!—I can bear no longer—Lights! Lights! within there. [*Seizes her.*

Wiſh. Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Who's there? help! Murder!

Sir *Sol.* No, Traytreſs, don't think to 'ſcape me; for now I've trapp'd thee in thy Guilt, I cou'd find in my heart to have thee fleay'd alive, thy ſkin ſtuff'd, and hung up in the middle of *Guild-hall*, as a terrible Conſequence of Cuckoldom to the whole City——Lights there!

Enter Lady Sadliſe *with a Light.*

Lady *Sad.* O Heav'ns! what's the matter!

[*Sir* Solomon *looks aſtoniſh'd.*

Ha! what do I ſee! my Servant on the Floor, and Sir *Solomon* offering Rudeneſs to her!—O! I can't bear it! oh!

[*Falls into a Chair.*

Sir *Sol.* What has the Devil been doing here?

Lady *Sad.* This the Reward of all my Virtue! O Revenge! Revenge!

Sir *Sol.* My Dear! my good Virtuous injur'd Dear, be patient; for here has been ſuch wicked Doings.—

Lady *Sad.* O Torture! do you own it too! 'tis well my Love protects you—but for this Wretch! this Monſter! this Sword ſhall do me Juſtice on her.

[*Runs at* Wiſhwell *with Sir* Solomon's *Sword.*

Sir *Sol.* O hold! my poor miſtaken Dear!—This horrid Jade, the Gods can tell, is innocent for me; but ſhe has had, it ſeems, a ſtrong Dog in the Cloſet here: which I ſuſpecting, put myſelf into his Place, and had almoſt trapp'd her in the very Impudence of her Iniquity.

Lady *Sad.* How!—I'm glad to find he dares not own 'twas his Jealouſy of me—— [*Aſide.*

Wiſh. [*Kneeling.*] Dear Madam, I hope your Ladyſhip will pardon the Liberty I took in your Abſence, in bringing my Lover into your Ladyſhip's Chamber; but I did not think

think you wou'd come home from Prayers ſo ſoon, and ſo I was forc'd to hide him in that Cloſet; but my Maſter ſuſpecting the Buſineſs, it ſeems, turn'd him out unknown to me, and then [illegible] himſelf there, and ſo had a mind to diſcover whether there was any Harm between us; and ſo becauſe he found I had been naught with him.——

Sir *Sol.* Ay, my Dear; and the Jade was ſo confoundedly fond of me, that ſhe grew out of all Patience, and fell upon her like a Fury.

Lady *Sad.* Horrid Creature, and does ſhe think to ſtay a Minute in the Family, after ſuch Impudence!

Sir *Sol.* Hold, my Dear——for if this ſhould be the Man that is to marry her——you know there may be no Harm done yet.

Wiſh. Yes, it was he indeed, Madam.

Sir *Sol.* [*Aſide.*] I muſt not let the Jade be turn'd away, for fear ſhe ſhould put it in my Wife's Head, that I hid myſelf to diſcover her Ladyſhip, and then the Devil wou'd not be able to live in the Houſe with her.

Wiſh. Now, Sir, you know what I can tell of you.

[*Aſide to Sir* Solomon.

Sir *Sol.* Mum! that's a good Girl! there's a Guinea for you.

Lady *Sad.* Well, upon your Interceſſion, my Dear, I'll pardon her this Fault; but pray, Miſtreſs, let me hear of no more ſuch Doings. I am ſo diſorder'd with this Fright——fetch my Prayer-book, I'll endeavour to compoſe myſelf. [*Exit Lady* Sadlife.

Sir *Sol.* Ay, do ſo! that's my good Dear—What two bleſſed Eſcapes I have had! to find myſelf no Cuckold at laſt, and, which had been equally terrible, my Wife not know I wrongfully ſuſpected her.—Well! at length I am fully convinc'd of her Virtue---and now if I can but cut off the abominable Expence, that attends ſome of her impertinent Acquaintance, I ſhall ſhew myſelf a *Machiavel.*

Re-enter Wiſhwell.

Wiſh. Sir, here's my Lady *Dainty* come to wait upon my Lady.

Sir

Sir *Sol.* I'm ſorry for't with all my heart —— why did you ſay ſhe was within?

Wiſh. Sir, ſhe did not ask if ſhe was; but ſhall never deny'd to her.

Sir *Sol.* Gad ſo! why then if you [illegible] Ladyſhip to me, I'll begin with h[illegible]

Wiſhwell *brings in* Lady Dainty.

Lady *D.* Sir *Solomon*, your [illegible] humble Servant.

Sir *Sol.* Yours, yours, Madam.

Lady *D.* Where's my Lady?

Sir *Sol.* Where your Ladyſhip very ſeldom is——at Prayers.

Lady *D.* Huh! huh! you keep your old Humour ſtill I ſee of endeavouring to ſpeak home Truths; but I think you commonly gueſs wrong: For you muſt know that I have bought me the prettieſt Atlas Cuſhions with Gold Taſſels on purpoſe to kneel upon.

Sir *Sol.* Not unlikely, Madam; you fine Ladies have a great many fine things, that you never uſe—for I don't remember I have ſeen you, or your Cuſhions, at Church theſe three Weeks.

Lady *D.* Never miſs, never miſs, if I am in any ſort of Condition to, huh, huh, endure the Air: Tho' indeed a *Sunday* is very apt to give one the Spleen, or the Vapours.——but if I am not there myſelf, I conſtantly ſend my Woman to ſee how the Faſhions alter.

Sir *Sol.* I cry your Mercy, Madam, I did not know that was your Mode-Market Day before.

Lady *D.* Sir, the greateſt Diſtinction of People of Quality is, that they make every thing eaſy to 'em.

Sir *Sol.* Yes, yes, being in the Mode, I ſee, will let one into notable Privileges.

Enter Lady Sadlife.

Lady *Sad.* My dear Lady *Dainty*!

Lady *D.* Dear Madam, I am the happieſt Perſon alive in finding your Ladyſhip at home.

Sir

Sir *Sol.* So! now for a Torrent of Impertinence.

Lady *Sad.* Your Ladyship does me a great deal of honour. [illegible] I am [illegible]re I do myself a great deal of Pleasure: I [illegible] twenty Visits to-day, and not above five of them [illegible] home: and meeting with a reasonable Creature [illegible] is like the Pleasure of Unlacing, after being squeezed up in a strait pair of Stays at Birth-day.

Lady *Sad.* Some Visits are indeed strangely Fatiguing.

Lady *D.* O! I'm quite dead! not but my Coach is very easy—yet so much perpetual Motion—you know.

Sir *Sol.* Ah, Pox of your Disorder——if I had the providing your Equipage, ods-zooks you should rumble to your Visits in a Wheel-barrow. [*Aside.*

Lady *Sad.* Was you at my Lady Dutchess's.

Lady *D.* A little while.

Lady *Sad.* Had she a great Circle?

Lady *D.* Extream—I was not able to bear the Breath of so much Company.

Lady *Sad.* Pray who had you?

Lady *D.* Every body—my Lady *Toilet*, Lady *Patchit*, Mrs. *Peepers*, Lady *Whitewash*, Mrs. *Layiton*, Lady *Steinkirk*, both the Mistress *Favourites*, Lady *Jumps*, and the Dutchess of *Falbala*.

Lady *Sad.* You did not dine there?

Lady *D.* Oh! I can't touch any body's Dinner but my own—and I have almost kill'd myself this Week for want of my usual Glass of *Tokay* after my *Ortalans*, and *Muscovy* Duck Eggs.

Sir *Sol.* 'Sbud if I had the feeding of you, I'd bring you in a Fortnight to Neck-Beef, and a Pot of plain Bub. [*Aside.*

Lady *D.* Then I have been so surfeited with the sight of a hideous City Entertainment to-day at my Lady *Cormorant*'s, who knows no other happiness, or way of making one welcome, then Eating, or Drinking; I was ready to swoon at the sight of her table, being just come out of the fresh Air.

Lady *Sad.* Pray how was it fill'd, Madam?

Lady *D.*

Lady *D.* At the upper end ſat her Ladyſhip, and at each Elbow a Daughter, with Arms like Plough-[illegible] like Turkey-Eggs, and Cheeks like [illegible] they were enough to beat one d[illegible] through the coarſe Pores of their Skin! Huh! huh!

Lady *Sad.* O! Frightful!—but pray go on.

Sir *Sol.* On my Conſcience, your daily Converſation is made up of nothing but impertinent Fleering at honeſt People, that don't know as many ways of being Fopiſh & vicious as themſelves. [*Aſide.*

Lady *D.* At the lower end was an unfeck'd thing, ſhe call'd Son—I ſuppoſe by her firſt Venter; that ſat all the while with his Mouth gaping wide, not having from Nature Wit enough to fetch his Breath through his Noſe.

Lady *Sad.* Ha! ha.

Lady *D.* The Table, or rather Larder, was fill'd with Hams, roaſted Pullets, and Turkey-Pyes, with a great *Cheſhire* Cheeſe in the middle, that rivall'd every one in bulk but her Ladyſhip; and a large Tankard of ſtrong Beer, Nutmeg and Sugar, enough to fuddle a grand Jury, or carry an Intereſt at an Election.

Lady *Sad.* A true *Engliſh* Home-bred Family.

Lady *D.* In every Circumſtance: for tho' ſhe ſaw I was juſt fainting at her vaſt Limbs of Butchers Meat—yet the civil Savage forc'd me to ſit down, and heap'd enough upon my Plate to victual a Fleet for an *Eaſt-India* Voyage.

Lady *Sad.* How cou'd you bear it? Ha! ha!

Sir *Sol.* 'Sbud! I han't Patience pray, Madam, is it among the Rules of your this End of the Town Breeding, to laugh at your Friends for making you heartily welcome?

Lady *D.* Sir *Solomon!* 'tis impoſſible to ſee the Titles of Quality join'd with ſuch Mob Diſpoſitions, without eaſing one's Spleen a little: And nothing diſtinguiſhes the Common, ſo much as their groſs Feeding: I never knew a true *Plebeian*, that had not an odious vaſt Stomach—huh! huh!

Sir *Sol.* Your Ladyſhip knows the Elegance of Life.

Lady *Sad.*

Lady *Sad.* Does your Ladyſhip never go to the Play? I [illegible] but when I beſpeak it myſelf, and then [illegible] the Doors; for it's common to love Sights: My [illegible] Dive[illegible] in a repos'd Poſture to turn my Eyes upon the Audience, and bleſs myſelf to hear the happy Savages laugh [illegible] when an awkward Citizen crouds [illegible] in among us—'tis an unſpeakable Pleaſure to contemplate her Air and Dreſs—And they never 'ſcape me—for I am as apprehenſive of ſuch a Creature's coming near me, as ſome People are when a Cat is in the Room——but the Play is begun, I believe, and if your Ladyſhip has an Inclination, I'll wait upon you.

Lady *Sad.* I think, Madam, we can't do better; and here comes Mr. *Careleſs*, moſt opportunely to Squire us——

Sir *Sol. Careleſs!* I don't know him, but my Wife does, and that's as well!

Enter Careleſs.

Care. Ladies your Servant—ſeeing your Coach at the Door, Madam, made me not able to reſiſt this Opportunity to——to——you know Madam, there's no time to be loſt in Love. Sir *Solomon*, your Servant——

Sir *Sol.* O yours! yours Sir! A very impudent Fellow, and I'm in hopes will marry her. [*Aſide.*

Lady *D.* The Aſſurance of this Creature almoſt grows diverting; all one can do, can't make him the leaſt ſenſible of a Diſcouragement.

Lady *Sad.* Try what Compliance will do; perhaps, that may fright him.

Lady *D.* If it were not too dear a Remedy—one wou'd almoſt do any think to get rid of his Company.

Care. Which you never will, Madam, till you marry me, depend upon't: Do that, and I'll trouble you no more.

Sir *Sol.* This Fellow's abominable! He'll certainly have her. [*Aſide.*

Lady *D.* There's no depending upon your Word, or elſe I might: for the laſt time I ſaw you, you told me then you would trouble me no more.

Care.

Care. Ay, that's true, Madam; but to keep one's Word, you know, looks like a Tradeſman.

Sir *Sol.* Impudent Rogue! but he'll have her.

Care. And is as much below a Gentleman, as paying one's Debts.

Sir *Sol.* If he is not hang'd firſt. [*Aſide.*

Care. Beſides, Madam; I conſider'd that my Abſence might endanger your Conſtitution, which is ſo very tender, that nothing but Love can have it, and ſo I would e'en adviſe you to throw away your Juleps, your Cordials, and Slops, and take me all at once.

Lady *D.* No, Sir, bitter Portions are not to be taken ſo ſuddenly.

Care. Oh! to chuſe, Madam; for if you ſtand making of Faces, and kecking againſt it, you'll but encreaſe your Averſion, and delay the Cure. Come, come, you muſt be adviſ'd. [*Preſſing her.*

Lady *D.* What mean you, Sir?

Care. To baniſh all your Ails, and be myſelf your Univerſal Medicine.

Sir *Sol.* Well ſaid! he'll have her.

Lady *D.* Impudent robuſt Man; I proteſt did not I know his Family, I ſhou'd think his Parents had not liv'd in Chairs and Coaches, but had us'd their Limbs all their Lives! Huh! huh! but I begin to be perſuaded Health is a great Bleſſing. [*Aſide.*

Care. My Limbs, Madam, were convey'd to me from before the Uſe of Chairs and Coaches, and it might leſſen the Dignity of my Anceſtors, not to Uſe them as they did.

Lady *D.* Was ever ſuch a rude Underſtanding? to value himſelf upon the Barbariſm of his Fore-fathers—— Indeed I have heard of Kings that were bred to the Plough, and I fancy you might deſcend from ſuch a Race; for you court as if you were behind one—— Huh! huh! huh! To treat a Woman of Quality like an Exchange-Wench, and expreſs your Paſſion with your Arms; impoliſh'd Man.

Care. I was willing, Madam, to take from the vulgar the

the only desirable thing among 'em, and shew you—how they live so healthy——for they have no other Remedy.

[illegible] A very rough Medicine! huh! huh!

[illegible] that never took it, it may seem so——

Lady *D.* A[illegible] Ravisher! Oh! [*Struggling.*

Sir *Sol.* He has her, he has her. [*Aside.*

Lady *D.* Leave the Room, and see my Face no more.

Care. [*Bows and is going.*]

Lady *D.* And, hark ye, Sir, no Bribe, no Mediations to my Woman.

Care. [*Bows and sighs.*]

Lady *D.* Thou Prodigate! to hug! to clasp! to embrace and throw your robust Arms about me like a Vulgar, and Indelicate! Oh! I faint with Apprehension of so gross an Address. [*She faints, and* Care. *catches her.*

Care. O my offended Fair.

Lady *D.* Inhuman! Ravisher! Oh!

[Care. *carries her off.*

Sir *Sol.* He has her! she's undone! He has her.

[*Exit after them,*

Lady *Sad.* This is one of the most extraordinary Love-Scenes I ever saw: I never cou'd find a Woman's Fantask wou'd run high enough to oppose her secret Inclination before: But I fancy by this Time her Ladyship's Delicacy wou'd be glad to compound for a little of the Vulgar. [*Exit.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Sylvia.

Clar. Well, Cousin, what do you think of your Gentleman now?

Syl. I fancy, Madam, that wou'd be as proper a Question to ask you: for really I don't see any great Reason to alter my Opinion of him yet——

Clar. Now I cou'd dash her at once, and shew it her under his own Hand that his Name's *Standfast*, and he'll be here in a Quarter of an Hour——but let her go on a little. [*Aside.*

Syl. Pray, Cousin, have you any particular Reason to be so chearful?

Clar.

Clar. You'll pardon me if I owe a little of my Sex's Malice, my Dear, for a Woman that won't be convinc'd of the Infidelity of her Lover, when her Friend aſſures her of it from her own Knowledge! the moſt unfortunate Figure in Nature! Ha! ha! ha!

Syl. I have two or three Lives in my Pocket that wou'd ſtrangely damp this Pertneſs; but I rather think it affected, and won't ſhew it 'till I'm ſure——[*Aſide.*] Methinks, Couſin, we need not either of us give ourſelves any of theſe violent Airs; for I fancy the Gentleman's next Appearance will extremely take down the Vanity of one of us.

Clar. Ha! ha! Ay! ay! that it will, I'm poſitive.

Syl. You muſt certainly be deceiv'd into ſome ſecret Reaſon for your being ſo very poſitive.

Clar. Deceiv'd, Madam! If I had no Reaſon but what's writ in my Face, I fancy, with Submiſſion to your Ladyſhip's Beauty, that alone might juſtify my Confidence.

Syl. Your Face——And have you really no better Security?

Clar. Better! ha! ha! Yes, yes: I have a better, Madam, I have your Face——Look but in the honeſt Glaſs, and tell me what I ſhou'd be afraid on? Ha! ha! ha!

Syl. No, Madam, I need not do that; I remember enough of my Face to know it is not in any one Charm like yours——Thanks to indulgent Nature.

[*Lifting up her Hands and Eyes.*

Clar. Really, Couſin, you have one Quality I envy you for: For to be extravagantly vain, is certainly the firſt State of Happineſs.

Syl. Really I think ſo too, and therefore won't undeceive your Vanity, becauſe 'twou'd be giving my Friend too barbarous a Mortification.

Clar. Well! we are ſtrangely good-natur'd: for let me die, Child, if I have not juſt the ſame Tenderneſs for you.

Syl.

Syl. Lard! how ſhall we do to requite one another? *Clar.* I vow I don't think I ought to refuſe you any Service [illegible] Power; therefore if you think it worth [illegible] not be out of Countenance when the Colonel comes, I would adviſe you to withdraw now; for if you dare take my own Word for it, he will be here in three Minutes, as this may convince you.

[*Gives a Letter.*

Syl. What's here? a Letter from Colonel *Standfaſt?* —Really, Couſin, I have nothing to ſay to him— Mr. *Freeman*'s the Perſon I'm concern'd for, and I expect to ſee him here in a Quarter of an Hour.

Clar. Then you don't believe them both the ſame Perſon?

Syl. Not by their Hands or Style, I can aſſure you, as this may convince you. [*Gives a Letter.*

Clar. Ha! The Hand is different indeed———— I ſcarce know what to think, and yet I'm ſure my Eyes were not deceiv'd.

Syl. Come, Couſin, let's be a little cooler; 'tis not impoſſible but we may have both laugh'd at one another to no Purpoſe—for I am confident they are two Perſons.

Clar. I can't tell that, but I'm ſure here comes one of 'em.

Enter Atall *as Colonel Standfaſt.*

Syl. Ha!

At. Hey! Bombard, (there they are, faith!) bid the Chariot ſet up, and call again about One or Two in the Morning——You ſee Madam, what 'tis to give an impudent Fellow the leaſt Encouragement: I'm reſolv'd now to make a Night on't with you.

Clar. I am afraid, Colonel, we ſhall have much ado to be good Company, for we are two Women to one Man, you ſee; and if we ſhou'd both have a Fancy to have you particular, I doubt you'd make but bungling Work on't.

At. I warrant you we will paſs our Time like Gods. Two Ladies and one Man; the pretieſt Set for Ombre in

in the Univerſe———Come! come! Cards! Cards! and Tea, that I inſiſt upon.

Clar. Well, Sir, if my Couſin will [illegible] balk your Good-humour. [*Turning to Syl.*

At. Is the Lady your Relation, Madam? ——I beg the Honour to be known to her.

Clar. O, Sir! that I'm ſure ſhe can't refuſe you—— Couſin, this is Colonel *Standfaſt*. [*Laughs Aſide.*] I hope now ſhe's convinc'd.

At. Your Pardon, Madam, if I am a little particular in my Deſire to be known to any of this Lady's Relations. [*Salutes.*

Syl. You'll certainly deſerve mine, Sir, by being always particular to that Lady——

At. Oh, Madam! Tall, lall. [*Turns away, and ſings.*

Syl. This Aſſurance is beyond Example. [*Aſide.*

Clar. How do you do, Couſin?

Syl. Beyond bearing——but not incurable. [*Aſide.*

Clar. [*Aſide.*] Now can't I find in my Heart to give him one angry Word for his Impudence to me this Morning; the Pleaſure of ſeeing my Rival mortified makes me ſtrangely good-natur'd.

At. [*Turning familiarly to* Clar.] Upon my Soul you are provokingly handſome to-day. Ay Gad! why is not it High Treaſon for any beautiful Woman to marry?

Clar. What, wou'd you have us lead Apes?

At. Not one of you by all that's lovely——Do you think we cou'd not find you better Employment? Death! what a Hand is here?——Gad! I ſhall grow fooliſh!

Clar. Stick to your Aſſurance, and you are in no Danger.

At. Why then, in Obedience to your Commands, pry'thee anſwer me ſincerely one Queſtion? How long do you really deſign to make me dangle thus?

Clar. Why really I can't tell [illegible] you a Time; but when you are weary of your Service, come to me with a Six-pence and Modeſty, and I'll give you your Diſcharge.

At. Thou inſolent, provoking handſome Tyrant.

Clar

Come! let me go——this is not a very civil of entertaining my Couſin, methinks.

Syl. I beg her Pardon indeed. [*Bowing to* Sylv.] But you know, Madam, may plead a ſort of Excuſe for being ſingular when the favourite Fair's in Company. ——But we were talking of Cards, Ladies.

Clar. Couſin, what ſay you?

Syl. I had rather you would excuſe me, I am a little unfit for Play at this time.

At. What a valuable Virtue is Aſſurance! Now am I as intrepid as a Lawyer at the Bar. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Bleſs me! you are not well?

Syl. I ſhall be preſently——Pray, Sir, give me Leave to aſk you a Queſtion.

At. So! Now it's a coming. [*Aſide.*] Freely, Madam.

Syl. Look on me well: Have you never ſeen my Face before?

At. Upon my Word, Madam, I can't recollect that I have.

Syl. I am ſatisfied.

At. But pray, Madam, why may you aſk?

Syl. I'm too much diſorder'd now to tell you——But if I'm not deceiv'd, I'm miſerable. [*Weeps.*

At. This is ſtrange——How her Concern tranſports me?

Clar. Her Fears have touch'd me, and half perſuade me to revenge 'em——Come, Couſin, be eaſy; I ſee you are convinc'd he is the ſame, and now I'll prove myſelf a Friend.

Syl. I know not what to think——my Senſes are confounded: Their Features are indeed the ſame; and yet there's ſomething in their Air, their Dreſs and Manner, ſtrangely different: But be it as it will, all right to him in Preſence I diſclaim, and yield to you for ever.

At. O charming! Joyful Grief! [*Aſide.*

Clar. No, Couſin, believe it, both our Senſes cannot be deceiv'd: he's individually the ſame; and ſince he dares be bad to you, he's miſerable indeed, if flatter'd with a diſtant Hope of me; I know his Perſon and his

Falſhood both too well; and you ſhall ſee with, [illegible] be-comes your Friend, reſent it.

At. What means this Strangeneſs, Madam?

Clar. I'll tell you, Sir; and to uſe few [illegible]ow then, this Lady and myſelf have borne your faithleſs Inſolence and Artifice too long: But that you may not think to impoſe on me, at leaſt, I deſire you would leave the Houſe, and from this Moment never ſee me more.

At. Madam! What! what is all this? Riddle me Riddle me Re,

For the Devil take me
For ever from thee,
If I can divine what this Riddle *can be!*

Syl. Not mov'd! I'm more amaz'd.

At. Pray, Madam, in the name of common Senſe, let me know in two Words what the real meaning of your laſt terrible Speech was; and if I don't make you a plain, honeſt, reaſonable anſwer to it, be pleas'd the next Minute to blot my Name out of your Table-book, never more to be inroll'd in the ſenſeleſs Catalogue of thoſe vain Coxcombs, that impudently hope to come into your Favour.

Clar. This Inſolence grows tedious: What End can you propoſe by this Aſſurance?——

At. Hey-dey!

Syl. Hold, Couſin——one Moment's Patience: I'll ſend this Minute again to Mr. *Freeman*, and if he does not immediately appear, the Diſpute will need no farther Argument.

At. Mr. *Freeman!* Who the Devil's he! What have I to do with him?

Syl. I'll ſoon inform you, Sir.

[*Going, meets* Wishwell *entering.*

Wiſh. Madam, here's a Footman mightily out of Breath, ſays he belongs to Mr. *Freeman*, and deſires very earneſtly to ſpeak with you.

Syl. Mr. *Freeman!* Pray bid him come in——What can this mean?

At. You'll ſee preſently.

[*Aſide*

Re-enter.

Re-enter Wiſhwell *with* Finder.

Syl. Come hither, Friend; do you belong to Mr. *Freeman*?

Find. Yes, Madam, and my poor Maſter gives his humble Service to your Ladyſhip, and begs your Pardon for not waiting on you according to his Promiſe; which he would certainly have done, but for an unfortunate Accident.

Syl. What's the Matter?

Find. As he was coming out of his Lodgings to pay his Duty to you, Madam, a Parcel of Fellows ſet upon him, and ſaid they had a Warrant againſt him; and ſo, becauſe the Raſcals began to be ſaucy with him, and my Maſter knowing he did not owe a Shilling in the World, he drew to defend himſelf, and in the Scuffle the bloody Villains run one of their Swords quite through his Arm; but the beſt of the Jeſt was, Madam, that as ſoon as they got him into a Houſe, and ſent for a Surgeon, he prov'd to be the wrong Perſon; for their Warrant it ſeems was againſt a poor Scoundrel, that happens they ſay to be very like him, one Colonel *Standfaſt*.

At. Say you ſo, Mr. Dog——if your Maſter had been here I wou'd have given him as much.

[*Gives him a Box on the Ear.*

Find. O Lord! Pray, Madam, ſave me——I did not ſpeak a Word to the Gentleman——O the Devil! this muſt be the Devil in the Likeneſs of my Maſter.

Clar. I am ſtartled!

Syl. Is this Gentleman ſo very like him, ſay you?

Find. Like, Madam! Ay, as one Box of the Ear is to another; only I think, Madam, my Maſter's Noſe is a little, little higher.

Syl. Now, Ladies, I preſume the Riddle's ſolv'd.

At. Hark you, where is your Maſter, Raſcal?

Find. Maſter, Raſcal? Sir, my Maſter's Name's *Freeman*, and I'm a Free-born *Engliſhman*; and I muſt tell

you, Sir, that I don't uſe to take ſuch arbitrar[illegible] of the Face from any Man that does not pay me [illegible] and ſo my Maſter will tell you too when he [illegible] Sir.

Syl. Will he be here then?

Find. This Minute, Madam; he only ſtays to have his Wound dreſs'd.

At. I'm reſolv'd I'll ſtay that Minute out, if he does not come 'till Midnight.

Find. A Pox of his Mettle——when his Hand's in he makes no Difference between Jeſt and Earneſt, I find ——if he does not pay me well for this, 'Egad he ſhall tell the next for himſelf. [*Aſide.*

Find. Has your Ladyſhip any Commands to my Maſter, Madam?

Syl. Yes, pray give him my humble Service, ſay I'm ſorry for his Misfortune; and if he thinks 'twill do his Wound no Harm, I beg by all Means he may be brought hither immediately.

Find. 'Shah! his Wound, Madam, I know he does not value it of a Ruſh; for he'll have the Devil and all of Actions againſt the Rogues for falſe Impriſonment, and Smart-Money——Ladies, I kiſs your Hands——Sir I——nothing at all—— [*Exit.*

At. [*Aſide.*] The Dog has done it rarely; for a Lye upon the Stretch I don't know a better Raſcal in *Europe*.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Ay! now I'm ſure I'm right——Is not your Name Colonel *Standfaſt*, Sir?

At. Yes, Sir; what then?

Off. Then you are my Priſoner, Sir——

At. Your Priſoner! who the Devil are you? a Bailiff? I don't owe a Shilling.

Off. I don't care if you don't, Sir; I have a Warrant againſt you for High Treaſon, and I muſt have you away this Minute.

At.

At. Look you, Sir, depend upon't this is but ſome impertinent malicious Proſecution: You may venture to ſtay a Quarter of an Hour I'm ſure; I have ſome Business here till then that concerns me nearer than my Life——

Clar. Have but ſo much Patience, and I'll ſatisfy you for your Civility.

Off. I cou'd not ſtay a Quarter of an Hour, Madam, tho' you'd give me five hundred Pound.

Syl. Can't you take Bail, Sir?

Off. Bail! no! no!

Clar. Whither muſt he be carried?

Off. To my Houſe, 'till he's examin'd before the Council.

Clar. Where is your Houſe?

Off. Juſt by the Secretary's Office; every body knows Mr. *Lockum* the Meſſenger——Come, Sir.

At. I can't ſtir yet, indeed, Sir.

[*Lays his Hand on his Sword.*

Off. Nay, look you, if you are for that Play——Come in, Gentlemen, away with him,

[*Enter Muſqueteers, and force him off.*

Syl. This is the ſtrangeſt Accident; I am extremely ſorry for the Colonel's Misfortune, but I am as heartily glad he is not Mr. *Freeman.*

Clar. I'm afraid you'll find him ſo——I ſhall never change my Opinion of him 'till I ſee 'em Face to Face.

Syl. Well, Couſin, let 'em be two, or one, I'm reſolv'd to ſtick to Mr. *Freeman*; for to tell you the Truth, this laſt Spark has too much of the Confident Rake in him to pleaſe me, but there is a modeſt Sincerity in t'other's Converſation that's irreſiſtible.

Clar. For my Part I'm almoſt tir'd with his Impertinence either Way and cou'd find in my Heart to trouble myſelf no more about him; and yet methinks it provokes me to have a Fellow outface my Senſes.

Syl. Nay, they are ſtrangely alike indeed; but yet if you obſerve nicely, Mr. *Freeman*'s Features are more pale and penſive than the Colonel's.

Clar. When Mr. *Freeman* comes, I'll be closer to my Observation of him———In the mean time, let me conſider what I really propoſe by all this Buſtle I make about him: Suppoſe, (which I can never ſuppoſe) they ſhould prove two ſeveral Men at laſt, I don't find that I'm Fool enough to think of marrying either of 'em; nor (whatever Airs I give myſelf) am I yet mad enough to do worſe with 'em———Well! ſince I don't deſign to come to a cloſe Engagement myſelf, why ſhou'd I not generouſly ſtand out of the way, and make room for one that wou'd? ſo, I can't do that neither———I wan't, methinks to convict him firſt of being one and the ſame Perſon, and then to have him convince my Couſin, that he likes me better than her———Ay, that wou'd do! and to confeſs my Infirmity, I ſtill find (tho' I don't care this for the Fellow) while ſhe has the Aſſurance to nouriſh the leaſt hope of getting him from me, I ſhall never be heartily eaſy; 'till ſhe's heartily mortified. [*Aſide.*

Syl. You ſeem very much concern'd for the Colonel's Misfortune, Couſin.

Clar. His Misfortunes ſeldom hold him long, as you may ſee; for here he comes.

Enter Atall, *as Mr.* Freeman.

Syl. Bleſs me!

At. I am ſorry, Madam, I cou'd not be more punctual to your obliging Commands; But the Accident that prevented my coming ſooner, will, I hope, now give me a Pretence to a better welcome than my laſt; For now, Madam, [*to* Clar.] your Miſtake's ſet right. I preſume, and I hope you won't expect Mr. *Freeman* to anſwer for all the Miſcarriages of Colonel *Standfaſt*.

Clar. Not in the leaſt, Sir: The Colonel's able to anſwer for himſelf, I find! ha! ha! ha!

At. Was not my Servant with you, Madam? [*to* Sylvia.

Syl.

Syl. Yes, yes, Sir, he has told us all. I'll ſeem to believe any thing rather than not engage him from [*Aſide.*] And I am ſorry you have paid ſo dear a Proof of your Innocence: Had you come two Minutes ſooner, you would have been as much ſurpriz'd as we; for the Colonel, that ſtrange Image of you, was here.

At. O dear Madam, why would you part with him, when I had ſent you Word before, I wou'd be with you as ſoon as my Wound was dreſt.

Syl. 'Twas not in our power to keep him, Sir; for it ſeems the ſame Officer that miſtook you for him, purſu'd him hither, and hurried him away to Priſon.

At. I'd give the World methinks to ſee him! What ſay you, Madam, have you Curioſity enough to take Coach immediately, and carry me to him?

Syl. You'll excuſe me if I don't deſire to bring you together; eſpecially while the Smart of the Wound you receiv'd upon his Account is ſo freſh upon you; I wou'd not hazard you in a new Quarrel.

Clar. Lard! how happy the Creature is. [*Aſide.*

At. O fy! Madam, upon my Faith, I have not the leaſt Malice in the World to the Gentleman.

Clar. Nor the Gentleman to you, I dare ſwear, Sir! ha! ha! ha! For Aſſurance and Credulity—I thank my Stars I never ſaw a Couple better match'd in my Life before! ha! ha! Why won't you go to the Meſſenger's, Couſin, and prove me in the wrong? you'll ſee no Danger of a new Quarrel, take my Word for't; for I'm ſtrangely afraid, that the only way in Nature to bring this Gentleman and the Colonel Face to Face, is to hold him a Looking-Glaſs! ha! ha!

At. I hope, Madam, you won't take it ill, if the Fury of this Accuſation ſhou'd not raiſe me to a Deſire of convincing you of my Innocence; while this Lady's ſatisfy'd of it, you'll pardon me, if I am not under the leaſt degree of Concern about it.

Syl. And for me, Couſin, I ſhall make but few Words with you; you may endeavour as much as you pleaſe, to amuſe

amuſe and confound me with Fears, Doubts, and Jealouſies of Perſons, but neither all the Truth, or Artifice under Heaven, will be able to convince me, that the Gentleman is not this Gentleman—And therefore unleſs you can prove him to be nobody at all, I'd adviſe you to ſet your Heart at reſt; for what I deſign, you'll find, I ſhall come to a ſpeedy Reſolution in.

At. O generous Reſolution!

Clar. Well, Madam, ſince you are ſo tenacious of your Conqueſt, I hope you'll give me the ſame Liberty; and not expect the next time you fall a crying, at the Colonel's Gallantry to me, that my Good-nature ſhou'd give you up my Pretenſions to him. And for you, Sir,———I ſhall only tell you, this laſt Plot was not ſo cloſely laid, but that a Woman of a very ſlender Capacity, you'll find, has Wit enough to diſcover it.

[*Exit* Clar.

At. So! ſhe's gone to the Meſſenger's, I ſuppoſe—— but, poor Soul, her Intelligence there will be extreamly ſmall. [*Aſide.*] Well, Madam, I hope at laſt your Scruples are over.

Syl. You can't blame me, Sir, if now we are alone, I own myſelf a little more ſurpriz'd at her Poſitiveneſs, than my Woman's Pride wou'd let me confeſs before her Face; and yet methinks there is a native Honeſty in your Look, that tells me I am not miſtaken, and may truſt you with my Heart.

At. O! for Pity ſtill preſerve that tender Thought, and ſave me from Deſpair.

Enter Clermont.

Cler. Ha! *Freeman* again! is it poſſible?

At. How now, *Clerimont*, what are you ſurpriz'd at?

Cler. Why to ſee thee almoſt in two Places at one time; 'tis but this Minute, I met the very Image of thee with the Mob about a Coach, in the Hands of a Meſſenger, whom I had the Curioſity to ſtop and call to; and had no other Proof of his not being thee, but that the Spark wou'd not know me!

Syl.

Syl. Strange! I almoſt think I'm really not deceiv'd.

Clar. 'Twas certainly *Clarinda* I ſaw go out in a Chair now——it muſt be ſhe——the Circumſtances ſo ſtrong for a Miſtake. [*Aſide.*

At. Well, Sir, to eaſe you of your Fears, now I dare own to you, that mine are over. [*To* Atall.

Cler. What a Coxcomb have I made myſelf, to ſerve my Rival e'en with my own Miſtreſs? but 'tis at leaſt ſome Eaſe to know him: All I have to hope is, that he does not know the Aſs he has made of me——that might indeed be fatal to him. [*Aſide.*

Enter Sylvia's *Aunt.*

Aunt. O, my dear Niece, I'm glad I've found you: Your Father and I have been hunting you all the Town over.

Syl. My Father in Town?

Aunt. He waits below in the Coach for you: He muſt needs have you come away this Minute; and talks of having you married this very Night to the fine Gentleman he ſpoke to you of.

Syl. What do I hear?

At. If ever ſoft Compaſſion touch'd your Soul, give me a Word of Comfort in this laſt Diſtreſs, to ſave me from the Horrors that ſurround me.

Syl. You ſee we are obſerved——but yet depend upon my Faith, as on my Life——in the mean time, I'll uſe my utmoſt Power to avoid my Father's haſty Will: In two Hours you ſhall know my Fortune and my Family——Now don't follow me, as you'd preſerve my Friendſhip. Come——Madam.

[*Exit with* Aunt.

At. Death! How this News alarms me! I never felt the Pains of Love before.

Cler. Now then to eaſe, or to revenge my Fears——This ſudden Change of your Countenance. Mr. *Atall*, looks as if you had a mind to banter your Friend into a Belief of your being really in love with the Lady that juſt now left you.

At.

At. Faith, *Clerimont*, I have too much Concern upon me at this Time, to be capable of a Banter; or if I were, I don't see any use it would be of in this Affair. But to deal at once sincerely with you, there's Something in this Creature's Beauty and soft Temper, that stirs in every Reason into a Tenderness, that all her glittering Sex before could never raise me to.

Cler. Ha! he seems really touch'd, and I begin now only to fear *Clarinda*'s Conduct——Well, Sir, if it be so, I'm glad to see a Convert of you; and now in return to the little Services I have done you, in helping you to carry on your Affair with both these Ladies at one time, give me leave to ask a Favour of you———Be still sincere, and we may still be Friends.

At. You surprize me—but use me as you find me.

Cler. Have you no Acquaintance with a certain Lady, whom you have lately heard me own I was unfortunately in love with?

At. Not that I know of, I'm sure not as the Lady you are in love with: But pray, why do you ask?

Cler. Come, I'll be sincere with you too: Because I have strong Circumstances, that convince me 'tis one of those two you have been so busy about.

At. Not She you saw with me, I hope.

Cler. No, I mean the other———But to clear the Doubt at once, is her Name *Clarinda*?

At. I own it is: But had I the least been warn'd of your Pretences——

Cler. Sir, I dare believe you; and tho' you may have prevail'd even against her Honour, your Ignorance of my Passion for her makes you stand at least excus'd to me.

At. No, by all the solemn Protestations Tongue can utter, her Honour is untainted yet for me; nay, even unattempted: Nor had I ever yet an Opportunity, that cou'd encourage the most distant Thought against it.

Cler. You own She has receiv'd your Addresses at least!

At.

At. Faith, not to be vain, she has indeed taken some pains to pique her Cousin about me; and if her beautiful Cousin had not fallen in my way at the same time, I must own, 'tis very possible, I might have endeavour'd to push my Fortune with her: But since I now know your Heart, put my Friendship to a Trial.

Cler. Only this——If I shou'd be reduc'd to ask it of you, promise to confess your Imposture, and your Passion to her Cousin, before her Face.

At. There's my Hand,—I'll do't, to right my Friend and Mistress. But, dear *Clerimont*, you'll pardon me, if I leave you here? For my poor *Incognita*'s Affairs at this time are in a very critical Condition.

Cler. No Ceremony——I release you.——

At. Adieu.

Cler. Women! What crazy Vessels do we trust our Fortunes in?

Now will I reproach her, humble her into Shame;
Despise and leave her to her Vanities for ever.
Ha! she's here.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. I am more confounded now than ever.——I scarce know what to think——The Messenger confesses the Colonel is still his Prisoner, but that his Orders are to give no Soul Admittance to him——Ha! *Clerimont!* pray Heav'n he has not discover'd me!

Cler. You seem disorder'd, Madam——some cruel Disappointment has, I fear, befallen you.

Clar. 'Tis so! I see by his Assurance—O Guilt! what Cowards dost thou make of us——But let him not insult too far. [*Aside.*

Cler. What! not a Word? Are you conscious of any Wrong you have done me, Madam, that you stand thus confounded at the Sight of me?

Clar. You have a very familiar Way of expressing yourself, Sir?

Cler. 'Twas my Opinion of your Virtue, Madam, that

that kept me humble: But now that's loſt, methinks you ſhou'd expect to be treated as you are———

Clar. What do you mean!

Cler. That two Lovers, and Reputation, are inconſiſtent.

Clar. What! has your Vanity then flatter'd you, to ſuppoſe I have receiv'd you for one?

Cler. Oh! Why truly, Madam, conſidering the Converſation that has paſs'd between us, I do ſtill inſiſt that I might pretend to the Poſt: But in Love as in War, a Man of Honour can't ſee another put over his Head, without laying down his Commiſſion at leaſt: For 'twere as Infamous to ſerve you now, as 'twould have once been Glorious.

Clar. 'Tis falſe! you never thought ſo——The Man that really loves, wou'd not dare to ſee the Faults you tax me with; much leſs with ſuch malicious Inſolence to tell me of 'em.

Cler. Come! Come! you know I lov'd you to a Folly, or you had never dar'd to uſe me thus.

Clar. The Man that ſcorns to ſtand a Woman's idle Trial of his Temper, gives better Proofs of diſcerning Malice, than his Paſſion.

Cler. He that fears to upbraid a Woman for abandon'd Liberties, like yours, may by his Silence (whatever her Pretence is) encourage her to make a real uſe of 'em.

Clar. A Good-nature would at leaſt impute the Fault rather to want of Judgment, than of Virtue: But I am glad I am ſo early warn'd againſt your Temper; had I never try'd it, my truſting it too far, as once my Folly thought to do, might have made me miſerable for ever.

Cler. How ſubtilly that ſoft Thought melts down my Anger! I dare not look on her. [*Aſide.*

Enter Wiſhwell.

Wiſh. Madam, Sir *Solomon* deſires to ſpeak with you, he has juſt receiv'd a Letter out of *Yorkſhire* from the Gentleman's Father, he ſays, that is propos'd to marry you.

Clar.

Clar. Coming. [*Exit* Wish.

Cler. You muſt not, ſhall not———cannot ſtir on this Occaſion.

Clar. Nay go, by all the Injuries I have borne from you—I'll do at leaſt a Juſtice to my Fame, and wed the greateſt Fool alive, rather than not revenge me on the ſaucy Jealouſy that durſt taint it.

Cler. Hear me but one Word.

Clar. Never, but for your greater Torment know—You've loſt a Heart that wounds itſelf for you. [*Exit.*

Cler. O cruel Kindneſs! why ſo late confeſs'd? What wou'd not this Secret told in gentler Terms have wrought me to! But 'tis the Sex's Nature to be vainly cruel.

Theſe kind Thoughts own'd in ſpite, too plainly prove,
Revenge with them has ſweeter Charms than Love.

[Exit.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The SCENE *continues.*

Enter Clerimont *and* Careleſs.

Cler. AND ſo you took the Opportunity of her Fainting, to carry her off: Pray how long did her Fit laſt?

Care. Why, faith, I ſo humour'd her Affectation, that 'tis hardly over yet; for I told her, her Life was in danger, and ſwore if ſhe wou'd not let me ſend for a Parſon to marry her before ſhe dy'd, I'd that Minute ſend for a Shroud, and be buried alive with her in the ſame Coffin: But at the Apprehenſion of ſo terrible a Thought, ſhe pretended to be frightened into her right Senſes again; and forbid me her Sight for ever——So that in ſhort, my Impudence is almoſt exhauſted, her Affectation is as unſurmountable as another's real Virtue, and I muſt e'en catch her that way, or die without her at laſt.

Cler. How do you mean?

Care. Why, if I find I can't impoſe upon her by Humility, which I'll try; I'll e'en turn Ri[illegible] to my-ſelf in a very fantaſtical Figure, that I'm ſure ſhe won't be able to reſiſt, *&c.* You muſt know ſhe has of late been flatter'd that the *Muſcovite* Prince *Alexander* is dying for her, tho' he never ſpoke to her in his Life.

Cler. I underſtand you: ſo you'd firſt venture to pique her againſt you, and then let her marry you in another Perſon, to be reveng'd of you.

Care. One of the two ways I am pretty ſure to ſucceed.

Cler

Cler. Extravagant enough! Prythee, is Sir *Solomon* in the next Room?

Care. What, you want his Aſſiſtance? *Clarinda*'s in her Airs again!

Cler. Faith, *Careleſs*, I am almoſt aſham'd to tell you, but I muſt needs ſpeak with him.

Care. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Supple, *and Captain* Strutt.

Sup. If you pleaſe to walk in, Sir, my Maſter will wait upon you preſently.——Here he is.——

Enter Sir Solomon.

Capt. Your Servant, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* Oh! yours, Sir. Have you any Commands for me?

Capt. Sir, I hear you are a Man of Honour, and underſtand a Sword.

Sir *Sol.* Sir, I know a little of the Law, and I believe that's as well.

Capt. But Men of Honour are above Law, Sir, and I have been once with you before, Sir; and I come now to tell you once for all, that if I don't marry your Niece, you muſt meet me behind *Mountague Houſe.*

Sir *Sol.* Meet you! for what, Sir?

Capt. With your Sword in Hand, Sir.

Sir *Sol.* By Gingo, Captain, but I won't——I don't like your Company ſo well.

Capt. Then, Sir, I'll poſt you for a Coward.

Sir *Sol.* Then Sir, you'll poſt yourſelf for a mad Man——For I'm a Citizen of *London*, have fin'd for Alderman, and will fight with ne'er a beggarly Rake of you all.

Cap. Then I muſt tell you, Sir, you are a pitiful Pett, and have neither Honour nor Courage.

Sir *Sol.* And I muſt tell you, Sir, I have both; for I pay my Debts, and fear no Bailiff alive, Sir——

which

which I believe, is more than you can say, most terrible Captain.

Capt. Look you, Sir, I'll spoil her Fortune, I'll follow her to the Church, and the Play-house; I'll knock every Man down that looks at her, and cut every Coxcomb's Throat that pretends to her.

Sir *Sol.* Sir, if you talk to the Rose to me, I'll swear the Peace against you, and bind you to a strange Companion, your good Behaviour.

Enter Clerimont.

Cler. What's the matter, Sir *Solomon?*

Sir *Sol.* Why, here's an impertinent beggarly Fellow, swears he'll have my Niece, or cut my Throat.

Cler. How, Sir?

Capt. Sir, I'm in love with his Niece, among the rest of the great Fortunes of the Town: Sir, I have follow'd her at a Distance these twelve Months, and have spent an hundred Pounds after her in fair Perriwigs, red Stockings, and Sword-knots.

Cler. Did you ever speak to her, Sir?

Capt. No, Sir, but I have done all that's necessary, or usual with Soldiers. I have toasted her, bow'd to her, walk'd with my Arms across, and ogled her.

Cler. [*Looking nearly on him*] Hum! is not your Name *Strut?*

Capt. Ay, Sir, Captain *Strut*, and as good a Family—

Cler. As ever was kick'd, Sirrah! Was not you my Father's Footman at the Revolution? I'll cool your Love, Mr. Dog. [*Kicks him.*

Sir *Sol.* By Gingo, Captain, I did not think you won'd take a Beating——There——now, ha'n't I Courage, Captain?

Capt. Sir, as I was your Father's Footman, I take these Blows; but as I am a Captain of the Militia—

Cler. You'll take 'em better, I know——

[*Kicks him again.*

Capt. Blood! Sir——don't think, Sir,——Damn me, Sir, I shall expect Satisfaction. [*Exit.*

Sir

Sir *Sol.* O dear Mr. *Clerimont*, I'm perſuaded he'll fight yet.

Cler. Never apprehend it, Sir. I vow I did not know the Rogue, he was ſo after'd.

Sir *Sol.* Really, Sir, my Niece and I are extreamly oblig'd to you for this; and to ſhew you I'm in earneſt, if you like the Condition I told you of, ſhe's yours.

Cler. That indeed was my Buſineſs to you now, Sir, and if you pleaſe——

Sir *Sol.* Here's Company, come into the next Room. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Dainty, *Lady* Sadlife, *and* Careleſs.

Lady *D.* This rude boiſterous Man has given me a thouſand Diſorders; the Cholick, the Spleen, the Palpitation of the Heart, and Convulſions all over—Huh! huh!—I muſt ſend for the Doctor.

Lady *Sad.* Come, come, Madam, e'en pardon him, and let him be your Phyſician—do but obſerve his Penitence, ſo humble he dares not ſpeak to you.

Care. [*Folds his Arms and ſighs.*] Oh!

Lady *Sad.* How can you hear him Sigh ſo?

Lady *D.* Nay let him groan——for nothing but his Pangs can eaſe me.

Care. Kneels and preſents her his drawn Sword; opening his Breaſt.] Be then at once moſt barbarouſly juſt, and take your Vengeance here.

Lady *D.* No, I give thee Life to make thee miſerable; live, that my relenting Eyes may kill thee every Hour.

Care. Nay then, there's no Relief but——this——

Offering at his Sword, Lady Sadlife *holds him.*

Lady *Sad.* Oh! for Mercy's Sake—barbarous Creature, how can you ſee him thus?

Lady *D.* Why, I did not bid him kill himſelf: But do you really think he wou'd ha' don't?

Lady *Sad.* Certainly, if I had not prevented it.

Lady *D.* Strange Paſſion! But 'tis its Nature to be violent, when one make it deſpair.

Lady *Sad.* Won't you ſpeak to him?

Lady *D.*

Lady *D.* No, but if your——is enough concern'd to be his Friend, you may tell him——not that it really is so——but you may say——you believe I pity him.

Lady *Sad.* Sure Love was never more ridiculous on both sides.

Enter Wishwell.

Wish. Madam, here's a Page from Prince *Alexander*, desires to give a Letter into your Ladyship's own Hands.

Lady *D.* Prince *Alexander!* what means my Heart? I come to him.

Lady *Sad.* By no Means, Madam, pray let him come in.

Care. Ha! Prince *Alexander*——, then I have found out the Secret of this Coldness, Madam.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, his Royal Highness Prince *Alexander* my Master, has commanded me on pain of Death, thus [*kneeling.*] to deliver this, the burning Secret of his Heart.

Lady *D.* O Grace of Grandeur! Happy! happy Climate! where such Respect, and high Distinctions are familiar.

Reads.

" *Most Divine Lady.*

" THE *fiery Fate that's darted from the Cannon's*
" *Mouth, is not so sure or sudden, as the subtle Light-*
" *ning of your refulgent Eyes:* (Enchanting) *like Death,*
" *you level Princes with the Peasant:* (Irresistible) *I beg*
" *the immediate Ease, and Honour of kissing your fair*
" *Hands in Person, that I may silence at once all my Ri-*
" *vals Hopes, and own the Passion of a Prince, whose Wounds*
" *are only worthy the Relief of such immortal Beauty.*

Transcendent Glory! this is indeed a Conquest, worthy my Sex's highest Pride!

Care. So! she bites rarely.

Lady *Sad.* She'll swallow all, ne'er doubt it. [*Aside.*

Lady

Lady *D.* Where is the Prince?

Page. Repos'd in private on a Mourning Pallet, 'till your Commands vouchsafe to raise him.

Lady *Sad.* By all Means, receive him here immediately, I have the Honour to be a little known to his Highness.

Lady *D.* The Favour, Madam, is too great to be resisted: Pray tell his Highness then, the Honour of the Visit he designs me, make me thankful, and impatient! huh! huh! huh! [*Exit* Page.

Care. Are my Sufferings, Madam, so soon forgot then! was I but flatter'd with the Hope of Pity?

Lady *D.* The Happy have whole Days, and those they choose. [*resenting.*] The Unhappy have but Hours, and those they lose. [*Exit repeating.*

Lady *Sad.* Don't you lose a Minute then.

Care. I'll warrant you——ten thousand Thanks, dear Madam, I'll be transform'd in a Second——

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Clarinda *in Man's Habit.*

Clar. So! I'm in for't now! how I shall come off, I can't tell: 'twas but a bare saving Game I made with *Clerimont*; his Resentment had brought my Pride to its last Legs, Dissembling: And if the poor Man had not lov'd me too well, I had made but a dismal humble Figure——I have us'd him ill, that's certain, and he may even thank himself for't——he would be sincere, and I fancy I was sure of him——which was more than I could say by my double-fac'd Colonel, whom consequently I was in fear of losing: Beside, I cou'd not bear to let another dress up her Vanity in any Lover of mine, tho' I did not design to wear him myself——Well, (begging my Sex's Pardon) we do make the silliest Tyrants——we had better be reasonable; for (to do 'em right) we don't run half the hazard in obeying the good Sense of a Lover; at least, I'm reduc'd now to make the Experiment——Here they come.

Enter

Enter Sir Solomon *and* Clerimont.

Sir *Sol.* What have we here! another Captain? if I were ſure he were a Coward now, I'd kick him before he ſpeak——I your Buſineſs with me, Sir?

Clar. If your Name be Sir *Solomon Sadlife*——

Sir *Sol.* Yes, Sir, it is, and I'll maintain it, as antient as any, and related to moſt of the Families in *England*.

Clar. My Buſineſs will convince you, Sir, that I think well of it.

Sir *Sol.* And what is your Buſineſs, Sir?

Clar. Why, Sir——you have a pretty Kinſwoman call'd *Clarinda*.

Cler. Ha!

Sir *Sol.* And what then, Sir——ſuch a Rogue as t'other. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Now, Sir, I have ſeen her, and am in love with her.

Cler. Say you ſo, Sir!—I may chance to cure you of it. [*Aſide.*

Clar. And to back my Pretenſions, Sir, I have a good fifteen hundred Pounds a Year Eſtate, and am, as you ſee, a pretty Fellow into the Bargain.

Sir *Sol.* She that marries you, Sir, will have a choice Bargain indeed.

Clar. In ſhort, Sir, I'll give you a thouſand Guineas to make up the Match.

Sir *Sol.* Hum——[*Aſide.*] But, Sir, my Niece is provided for.

Cler. That's well. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Sol.* But if ſhe were not, Sir, I muſt tell you, ſhe is not to be caught with a Smock Face and a Feather, Sir——and——and——let me ſee you an Hour hence. [*Aſide.*

Clar. Well ſaid Uncle. [*Aſide.*]——But, Sir, I am in love with her, and poſitively will have her.

Sir *Sol.* Whether ſhe likes you or no, Sir?

Clar.

Clar. Like me! ha! ha! I'd feign see a Woman, that dislikes a pretty Fellow with Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, a white Wig, and black Eye-brows.

Clar. Hark you, young Gentleman, there must go more than all this, to the gaining of that Lady.

[*Takes* Clarinda *aside.*

Sir *Sol.* [*Aside.*] A Thousand Guineas! that's five hundred more than I propos'd to get of Mr. *Clerimont*——but my Honour is engag'd——Ay, but then here's a Thousand Pounds to releaſe it————now ſhall I take the Money, it muſt be ſo——Coin will carry it.

Clar. Oh, Sir, if that be all, I'll ſoon remove your Doubts and Pretenſions——Come, Sir, I'll try your Courage.

Cler. I am afraid you won't, young Gentleman.

Clar. As young as I am, Sir, you ſhall find I ſcorn to turn my Back to any Man.——

[*Exeunt* Clarinda *and* Clerimont.

Sir *Sol.* Ha! they are gone to fight——with all my heart—a fair Chance at leaſe for a better Bargain: For if the young Spark ſhou'd let the Air into my Friend *Clerimont's* Midriff now, it may poſſibly cool his Love too, and then there's my Honour ſafe, and a Thouſand Guineas.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lady Dainty, *and Lady* Sadlife.

Lady *D.* Don't you think the Prince long? But great Perſons are diſtinguiſh'd by a peculiar Slowneſs in their Motion.

Lady *Sad.* Now am I ſurpris'd at your Curioſity: For I'm confident you won't like him when you ſee him.

Lady *D.* I have ſeen him *en paſſant* from my Window, and if the Diſtance did not deceive me, I thought there was ſomething ſo agreeably *bizarre* in his Appearance.

Lady *Sad.* Extremely *bizarre* indeed, for he has a fierce tawny Face, and odious Whiſkers.

Lady *D.* Which in ſome Countries are allow'd the moſt diſtinguiſhing Marks of Beauty.

Lady *D.*

Lady *Sad.* But your Ladyſhip, I know, allows no Beauty, without a certain Delicacy and Tenderneſs of Perſon.

Lady *D.* Um——that's partly true; but the Idea I have conceiv'd of the Prince's Figure, has in ſome meaſure——remov'd that ſickly Weakneſs of my Taſte.

Lady *Sad.* I am glad to find you Ladyſhip a little reconcil'd to the uſeful Beauties of a Lover——but here comes the Prince.

Enter Careleſs, *as Prince* Alexander.

Lady *D.* Your Highneſs, Sir, has done me Honour in this Viſit.

Care. Madam—— [*Salutes her.*

Lady *D.* A captivating Perſon!

Care. May the Days be taken from my Life, and added to yours!——moſt incomparable Beauty! whiter than the Snow, that lies the Year about unmelted on our *Ruſſian* Mountains.

Lady *D.* How manly his Expreſſions are——we are extremely oblig'd to the *Czar* for not taking your Highneſs home with him.

Care. He left me, Madam, to learn to be a Ship-Carpenter.

Lady *Sad.* A very politic Accompliſhment!

Lady *D.* And in a Prince entirely new.

Care All his Nobles, Madam, are Maſters of ſome uſeful Science, and moſt of our Arms are quarter'd with Mechanical Inſtruments, as Hatchets, Hammers, Pick-axes, and Hand-ſaws.

Lady *D.* I admire the manly Manners of your Court.

Lady *Sad.* Oh! ſo infinitely beyond the ſoft Airs of ours.

Care. 'Tis the Faſhion, Ladies, for the Eaſtern Princes to profeſs ſome Trade or other——The laſt Grand Seignior was a Locksmith——

Lady *D.* How new his Converſation is!

Care. Too rude I fear, Madam, for ſo tender a Compoſition as your Divine Ladyſhip's.

Lady

Lady *D.* Courtly to a Softneſs too!

Care. Were it poſſible, Madam, that ſo much Delicacy cou'd endure the martial Roughneſs of our Manners and our Country, I cannot boaſt; but if a Province at your Feet cou'd make you mine, that Province and its Maſter ſhou'd be yours.

Lady *D.* Ay! here's Grandeur with Addreſs; an odious native Lover now, you'd have complain'd of the Taxes perhaps, and have haggled with one for a ſcanty Jointure out of his horrid Lead-mines, in ſome uninhabitable Mountains, about an hundred and fourſcore Miles from unheard of *London*.

Care. I am inform'd, Madam, there is a certain poor diſtracted *Engliſh* Fellow, that refus'd to quit his ſaucy Pretenſions to your All-conquering Beauty, tho' he had heard I had myſelf reſolv'd to adore you. *Careleſs*, I think, they call him.

Lady *D.* Your Highneſs wrongs your Merit, to give yourſelf the leaſt Concern for one ſo much below your Fear.

Care. When I firſt heard of him, I on the Inſtant order'd one of my Retinue to ſtrike off his Head with a Scimitar; but they told me the free Laws of *England* allow'd of no ſuch Power: So that, tho' I am a Prince of the Blood, Madam, I am oblig'd only to murder him privately.

Lady *D.* 'Tis indeed a Reproach to the Ill-breeding of our Conſtitution, not to admit your Power with your Perſon. But if the Pain of my entire Neglect can end him, pray be eaſy.

Care. Madam, I'm not revengeful; make him but miſerable——I'm ſatisfy'd.

Lady *D.* You may depend upon't.

Care. I'm in ſtrange Favour with her——— [*Aſide.* Pleaſe you, Ladies, to make your fragrant Fingers familiar with this Box.

Lady *D.* Sweet, or plain, Sir?

Care. Right *Moſcovy*. Madam, made of the Sculls of conquer'd Enemies.

Lady *Sad.* Gunpowder, as I live?

Lady

Lady *D.* Every thing manly.

Lady *Sad,* Will your Highneſs pleaſe to amuſe yourſelf with a Diſh of Tea.

Care. Excuſe me, Madam, 'tis a Liquor I never heard of, and in my own Country I am fam'd for Regularity in my Diet; even after a Meal I never exceed a great Pint Glaſs of Burnt Brandy or Geneva.

[*A Noiſe of Dogs barking within.*

Lady *D.* Ah! what Noiſe's that?

Care. Your Pardon, Madam; only a harmleſs Entertainment after my own Country Faſhion, that I deſign'd myſelf the Honour of preſenting your incomparable Ladyſhip.

Lady *Sad.* I hope he'll bring in the Bears upon her. [*Aſide.*

Lady *D.* Pray, Sir, what is it?

Care. Madam, a Set of *Ruſſian* Ladies Lap-Dogs, that dance to Admiration.

Lady *D.* By all means admit 'em——I'm taken with the Humour. We have had ſomething like 'em here in *England,* Sir; and all People of Faſhion grew ſtrangely fond of 'em.

Care. They cou'd not be *Engliſh* then——I have ſeen all your *Engliſh* Dancing——Madam, but I obſerv'd that's generally perform'd——by——ſad Dogs——pleaſe you ſit, Ladies.

A Dance to an odd Tune, imitating Mr. Pinkethman's *famous Dancing Dogs.*

Lady *D.* Infinitely new, and humourous——but this Room's exceeding hot——I'm fainting.

Care. Let this Arm ſupport you, Madam.

Lady *Sad.* The next is cooler; if your Highneſs pleaſes we'll withdraw.

Care. Madam, I am but the Needle to this Northern Star: I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

The

The SCENE *changes to the Field.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Clerimont.

Cler. Come, Sir, you are fair enough.

Clar. I only wiſh the Lady were by, Sir, that the Conqueror might carry her off the Spot: I warrant ſhe'd be mine.

Cler. That, my talking Hero, we ſhall ſoon determine.

Clar. Not that I think her handſome, or care a Buſh for her.

Cler. You are very mettled, Sir, to fight for a Woman you don't value!

Clar. Sir, I value the Reputation of a Gentleman, and I don't think any young Fellow ought to pretend to it till he has talk'd himſelf into a Lampoon, loſt his two or three thouſand Pounds at Play, kept his Miſs, and kill'd his Man.

Cler. Very gallant indeed, Sir; but if you pleaſe to handle your Sword, you'll ſoon go through your Courſe.

Clar. Come on, Sir——I believe I ſhall give your Miſtreſs a truer Account of your Heart than you have done. I have had her Heart long enough, and now will have your's.

Cler. Ha! does ſhe love you then?

[*Endeavouring to draw.*

Clar. I leave you to judge that, Sir. But I have lain with her a thouſand times; in ſhort, ſo long, till I'm ſir'd of it.

Cler. Villain, thou lyeſt! Draw, or I'll uſe you as you deſerve, and ſtab you.

Clar. Take this with you firſt——*Clarinda* will never marry him that murders me.

Cler. She may the Man that vindicates her Honour——therefore be quick, or I'll keep my Word——I find your Sword is not for doing Things in Haſte.

Clar. It ſticks to the Scabbard——I believe I did not wipe off the Blood of the laſt Man I fought with.

Cler. Come, Sir! this Trifling shan't serve your Turn; here give me yours, and take mine.

Clar. With all my Heart, Sir——Now have at you.

Cler. Death! You Villain, do you serve me so!

[*Cler. draws, and finds only a Hilt in his Hand.*

Clar. In Love and War, Sir, all Advantages are fair; so we conquer, no Matter whether by Force or Stratagem: Come quick, Sir! Your Life dearness——

Cler. Neither——Death! You shall have both or none: Here drive your Sword; for only through this Heart you reach *Clarinda.*

Clar. Death! Sir, can you be mad enough to die for a Woman that hates you?

Cler. If that were true, 'twere greater Madness than to live.

Clar. Why to my Knowledge, Sir, she has us'd you basely, falsly, ill, and for no Reason.

Cler. No matter, no Usage can be worse than the Contempt of poorly, tamely, parting with her——She may abuse her Heart by happy Infidelities; but 'tis the Pride of mine to be even miserably constant.

Clar. Generous Passion——You almost tempt me to resign her to you.

Cler. You cannot, if you wou'd——I wou'd indeed have won her fairly from you with my Sword, but scorn to take her as your Gift. Be quick, and end your Insolence——

Clar. Yes, thus——most generous *Clerimont*——you now indeed have fairly vanquish'd me. [*Runs to him.*] My Woman's Follies and my Shame be buried ever here.

Cler. Ha! *Clarinda!* is't possible! my Wonder rises with my Joy——How came you in this Habit?

Clar. Now you indeed reveal my Blushes, but I had no other Veil to hide 'em, while I confess'd the Injuries I had done your Heart, in fooling with a Man I never meant on any Terms to engage with. Beside, I knew from our late parting, your Fear of losing me wou'd reduce you to comply with Sir *Solomon*'s Demands, for his Intgreſt

Intereſt in your Favour: Therefore, as you ſaw, I was reſolv'd to ruin his Market by ſeeming to raiſe it; for he ſecretly took the Offer I made him.

Cler. 'Twas generouſly and timely offer'd, for it really prevented my ſigning Articles to him; but if you wou'd heartily convince me that I ſhall never more have need of his Interest, e'en let us ſteal to the next Prieſt, and ſoneſtly put it out of his power ever to part us.

Clar. Why, [illegible] conſidering the Truſts I have made you, 'twou'd be ridiculous now, I think, to deny you any thing——and if you ſhou'd grow weary of me after ſuch Uſage, I can't blame you,

Cler. Baniſh that Fear; my Flame can never waſte,
For Love ſincere refines upon the Taſte. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Solomon, *with old Mr.* Willful: *Lady* Sadlife, *and* Sylvia *weeping.*

Sir *Sol.* Troth, my old Friend, this is a bad Buſineſs indeed; you have bound yourſelf in a thouſand Pound Bond, you ſay, to marry your Daughter to a fine Gentleman, and ſhe in the mean time, it ſeems, is fallen in Love with a Stranger.

Will. Look you, Sir *Solomon* it does not trouble me o' this: For I'll make her do as I pleaſe, or I'll ſtarve her.

Lady *Sad.* But, Sir, your Daughter tells me that the Gentleman ſhe loves is in every Degree in as good Circumſtances as the Perſon you deſign her for: and if he does not prove himſelf ſo before To-morrow Morning, ſhe will chearfully ſubmit to whatever you'll impoſe on her.

Will. All Sham! all Sham! only to gain Time——I expect my Friend and his Son here immediately, to demand Performance of Articles; and if her Ladyſhip's nice Stomach does not immediately comply with 'em, as I told you before, I'll ſtarve her.

Lady *Sad.* But conſider, Sir, what a perpetual Diſcord muſt a forc'd Marriage probably produce.

Will. Diſcord! Pſhaw! waw! One Man makes as good a Husband as another——A Month's Marriage

will ſet all to rights, I warrant you——You know the old ſaying Sir *Solomon*, *Lying together makes Pigs love*. Diſcord, quotha! No! no! Young Women are like Fiddles, if they are well play'd upon, they muſt make good Muſic whether they will or no.

Lady *Sad.* [*To* Sylvia.] What ſhall we do, for you there's no altering him——Did not your Lover promiſe to come to your Aſſiſtance?

Syl. I expect him every Minute——but can't foreſee from him the leaſt Hope of my Redemption——This is he!

Enter Atall, *diſguis'd.*

At. My *Sylvia!* dry thoſe tender Eyes, for while there's Life there's Hope.

Lady *Sad.* Ha! is't he? but I muſt ſmother my Confuſion!

Will. How, now, Sir! Pray who gave you Commiſſion to be ſo familiar with my Daughter?

At. Your Pardon, Sir; but when you know me right, you'll neither think my Freedom or my Pretenſions familiar or diſhonourable.

Will. Why, Sir, what Pretenſions have you to her?

At. Sir, I ſav'd her Life at the Hazard of my own: That gave me a Pretence to know her; knowing her, made me love, and Gratitude made her receive it.

Will. Ay, Sir, and ſome very good Reaſons, beſt known to myſelf, make me refuſe it——Now what will you do?

At. I can't tell yet, Sir——But if you'll do me the Favour to let me know thoſe Reaſons——

Will. Sir, I don't think myſelf oblig'd to do either; but I'll tell you what I'll do for you, ſince you ſay you love my Daughter, and ſhe loves you, I'll put you in the neareſt Way to get her.

At. Don't flatter me! I beg you, Sir.

Will. Not I——on my Soul, Sir; for look you——'tis only this——get my Conſent, and you ſhall have her.

At.

At. I beg your Pardon, Sir, for endeavouring to talk Reason to you. But to return your Rallery, give me leave to tell you, when any Man marries her but myself, he muſt extremely ask my Conſent.

Will. Before *George*, thou art a very pretty impudent Fellow, and I'm ſorry I can't puniſh her Diſobedience by throwing her away upon thee.

At. You'll have a great deal of Plague about this Buſineſs, Sir; for I ſhall be mighty difficult to give up my Pretenſions to her.

Will. Ha! 'tis a thouſand Pities I can't comply with thee: Thou wilt certainly be a thriving Fellow; for thou doſt really ſet the beſt Face upon a bad Cauſe that ever I ſaw ſince I was born.

At. Come, Sir——once more Rallery apart; ſuppoſe I prove myſelf of equal Birth and Fortune to deſerve her?

Will. Sir, if you were eldeſt Son to the *Cham* of *Tartary*, or had the Dominions of the *Great Mogul* entail'd upon you and your Heirs for ever; it wou'd ſignify no more than the Bite of my Thumb——The Girl's diſpos'd of I have match'd her already upon a thouſand Pound Forfeit, and faith ſhe ſhall fairly run for't, though ſhe's yerk'd and flea'd from the Creſt to the Crupper.

At. Confuſion!

Syl. What will become of me?

Will. And if you don't think me in Earneſt now, here comes one that will convince you of my Sincerity.

At. My Father! Nay then my Ruin is inevitable.

Enter Sir Harry Atall.

Sir *Har.* [*To* At.] O ſweet Sir, have I found you at laſt! Your very humble Servant: What's the Reaſon, pray, that you have had the Aſſurance to be almoſt a Fortnight in Town, and never come near me; eſpecially when I ſent you Word I had Buſineſs of ſuch Conſequence with you.

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At. I underſtood your Buſineſs was to marry me, Sir, to a Woman I never ſaw; and to confeſs the Truth, I durſt not come near you, becauſe I was at the ſame time in love with one you never ſaw.

Sir *Har.* Was you ſo, Sir——why then, Sir, I'll find a ſpeedy Cure for your Paſſion——Brother *Wilful*——Hey Fiddles there!

At. You may treat me, Sir, with what Severity you pleaſe; but my Engagements to that Lady are too powerful and fix'd, to let the utmoſt Miſery diſſolve 'em.

Sir *Har.* What does the Fool mean?

At. That I can ſooner die than part with her.

Will. Hey!——why, is this your Son, Sir *Harry?*

Sir *Har.* Hey-dey! why, did not you know that before?

At. O Earth! and all you Stars! is this the Lady you deſign'd me, Sir?

Syl. O Fortune! is it poſſible?

Sir *Har.* And is this the Lady, Sir, you have been making ſuch a Buſtle about?

At. Not Life, Health or Happineſs are half ſo dear to me.

Sir *Sol.* [*Joining* At. *and* Sylvia's *Hands.*——] loll! loll! leroll!

At. O tranſporting Joy! [*Embracing* Sylvia.]

Sir *Har.* } [*Joining in the Tune, and dancing about*
and *Will.* } *'em.*] loll! loll!

Sir *Sol.* Hey! within there! [*Calls the Fiddles.*] by Jingo we'll make a Night on't.

Enter Clarinda *and* Clerimont.

Clar. Save you, ſave you, good People! I'm glad, Uncle, to hear you call ſo chearfully for the Fiddles, it looks as if you had a Huſband ready for me.

Sir *Sol.* Why that I may have by to-morrow Night, Madam; but in the mean time, if you pleaſe you may with your Friends Joy.

Clar.

Clar. Dear *Sylvia!*

Syl. *Clarinda.*

A. O *Clerimont*, ſuch a Deliverance!

Cler. Give you Joy, Joy, Sir.

Clar. I congratulate your Happineſs——and am proud's'd our little Jealouſies are over: Mr *Clerimont* has told me all, and cur'd me of Curioſity for ever.

Syl. What, married?

Clar. You'll ſee preſently! But, Sir *Solomon*, what do you mean by to-morrow? why do you fancy I have any more Patience than the reſt of my Neighbour?

Sir *Sol.* Why truly, Madam, I don't ſuppoſe you have; but I believe to-morrow will be as ſoon as their Buſineſs can be done, in——which time I expect a jolly Fox-hunter from *Yorkſhire*, and if you are reſolv'd not to have Patience till next Day, why the ſame Parſon may toſs you up all four in a Diſh together.

Clar. A filthy Fox-hunter?

Sir *Sol.* Odzooks! a mettled Fellow, that will ride you from Day-break to Sun-ſet! None of our ſlimſy *London* Raſcals, that muſt have a Chair to carry 'em to their Coach, and a Coach to carry 'em to a Trapes, and a Conſtable to carry both to the Round-houſe.

Clar. Ay, but this Fox-hunter, Sir *Solomon*, will come home dirty and tir'd as one of his Hounds, he'll be always aſleep before he's a-bed, and on Horſeback before he's awake; he muſt riſe early to follow his Sport, and I ſit up late at Cards for want of better Diverſion——Put this together my wiſe Uncle.

Sir *Sol.* Are you ſo high fed, Madam, that a Country Gentleman of fifteen hundred pounds a Year won't go down with you.

Clar. Nay ſo, Sir, but you really kept me ſo ſharp, that I was e'en forc'd to provide for myſelf, and here ſtands the Fox-hunter for my Money.

[*Claps* Cler. *on the Shoulder.*

Sir *Sol.* How!

Cler. Even ſo, Sir *Solomon*——hark in your Ear, Sir! you really held your Conſent at ſo high a Price, that to

give

give you a Proof of my good Husbandry, I was re-solv'd to save Charges, and e'en marry her without it.

Sir *Sol.* Hell! and——

Clar. And hark you in t'other Ear, Sir——because I wou'd not have you expose your reverend Age by a Mistake——know, Sir, I was the young Spark with the smooth Face and a Feather, that offer'd you a thousand Guineas for your Consent, which you would have been glad to have taken,

Sir *Sol.* The Devil! if ever I traffick in Women's Flesh again, may all the Bank-stocks fall, when I have bought 'em, and rise when I have sold 'em.——— Hey dey! what have we here! more Cheats!

Clar. Not unlikely, Sir———for I fancy they are married.

Enter Lady Dainty *and* Careless.

Lady *Sad.* That they are, I can assure you—I give your Highness Joy, Madam.

Lady *D.* Lard! That People of any Rank shou'd use such vulgar Salutations———Tho' methinks Highness has something of Grandeur in the Sound.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Musick's come.

Lady *Sad.* Let 'em play.

Lady *D.* Well! there's nothing shews so visibly the remaining Footsteps of our Primitive Barbarity, as our odious Noise at Weddings! huh! huh!

Care. It serves, Madam, to recommend the Pleasures that succeed, and makes us taste the Joys of Silence with a higher Relish.

Lady *D.* But so much Dancing and Tumult, is so like the Mob Solemnities of a *May*-Day———huh! huh! and the poor Bride is us'd just like their Pole, for all the Town to dance round her.

Lady *Sol.* Ay, but there's yet a grosser part of the Ceremony to come, Madam, and that is throwing the Stocking.

Lady

Lady *D.* That indeed is a thing, that inſults us ſo near, that I wonder the Men have not thought it their Intereſt to lay it down———But I was in hopes, good People, that confident Fellow *Careleſs* had been among you.

Care. What ſay you, Madam, (to divert the good Company) ſhall we ſend for him by way of Mortifica-

Lady *D.* By all means; for your ſake, methinks, I ought to give him full Deſpair.

Care. Why then, to let you ſee, that 'tis a much eaſier thing to cure a fine Lady of her fickly Taſte, than a Lover of his Impudence———There's *Careleſs* for you, without the leaſt Tincture of Deſpair about him.

[*Diſcovers himſelf.*

All. Ha! *Careleſs!*

Lady *D.* Abus'd! undone!

All. Ha! ha!

Cler. Nay, now, Madam, we wiſh you a ſuperior Joy; for you have married a Man, inſtead of a Monſter.

Care. Come! come, Madam, ſince you find you were in the Power of ſuch a Cheat———you may be glad it was no greater, you might have fallen into a Raſcal's Hands: But you know, I am a Gentleman, my Fortune no ſmall one, and if your Temper will give me leave, will deſerve you.

Lady *Sad.* Come! e'en make the beſt of your Fortune: for take my Word, if the Cheat had not been a very agreeable one, I wou'd never have had a Hand in't——you muſt pardon me if I can't help Laughing.

Lady *D.* Well! ſince it muſt be ſo, I pardon all; only one thing let me beg of you, Sir——that is your Promiſe to wear this Habit one Month for my Satisfaction.

Care. O, Madam! that's a Trifle! I'll lie in the Sun a whole Summer for an Olive Complexion, to oblige you.

Will. Odzooks, here's a great deal of good Company, ho! and 'tis a Shame the Fiddles ſhould be idle all this while.

Care.

Care. Oh! by no means! Come ſtrike up, Gentlemen.

They Dance.

Lady *D.* Well! Mr. *Careleſs*, I begin now to think better of my Fortune, and look back with Apprehenſion on the Eſcape I have had; you have already cur'd my Folly, and were but my Health recoverable, I ſhould think myſelf completely happy.

Care. For that, Madam, we'll venture to ſave the Doctor's Fees,

And truſt to Nature: Time will ſoon diſcover,
Your beſt Phyſician is a favour'd Lover. [*Exeunt.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

WELL, Sirs! I know not how the Play may paſs,
But in my humble Senſe—our Bard's an Aſs;
For, had he ever known the leaſt of Nature,
H' had found his Double Spark a diſmal Creature:
To pleaſe two Ladies, he two Forms puts on,
As if the Thing in Shadows cou'd be done:
The Women really Two, and He, poor Soul! but One.
Had he revers'd the Hint, h' had done the Feat,
Had made th' Impoſtor credibly compleat;
A ſingle Miſtreſs——might have ſtood the Cheat.
She might to ſeveral Lovers have been kind,
Nor ſtrain'd your Faith, to think both pleas'd and blind.
Plain Senſe had known, the Fair can Love receive,
With half the Pains your warmeſt Vows can give.
But, hold!——I'm thinking I miſtake the Matter;
On ſecond Thoughts:——The Hint's but honeſt Satire;
And only meant t'expoſe their modiſh Senſe,
Who think the Fire of Love's——but Impudence.
Our Spark was really modeſt;——when he found
Two Female Claims at once, he one diſown'd;
Wiſely preſuming, tho' in ne'er ſuch Haſte,
One wou'd be found enough for him at laſt.
So that to ſum the whole——I think the Play
Deſerves the uſual Favours on his Day;
If not he ſwears he'll write the next to Muſick,
In Doggrel Rhymes wou'd make or Him, or You, ſick.
His groveling Senſe, Italian Air ſhall crown
And then, he's ſure, ev'n Nonſenſe will go down.
But, if you'd have the World ſuppoſe the Stage
Not quite forſaken in this airy Age,
Let your glad Votes our needleſs Fear confound,
And ſpeak in Claps as loud for Senſe, as Sound.

XIMENA.

XIMENA:

OR, THE

HEROICK DAUGHTER.

A

TRAGEDY.

——— *Face [illegible]*
Digna, & in omne Virgo
Nobilis Ævum. HOR.

TO THE READER.

THE *Cid* of *Monſieur Corneille* (from whence the following Scenes are drawn) has made ſuch an *Eclat* on all the Theatres of *Europe*, that were I to be wholly ſilent on the Side of the *Heroick Daughter*, the great Liberties I have taken in altering the Conduct of his Fable, might be more imputed to a vain Opinion of my own Judgment, than any Foundations in Reaſon, or Nature: But I hope I ſhall ſtand upon better Terms with the Impartial, and the Curious. I am not inſenſible what vaſt Odds will be offer'd againſt me, while I am entring the Liſts with ſo Fam'd an Author, as *Corneille:* but that ſhall not diſcourage me: For I look upon Truth in an Argument, to be like Courage in a Combat, the beſt Advantage a Man can have over his Antagoniſt; 'tis not his Fame ought to fright me; for let mine be never ſo obſcure, if I am in the Right his being in the Wrong will be no more a Wonder, than that a Watchman's plain Staff ſhould foil the Sword of a Field-Officer.

But I have a farther View, That while I am comparing the Two Plays, I may give the Lovers of the *Theatre* ſome [illegible] into the Merit, and Difficulty of forming a good Fable; and that even our common Spectators, who find themſelves unaccountably pleas'd with a Pathetick Scene, may be more pleas'd, by knowing they have Reaſon to be ſo.

It

It may perhaps be expected, I ſhould Excuſe for not publiſhing this Piece till after its firſt Appearance on the Stage: To which I will probably anſwer, I had as good have ſaid nothing about it, as to tell you it has been little better than Idleneſs, or Indifference: For it having done my Buſineſs, when acted, I confeſs I wanted the Modern Appetite for Fame, that Author uſually follows them into the Country, after Publication. But if I had any real Cauſe to defer it, it was from an Obſervation I had made that moſt of my Plays (except the Firſt, the *Fool in Faſhion*) had a better Reception from the Publick, when my Intereſt was no longer concern'd in them? I therefore ſuppoſed this might have a fairer Chance for Favour, when the Author had no farther Stake upon it: And I hope I may be allowed the Honeſt Vanity of this Complaint, while I have (to my Coſt) ſo many Facts to ſupport it——Every Auditor, whoſe Memory will give him Leave, cannot but know, that *Richard the Third*, which I alter'd from *Shakespear*, did not raiſe me Five Pounds on the Third Day, though for ſeveral Years ſince, it has ſeldom, or never fail'd of a crowded Audience.—The *Fops Fortune* lagg'd on the Fourth Day, and only held up its Head by the Heels of the *French Tumblers*, who it ſeems had ſo much Wit in their Limbs, that they invited the Town to ſee it, till it laugh'd itſelf into their good Graces.—The *Impoſtor* did not pay the Charges on the Sixth Day, tho' it has ſince brought me, as a Sharer, more than I was then diſappointed of as Author. 'Twas at firſt a moot Point whether the *Careleſs Husband* ſhould live or die; but the Houſes it has ſince filled have reproach'd the former Coldneſs of the Auditors.—The *Wife's Reſentment* is another, not unequal, Inſtance of the ſame Nature.

But not to take the Particulars of this Treatment wholly to myſelf, I confeſs it ſhews ſomething to have been the Fate of the better Authors. Nor ought we ſo much to wonder at it, if we conſider, that there is in

in Human Nature a certain low latent Malice to all laudable Undertakings, which never dares break out upon any Thing, with so much Licence, as on the Fame of a Dramatick Writer: For even the lavish Applause, that is usually heaped upon his first Labours, is not perhaps so entirely owing to their real Admiration of the Work itself, as the mean Pleasure they take in swelling him up to Rival the Reputation of others, that have writ well before him: If he succeeds in a first Play, let him look well to the next, for then he is enter'd the Herd, as a Common Enemy, and 'tis to know that they, who gave him Fame, can take it away; he is then to be allow'd no more Merit or Mercy, than the rest of his Brethren: Of which nothing can be a stronger Instance, than the Torrent of Applause, that was deservedly thrown in upon the *Old Bachelor*, and the boisterous Cavils that the next Year unreasonably over-run the same Author's Play of the *Double-Dealer*: And I am apt to believe that after the Success of the *Funeral*, it was the same Caprice that deserted the *Tender Husband*: And that all this is not mere Conjecture only, I beg Leave to relate a Matter of Fact, that perhaps will better incline you to my Opinion.

When the *Hereick Daughter* was first Acted, I had the Curiosity (not having then any Part in it) sometimes to slip unseen into the Upper-Boxes, where I met with the highest Mixture of Pleasure, and Mortification. The Pleasure was in observing the Generality of the Audience, in a silent, fix'd Attention, never failing by their Looks or Gestures, to discover those pleasing Emotions of the Mind, which I was always confident would rise from so elevated a Subject: The Mortification was from a Set of well-dress'd merry-making Critics, that call themselves the *Town*, whose private Conversations continually insulting the publick Diversion, by their waggish Endeavours to Burlesque every Thing, that seemed to have a serious Effect upon their Neighbours, and treating the poor Rogue the Author (who stood with his Hat over his

Eyes at their Elbow) with the utmost Insults, Scandal, and Malevolence: And when the Play was over, some of the same Persons, (which had [illegible] to have made me laugh) came and wish'd me Joy of its Success: But I have since seen frequent Instances that the same sort of Auditors, with a little Management, have been made as enterprizing Friends to other Authors, as they were then Enemies to me: For with some leading Man of the Town, or celebrated Wit at the Head of them, they have been often known, by their over bearing Manner of Applause, to make a wretched sickly Play stand stoutly upon its Legs for Six Days together: But (as in mine, and most Cases) when they are not so engaged and marshall'd, they naturally run Riot into Mischief and Cruelty. Upon the whole, till this Accident convinc'd me, I never could believe, that to bring a Play upon the Stage, was so invidious a Task; and as it was with great Reluctance, that I from hence resolv'd never to trouble the Town with another, so I found it necessary, (while I was a Player at least) not to put People of mere Pleasure and Fortune in Mind, that I durst pretend to any Talent that their Footmen might not be equally Masters of: And if in Breach of this Resolution, I have since attempted in the *New-juror* to expose the Enemies of our Constitution, [illegible] Liberties, it was because I knew the Friends of the Government would secure me a fair Hearing, and from all such Apprehensions of being disturbed, by the wanton Malice of a few *Petits Maitres*; not but I flatter myself, that even its Enemies will allow, I gave their Principles fair Play in the Characters of Sir *John Woodville*, and *Charles*, who were no where shewn in a contemptible Light; and I hope it was no great Advice to make them amiable in their Conversation: If therefore I have not justly accounted for [illegible] Neglect, or Discouragement, which most of my Other [illegible] met with at first; I shall however beg Leave of the World to comfort myself with supposing, that their present

present Succeſs is now, one Way or other, owing to their Favour. But I have rambled too far from my firſt Deſign, which was to give you

An EXAMEN of the *Cid*, and the *Heroick Daughter*.

THE great Beauties of the *French* Play, are in the tender Compaſſion that ariſes from the Misfortunes of the Two Lovers *Rodrigue*, and *Chimene*: But ſhould we not be much more ſenſible of their Diſtreſs, if before we ſaw them unfortunate, we were firſt rais'd to a proper Admiration of their Perſons, and Virtues? They may indeed, as in the *Cid*, move us ſimply, as Lovers; but as *ſuch* Lovers, their Sorrows would certainly ſtrike deeper into the Hearts of an Audience. In this point *Corneille* ſeems defective; for he opens his Play with a cold Converſation between *Chimene*, and her *Suivante*, whom *Chimene* deſires to repeat, what reaſon ſhe had to ſuppoſe, the Count her Father was inclin'd to prefer her favour'd Lover *Rodrigue*, to his Rival Don *Sanchez*? By the Way ſhe owns in the ſame Scene, ſhe has heard all this before; but when an Author wants to acquaint his Audience with a neceſſary Fact, nothing is ſo common, as to make ſome Perſon in the Play improbably deſirous to hear it over again. A poor Shift! we ſee thro' it, 'tis lazy——He could not but know, that *Artis eſt celare Artem*. After *Chimene* is inform'd, that her Father has allow'd *Rodrigue* the Perſon moſt worthy of her, ſhe thinks the News too good to be true, and is ſtill, (tho' ſhe can't very well tell why) afraid it will come to nothing, and ſo quietly walks off, to as little Purpoſe as ſhe came.

In all this Scene *Chimene* utters no one Sentiment that can poſſibly draw to her the leaſt Eſteem from the Audience; we only ſee her a marriageable young Woman that is willing to have a Huſband——

A poor ſetting out for the Heroine of a Tragedy; the Hero indeed is leſs faultily managed, he never appears till he enters at once into the Diſtreſs of being oblig'd to revenge the Blow, his Father had juſt receiv'd, upon the Father of his Miſtreſs, who gave it. This Incident is doubtleſs of uncommon Beauty: But had we been better acquainted with the Merit, and Dignity of his Paſſion for the Daughter of his Enemy, before his critical Entrance on that Occaſion, our Imagination would have been a much higher Alarm, at the firſt Sight of them; and this was palpably evident from the different Surprize his ſudden Appearance gave in the *Heroick Daughter* at *London*, to what I obſerved it had in the ſame Scene of the *Cid*, when Acted at *Paris*.

In the *Engliſh* Play more Care is taken to make the Audience ſure, the Son brings with him the higheſt Sentiments of Courage, Love and Honour, that muſt make a ſenſible Heart tremble at the immediate Diſtreſs, in which his firſt Appearance ſhews him involv'd.

The ſecond Scene in the *Cid* breaks into the Apartment of the Infanta, who is ſecretly in Love with *Rodrigue*, but her Honour combating with the Inequality of his Birth, ſhe reſolves to ſacrifice her Paſſion to her Glory, and in order to it, ties her moſt Endeavours to advance his Marriage with her Rival *Chimene*: There is ſomething ſo romantick, ſo cold, and inactive in this Epiſode, that very little conducive to the main Deſign, that I have left it quite out of the *Heroick Daughter*, and ſupply'd the Vacancy with the Character of *Belzara*, to whom I have given a more Natural Intereſt to advance the Marriage of *Xuarez*, which is to make Don *Sanchez* (whom *Belzara* is contracted to) deſpair of her. *Corneille* runs even in this Scene too, to have loſt a fair Occaſion of heightening the Character of *Rodrigue*, and preparing the Audience in his Favour; but the Infanta, inſtead of it, mentions the leaſt Motive of her Paſſion for him, unleſs that he's a *Jeune Cavalier*.

The next Scene introduces the Quarrel, and the Blow given to the Father of *Rodrigue*, by the Father of his Miſtreſs, and this is the firſt Scene of the *Cid*, that is made uſe of in the *Heroick Daughter:* This Quarrel ſeems too ſudden and unprepared, and wants the Terror that would naturally ariſe from it, if, as I obſerv'd, the Audience were prepoſſeſs'd with a proper Admiration of the Lovers, whoſe approaching Ruin they would then be more nearly concern'd for; and this Concern I have attempted to give by the Preparation of a whole firſt Act in the *Heroick Daughter*, which is intirely unborrowed, and previous to the firſt Opening *Beauties* of the *Cid:* The Heroick Obligations, that have paſſed between the two Lovers, (whom I call *Carlos* and *Ximena*,) before they ſecretly entertain or publickly avow their Paſſion; the gentle manner of *Ximena*'s firſt hearing the Prejudice of *Alvarez*; the ſolemn Interpoſition of the King to heal the Hereditary Feud of their Families, and his crowning their Reconcilement with the immediate Union of the Lovers, were all intended to give a Dignity to their Paſſion, and conſequently to move the Audience with a quicker Senſe of their enſuing Calamities, than if (as they are in the *Cid*) they had been only ſhewn in their mere lawful Deſire of being virtuous Bedfellows.

Though Terror ſeems the favourite Paſſion of *Corneille*, and what he uſually paints in much more lively Colours than his Objects of Pity; yet the fatal Rupture that ſtains the Happineſs of theſe Lovers, loſes half its Force and Beauty for want of Art or Pains in preparing it. For Terror muſt certainly riſe in Proportion to the Object it menaces; and we cannot be as much concern'd for the Misfortunes of Merit unknown, as for what is evident and conſpicuous; and till that Rupture happens, we are (in the *Cid*) utter Strangers to the Merit of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*.

But beſides all this, the Quarrel itſelf ſeems an Accident meerly ariſing from the brutal Temper of the Count, and the Spectator might as well expect, from the beginning of the Scene, that it was to end in a

a friendly Conclusion of their Childrens Marriage, as their so unforeseen and violent Enmity: And tho' Surprize is a necessary Part of Tragedy, [illegible] that Surprize is never to be abrupt: for when it is so, it is more apt to shock than delight us; we do not love to be startled into a Pleasure: As an Audience [illegible] never to be wholly let into the secret Design of a Play, so they ought not to be intirely kept out of it, [illegible] safely leave room for the Imagination to guess at the Nature of the Thing you intend, and are only to surprize them with your Manner of bringing it about: As in the Second Act of *Dryden*'s *All for Love*; where *Marc Antony* seems confirm'd in his Resolution to part with *Cleopatra*; yet when he once consents to expostulate with her in Person, tho' you easily foresee the Contest is to end to her Advantage, yet you are [illegible] from losing the Pleasure of your Surprize, while it is so artfully executed; nay, you have a farther Delight, from the private Applause you give to your own Judgment, in so rightly foreseeing the Conclusion: and to this Reason may be attributed the Success of most Allegorical Writings——But here (in this Scene of the Quarrel in the *Cid*) is an important Action brought about, and you know not what it means till it is over. Then indeed you see——What? why, that the Hopes of the young Couple's Wedding are all blown up; like enough, but the Audience have [illegible] yet no great Reason to be concern'd at it, they know very little of them. Beside the Scene is half over before you know who the old Men are, or what their Quarrelling can signify; so that your Admiration cannot go along with the Performance, and your Attention is either lost, or in pain, till the Author explains himself; which is afterwards too late, your Imagination is not at leisure to look so far back for the Propriety of what's past; you are then to be intent upon what is to come, or else what you *have* seen, is but an Interruption to what you *are* to see; the Case of many a modern Play; This Laziness, or want of Skill in an Author, does not give an Auditor fair play for his Money, it will

not

not let him see all the Play; nor is it enough to say, the Scene is notwithstanding Natural——If you cannot say it has Art as well as Nature, you praise it but by halves.

I cannot or it another Objection to the Character of the Count, who is so insolent, fierce, and turbulently vain of his Merit, that he is below the Dignity of the Subject. Nor will his being a *Spaniard* excuse it, they are all *Spaniards* in the Play; and tho' a ridiculous Pride is natural to the Nation, we are not by that Rule to shew a *Frenchman* dancing, or a *Dutchman* drunk in a Tragedy. In short he is a mere *Miles Gloriosus*, and makes so disagreeable a Figure, that we have much ado to think him an Object worthy of that filial Regard and Duty which *Chimene* pays to his Memory. I therefore thought it necessary, in higher Justification of her Sorrows, and Virtue, to make him more Civiliz'd and Rational in the *Heroick Daughter*, his honourable and open Reconcilement to *Alvarez*; his generous Compassion for the Distress of *Carlos*, whom he had reduc'd to the Necessity of fighting him: his Humanity and Honour (in case he fell by his Sword) in bequeathing him his Daughter, were all attempted to give the Audience, as well as *Ximena*, a more justifiable Regret for the Loss of him——The only Reason *Corneille* seems to have for making him so brutal, is to introduce an unreasonable Quarrel, from whence all the Distress of the Play was to rise: I have likewise attempted to remove the Objection, by grounding the Jealousy and Resentment of the Count upon the subtle Insinuations of *Sanchez*, it being the immediate (tho' dishonourable) Interest of his Love to *Ximena*, by any Artifice to obstruct her Marriage with *Carlos*: This Expedient I thought would make the Count more excusable in his violent Measures, and might remove the Odium that lay hard upon him in the *Cid*, by throwing it upon *Sanchez*, whose Character here may better endure it.

The next Scene of Moment that follows the Quarrel, is the Challenge which is delivered with so vaunting a Boast by *Rodrigue*, that one would imagine he

thought

thought it first prudent to frighten his Enemy, before he fought him; and truly, by the behaviour of the Count, he seems to have carried his point; for after the Challenge is made, the Count as pleasantly evades it, by pretending to be offended with *Rodrigue*'s Presumption in calling him to an Account. In short they debate so heartily, that you begin to lose your Apprehension of its coming to Mischief; for even after they seem both determin'd, and going out, the Count is resolv'd to have t'other Chance for resuming the Debate, and says briskly to *Rodrigue*——*Art thou so weary of thy Life?* But I think nothing can better expose the Absurdity of the Question, than the shrewd Answer that is made to it, viz. *What are you afraid to die?* There is Reason in the Answer, but (between two Men of Honour) there could be none for the Question.

This sort of Behaviour I could not be reconcil'd to, and have taken the liberty, in the first Lines of the Scene, to get the Challenge accepted with the plain Language of a Man determined: And tho' I could not allow them to expostulate, while their Courage was only in question, yet I could not help thinking the Lover in some part of the Scene, owed a Sigh or two to the Terrors of his Mistress, and the certain Misery his Honour was then going to reduce her to, which would have been still unquestionable, tho' his Regard to her had here shewn its last Effort to right his Injuries with a bloodless Reparation: For tho' he had before debated himself into a Resolution of revenging them, yet nothing is more natural, than to see Love turn back and back again, for another last Adieu. I shall here beg leave to quote a few Lines from the Scene itself, as the shortest way of explaining how I have conducted it——When the Place of Meeting is just going to be appointed, *Carlos* stops short, —and says to the Count,

One Moment's respite for Ximena's sake,
She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart would spare her;

We

If both, without a Stain to either's Honour,
May pity her Diſtreſs, and pauſe to ſave her.
Nor need I bluſh for't, if I ſuſpend my Cauſe,
Since with its Vengeance her ſure Woes are blended;
O! lay not on her Innocence, the Grief
Of a mourn'd Father, or a Lover's Blood!
O! ſpare her Sighs, prevent her ſtreaming Tears,
Stop this Effuſion of my bleeding Honour,
And heal, if poſſible, its Wounds with Peace.

To all which, when the Count is immoveable, and grows at laſt impatient of his Reproaches; then *Carlos* recovers to his Honour, and breaks out as follows------

O! give me back that vile ſubmiſſive Shame,
That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,
Honour with untainted Vengeance;
ld it! take it to acquit my Love,
hat [illegible] *to* Ximena *due:*
Her helpleſs Sufferings claim'd that Pang; and ſince
I cannot bring Diſhonour to her Arms,
Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its laſt Adieu,
And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace:
Farewel dear injured Softneſs --- Follow me.

After the Place of Meeting is appointed, *Carlos* troubles you with no more of his Love, than by uttering with a Sigh, as he goes out,

Poor Ximena.——

Which had ſo compaſſionate an Effect upon our *Engliſh* Hearers, that if his Love was then a Weakneſs, it was at leaſt ſuch a one, as they heartily forgave him.

The next Scene of the *Infanta*, (who is always dropping in, like cold Water, upon the Heat of the main Action) is for that Reaſon again left out; our Difference otherwiſe is not material, till the King receives Notice of the Count's being kill'd by *Rodrigue*, which is ſo ſlightly related, or to uſe *Corneille*'s own Words, *Sans aucune Narration touchante*, and receiv'd with ſo little Surprize, or Curioſity to know any Circumſtances of the Action,

that upon my first reading the *French* Play, I scarce knew whether I was to believe him dead, or no. I have therefore endeavour'd, in the *Heroick Daughter*, to awaken the Audience, by making that Relation more solemn and particular, and to prepare the Probability of the *Catastrophe*, which I shall better account for in its Place: But in the last Scene of the second Act it must be allow'd, the *Cid* begins to seize upon the Heart of the Spectator, and this is one of those great Beauties that have so justly given Rise to its Fame: The fluctuating Pity, that is so finely perplex'd between the Tears of a pious Daughter, and the venerable Sorrows of a Father: The happy Skill of throwing them both, in the same instant, at the King's Feet for Justice and Mercy; and with Pretensions so equally laudable, is an Incident which few Tragedies, either Ancient or Modern, can boast of. The only Liberty I have taken with this Scene, is in making the Father [illegible] more Resignation, and rather to trust his Cause to its simple Merits, than those of his own past Services.

The next Act opens with *Rodrigue*'s appearing in the Apartment of his Mistress, where he lessens his Character, by justifying his Honour to her Servant: After *Chimene* too is left alone with the same Servant *Elvire*, she throws away a great many fine Sentiments upon that prating Creature, who has no Sense of them, but endeavours to comfort her by vulgar Advice, which makes *Chimene* inexcusable to hear: besides the main Action cools in the Conversation: This is advanced in the *Heroick Daughter*, by making *Belzira* the third Person in these two Scenes, who has an Interest in serving *Carlos*, yet never is mean or dishonourable in her attempting it. But the next Scene makes us ample amends for all we may have justly found fault with.

The Meeting of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*, throws us into a Tenderness that is irresistible: This Incident gives the *Cid* as fair an Assurance of being Immortal, as any modern Poetry can hope for. There is something so amiable in the Despair of *Rodrigue*, in his natural

natural Disregard of his Safety, for the resistless Pleasure of seeing his Mistress; and we are apt to be so seiz'd with the instant Idea of her tender Passion breaking through her filial Obligations to pursue him, that at the first sight of them it is impossible, for an attentive Auditor, not to feel the most agreeable Transport and Astonishment: And since the Incident is *Corneille*'s and not mine, it may be no Vanity to say, this Effect was evident from the hurry and busy Murmur that ran through the Audience at its first Presentation in *London*. And it would indeed be a Reflexion on our *English* Taste, to suppose we could be less sensible than our Neighbours, of so palpable an Excellence: For *Corneille* speaking of the Reception of this Scene in *Paris*, says,

Je ce malheureux amant se presentoit devant [illegible] un certain Fremissement dans l'Assemblée [illegible] une Curiosité merveilleuse, & un redoublement d'attention pour ce qu'ils avoient à se dire dans un estat si pitoyable.

But allowing it all this Admiration, I have some Reasons to offer (to better Judgment) why the Conduct of this Scene in the *Heroick Daughter*, is not implicitly form'd upon the Model of that in the *Cid*: I cannot but think, that *Rodrigus*'s entring with an Answer to the last Words of *Chimene*, must be unnatural, if you don't suppose him to have listen'd at the Door to her private Discourse; and tho' 'tis possible most of our modish Criticks may own they would have listen'd in his Condition, yet that is no Proof, that listning, especially in another Person's House, is not always the Effect of Meanness, Ill-Manners, or Treachery; I therefore thought it more reasonable to let him approach her in a mute submissive Address, and to give him Time for it, have thrown *Ximena* into a reproachful Astonishment the Moment she sees him: *Corneille* after some fine Touches of their Distress, suffers him to proceed in Excuse of his Offence, in which he seems too fond of shewing the Man

of Honour, and the harſh Terms he uſes in his Juſtification, are too Choquant for the Ear of an injured Miſtreſs. Theſe are his Words,

" *Car enfin n'attens pas de mon Affection,*
" *Un lache repentir d'une bonne Action.*

And a little farther:

" *Je le ferois encore, ſi j'avois à le faire.*

This laſt Line is omitted in the *Heroick Daughter*, and the firſt are ſoften'd by only ſaying,

" ——*How ſhall I repent me of a Crime,*
" *Which uncommitted had deſerv'd thy Scorn?*

I have endeavour'd in the ſame Speech to make his Crime more pitiful, by his pleading the [illegible] he had to her Peace, in firſt endeavouring [illegible] her Father into a Temper, that might [illegible] their Difference with a leſs fatal Repara[illegible] ſeems to heighten the Diſtreſs of *Ximena*, when you ſee her Heart is full, and conſcious of the Obligation.

After *Chimene* has anſwer'd his Plea, in the moſt ſublime Sentiments of her filial Duty to purſue him for her Father's Death, *Rodrigue* inſiſts, that her own Hand alone ought to ſatisfy her Vengeance; I have here made bold to ſhorten their Arguments upon this Point, which ſeem a little too near the Romantick, and have ſubſtituted one, that I thought more agreeable to Nature, where *Carlos* ſays,

Let not the Wretch once honour'd with thy Love,
Thy Carlos, *once thought worthy of thy Arms,*
Be dragg'd a publick Spectacle to Juſtice,
To draw the irkſome Pity of a Croud,
Who may, with vulgar Reaſon, call thee cruel;
My Death from thee will elevate thy Vengeance,
And ſhew, like mine, thy Duty ſcorn'd Aſſiſtance.

But the greateſt Omiſſion in this Scene is, that *Chimene* ſo far forgets her filial Duty, as to take no Precaution, not ſo much as his Word of Honour, that

that *Rodrigue* shall appear to answer his Crime to the Law; she is indeed concern'd for her Reputation, and on that Account only desires him to leave her; her last Concern, when they part at the End of the Scene, is,

" ——*Et sur tout Garde bien, qu'on Te voye.*

This makes their Meeting look too like a modern Intrigue, I have therefore endeavour'd to give her a better Reason for releasing him; when he reproaches her with want of Love, in refusing his Desire to fall by her Hand, she replies---

Can Hate have Part in Interviews like this?
Art thou not now within my Power to seize?
Yet I'll release thee, Carlos, *on thy Word,*
And right [illegible] thy Word, that on the Morrow's Noon
[illegible] King, in Person thou wilt answer,
[illegible] the Shelter of the Night to leave me.

I do not see how the Scene could possibly be said to have a just Conclusion, but by this mutual Discharge of their Duty for the present: And when *Carlos* had given his Honour to appear, then indeed there is a more pardonable and natural Excuse for the Tenderness they fall into; which tho' the *Reader* must be charm'd with in the Original, I have ventur'd to alter, to make them more agreeable to the *Spectator*.

The next Scene breaks into the Street, where the Father of *Rodrigue* is wandring up and down alone, in search of his Son; a very slender Mark of his Wisdom, and puts one in Mind of a Vulgar Saying ----*To look for a Needle*, &c.---Nay, he does all this, tho' he has Five Hundred Friends in his House (whom he had drawn together to vindicate the Cause of his Honour) waiting for him; and there is no Excuse appears for his leaving them alone, or why some do not attend him Abroad: Where he entertains the Audience with a long Account (which he gives to himself) of his Condition, in pointed Conceits, and

quaint Antitheſis, that would be much prettier in an Epigram——At laſt he meets with his Son, with whom he falls into a tedious Argument; and to comfort his Sorrow for the Loſs of his Miſtreſs, tells him there are more Women than *Ximena*, and would have him ſhew the greatneſs of his Heart, in ſhaking off its Weakneſs for her: This ſeems unpardonable, and ſtains the Character of the Father; for to ſuppoſe him capable of changing his Miſtreſs, takes away Half the Merit of the Son's having reveng'd his Honour; which, had he not inviolably lov'd her, had only ſhewn his Courage in common with other Men. The Anſwer the Son makes him, indeed is truly Great, which it might eaſily be, when he had ſo diſhonourable a Thought to oppoſe; ſo that the one Speech is only fine from the other's being improper, I might ſay unnatural: This Scene ſeems extreme cold after the Spirit and warm Paſſion in the preceding one. Care ſhould be always taken in ſuch Caſes not to ſuffer the Attention to languiſh, but (as *Horace* ſays ——*Semper ad eventum feſtinet*) when the Subject will not ſuffer us to exceed what is gone before, we ſhould at leaſt keep our Hearers awake, by being buſy about new Matter and Action, plainly neceſſary to carry on the Story of the Play. All that ſeems uſeful in this Scene, is the laſt Speech of it, which is the only One, that is taken into the *Heroick Daughter:* There *Alvarez* appears at the Head of his Friends in his own Houſe, where his Son may be ſuppos'd with more Probability to come to him. But *Corneille* honeſtly tells us in his *Examen* of the *Cid*, that the Reaſon, why he did not bring on Don *Diegue* with his Friends about him, was becauſe thoſe Perſonages are generally ſupply'd by aukward Followers and Candle-Snuffers——A miſerable Sign of the Lowneſs of the *French* Theatre, when ſo great an Author is forc'd to reſtrain his Fancy, and to commit an Abſurdity, to make his Play fit for the Stage——But this not being our Caſe here, I had the Liberty of writing as well as I could. After *Corneille* has done his Scene,

I have

I have given the Son a Soliloquy, that I thought would be a new Motive to the Compaſſion of the Audience; if your Curioſity is as warm as my Vanity could wiſh it, you will now turn to it at the End of the Fourth Act.

The Two laſt Acts of the *Cid*, tho' in Nature, they may be finely written, loſe half their Force for want of Art: All thoſe great Sentiments which *Chimene* utters to the *Infanta* in the beginning of the Fourth Act, are improper in that Place; for ſhe is not only arguing her Caſe with one, that has nothing to do with it, but ſhe is merely *talking* while ſhe ſhould be *doing*; we are impatient for the Iſſue of her appeal to the King, and it is no Excuſe to the Hearer, that the King's Daughter ſtops her by the Way; [illegible] it was in the Poet's Choice to have ſent the King's Daughter to Prayers, or any other Employment in the mean Time——In ſhort, the Author ſeems to want Matter for Two Acts more, and is reduc'd to theſe Shifts to give the Audience full Meaſure for their Money: But the *Heroick Daughter*, having a whole firſt Act added before the Action of the *Cid* begins, of Conſequence tranſfers the Third Act of the *French* Play into the Fourth of the *Engliſh*, by which Expedient, the neceſſary Matter of the Two laſt Acts of the One, are eaſily contain'd in the ſingle Fifth Act of the Other.

The next Prolixity the *Cid* entertains us with, is the King's ſolemn Reception of *Rodrigue* after his Defeat of the *Moors*; which let it be never ſo juſtly due to the Merit of the Action, yet *Non nunc erat his locus*. All this moves not, and might have been ſuppos'd, or related only, that the more immediate Buſineſs of the Play might have come forward, as is attempted in the *Heroick Daughter*.

Beſide, the making *Rodrigue* to give an Account of his own Victory, muſt either leſſen the Action, or his Character——Any Friend, that was a Well-Wiſher to his Intereſt, muſt certainly have been a more proper Herald of his Fame: I have therefore made *Alonzo*

Ionzo give the Particulars of this glorious Service to his Country, and I thought the Audience would be better pleas'd if it were given to *Ximena*, that they might at the same Instant see the new Conflict it must naturally raise between her Passion and her Duty: For tho' the *King* is in the Play the Person most concern'd to hear it, yet the *Spectator* is most concern'd that *Ximena* should hear it; and it offends not either Manners, or Probability, that the King is suppos'd to have heard it before.

When *Chimene* returns to Court for Justice, the King, in Hopes to appease her, has a Mind first to make a Discovery of her Passion, and cunningly tells her, that her Desire of Vengeance is answer'd, for *Rodrigue* is dead of his Wounds; at which *Chimene* fainting, his Majesty fairly bites her, owns he is alive, and that he is now convinc'd she has no mind to hurt him—— This *Finesse* is needless, and ill becomes the Character of the Subject: There is nothing of it in the *Heroick Daughter*.

Well! when all will not do, when she finds it is so hard to make the King more sensible of her private Wrongs, than of her Lover's late Service to the Publick, 'tis indeed time to make her lose her Senses, for then, poor Lady! she demands the Combat, and is forc'd to call her Vanity and Falshood to the Assistance of her Duty, by proposing her Person as a Reward to any Gentleman that would be the Champion of her Cause, if he prov'd Victorious: This is sacrificing her Passion to her Duty with a Vengeance: What an unconsolable Figure would she have made, if no Body had taken up the Cudgels! 'tis well she knew she was Handsome, or that might really have been the Case; but to be serious——

I thought it much more decent and natural, when she was in this Extremity, to let *Sanchez*, who had before offer'd his Service, take this fair Occasion of stepping in to her Assistance; 'tis he, therefore, that in *Ximena*'s Name demands the Combat, and that she might not have the Guilt of flattering him with the

the least Hope, as a Lover, he is made even to disguise the Motive to it with his pretended Friendship for her late Father: The King's granting the Combat, and the necessary Orders about it, conclude the Fourth Act of the *Cid*.

The Fifth Act begins with *Rodrigue*'s abruptly Visitting *Chimene*, without Leave or Excuse, before he was going to the Lists. And tho' in her first Words she pretends to be shock'd at his Appearance, yet he takes no Notice of it, but goes on with his Business; and she as insensibly sinks into Mildness and Temper to hear it: Here they seem too Declamatory, and Romantick, which I have endeavour'd to avoid, by giving a more spirited Turn to the Passions, and reducing them nearer to common Life; and the Expedient that introduces the Interview itself, is, I hope, upon a more probable Foundation: For to make these Two Acts into One, as in the *Heroick Daughter*, it was but to employ this Scene naturally to follow the last, without leaving the Stage vacant, which is affected by the King's giving *Carlos* Leave to take his Farewel of *Ximena* before his going to the Combat; and thus her hearing him, while her Friend *Belzara* is present, and in the Court, seems more excusable, than her receiving his Visit in open Day, in her private Apartment: And that your Patience might not languish, the Combat immediately follows his parting from her; and tho' you see nothing of that Engagement on the Stage, yet your Imagination all the while enjoys it in the Alarms and Terrors of *Ximena*, which upon every distant Sound of the Trumpet she is differently thrown into: And I have always observ'd, that when any thing of Moment is heard to be doing from behind, that has a warm Effect upon the Actors in Sight, it seems to give a double Delight to the Audience: This Incident is entirely my own, and yet I flatter myself, not the least Artful in that Play. The Return of *Sanchez* from the Combat too, is here prepared with such Circumstances, as might more probably lead *Ximena* into the Mistake of his being the Victor;

but all this is languidly interrupted in the *Cid*, by making the Infanta's melancholy Paſſion break into the warmeſt Connection of the Story; and *Chimene* too, for want of having her Imagination ſtirr'd with ſuch various Notice of the Combat, which the Trumpet gives her, falls again into an inactive and declamatory Account of her Calamities, which in a laſt Act ever ſurfeits the Attention.

After the Combat ſhe accoſts the King with a long Argument, on a Suppoſition that *Rodrigue* is dead, wherein ſhe begs to be releas'd from her Obligation to marry *Sanchez* as the Victor, and barters to reward him with her fortune, which ſhe is willing to ſettle upon *Sanchez* for his Trouble, provided ſhe may have Leave to diſpoſe of her Perſon in a Nunnery—All this the King hears without undeceiving her, as to *Rodrigue*'s being alive; which is not only improbable, but needleſsly carries her Mistake farther than it will bear to be beautiful. As the *Heroick Daughter* the very Inſtant ſhe hints at the Death of *Carlos*, the King rectifies her Miſtake: Which prevents that odd Project of compremizing the Matter with *Sanchez*, and lets the Hearer ſooner into Matter of more Importance: The King too here is only an Advocate, not a Tyrant for *Carlos*; and *Ximena* having made no Promiſe to marry the Victor, avoids that Violation of her Duty, which, in the *Cid*, the abſolute Power of the King would impoſe on her. But here he is ſo tender of her Virtue, that he even ſuffers not *Carlos* to approach her, without Leave—And now we come to the laſt Conflict of her Heart, which concludes in a Reſolution not to truſt her Love in Sight of him that had kill'd her Father, but to ſhut her Sorrows from the World in a Cloiſter: And I am of Opinion, it was impoſſible under ſuch Misfortunes to diſpoſe of her otherwiſe, without breaking into the Laws of Honour and Virtue. Well! but tho' you grant me this, we are here ſtill at a Loſs; this can be no abſolute Concluſion of the Play, the Matter ſtands juſt as it did Three Acts ago, the Lovers were parted then,

and

and all we have done with them since comes to no more. *Corneille* seems to be plunged in this Difficulty, and in my humble Opinion had much better have parted them for ever, than have brought them together with so wretched a Violation of *Chimene*'s Character: In short, his Expedient comes to no more than this, that the King gives her Leave, for Decency's sake, to be virtuous a Year longer, but after that's expir'd, he obliges her (and she tacitly consents) to marry the Man that has killed her Father. As if a dishonourable Action could be justify'd, by our staying a Year before we commit it.

There seem'd therefore to me but one Way in Nature, to bring them decently together, which was by removing the Fundamental Cause of their Separation: If therefore without offending Nature or Probability, we can make the Father of *Ximena* recover of his Wounds, I see no reason, why every Auditor might not in Honour congratulate their Happiness: By this Expedient their Story is instructive, and these Heroick Lovers stand at last Two fair Examples of rewarded Virtue: But it is now Time to conclude.

Notwithstanding all our critical Amendments, it must be allow'd, that the first Happiness of a Tragick Writer depends on his Choice of a proper Subject, without that his Art and Genius are but misemploy'd: If therefore there be any thing more than my not being a sufficient Master of Style, that could make the *Heroick Daughter* less successful than the *Cid*, I can allow it might be likewise owing to the Subject, of which perhaps the chief Characters are too severely Virtuous, for the homespun Morals of our *English* Audience: Whereas the *French* run into the other Extreme; with them your Hero must be Virtuous even to Romance, or he is insufferable; but Good Nature is so distinguishing a Characteristick of the *English*, that the *French* have no Word to express it: And the Persons that *We* often *Pity* in our Plays, a *French* Critick would tell you ought to be *Hanged* by Poetical Justice. But we are so tender-hearted, that let the Cha-

racters

racters of our Tragedies be never so Criminal, yet if you can but make them penitent, and miserable, resign'd and humble in their Afflictions, we forget all their old Faults, take them immediately into Favour, and the Handkerchiefs of a whole Audience shall be wet with their Misfortunes: This Effect is frequent at the Tragedy of *Venice Preserv'd*, where *Jaffeir*, after having been a Conspirator against his Country from a private Revenge; after his betraying that Conspiracy, and the Life of his dearest Friend, from the Importunities of a Wife, whom his Weakness could not resist, yet makes his Peace with the Audience at last, and dies surrounded with their Compassion: I am therefore convinc'd, that Criminal Characters so artfully conducted, have much the Advantage of the Perfect and Blameless; and perhaps 'tis the Narrowness of the *French* Genius, that would never let their best Authors attempt to raise Compassion upon such bold and natural Foundations. But on the other Side, it would be hard to infer from hence, that Characters nearer to Perfection ought not as well to appear the Principals of Tragedy: Both *Carlos* and *Ximena* have their Imperfections, and I allow are most to be pity'd, when they are least able to resist them; I cannot therefore but insist, that the *Cid* has all the Greatness, Dignity, and Distress in the Subject, that Tragedy requires; and tho' it may have had too many Hearers of an uncultivated Taste, who think it inclines to the Romantick; yet if Filial Duty, Love, and Honour in the highest Instances of Self-denial, are not imaginary Virtues, then certainly all its Structures are upon exalted Nature: Let the common Practice of Mankind be what it will, it is not Unnatural to be Virtuous; and it ought to be more commendable to pity the Misfortunes of the Virtuous, than of those, who owe their Distress to their immediate Criminal Conduct. But I am notwithstanding willing to compound for the Inference, by granting, that when a capable Genius sets himself to Work, there may justly be Room for Success upon either Foundation.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

AS oft in form'd Aſſemblies of the Fair,
The ſtrait-lac'd Prude will no looſe Paſſion bear,
Beyond ſet Bounds no Lover muſt addreſs,
But ſecret Flame in diſtant Sighs expreſs;
Yet if by Chance ſome gay Coquette ſails in,
A joyous Murmur breaks the ſilent Scene,
Each Heart reliev'd by her enliv'ning Fire,
Feels eaſy Hope, and unconfin'd Deſire;
Then ſhuddering Prudes with ſecret envy burn,
And treat the Fops, they could not catch, with Scorn.
So Plays are valued; not confin'd to Rules,
Thoſe Prudes, *the Criticks call them, Feaſts for Fools;*
And if an Audience 'gainſt thoſe Rules is warm'd,
Or by the lawleſs Force of Genius charm'd,
Their whole Confederate Body is alarm'd:
Then every Feature's falſe, though ne'er ſo taking,
The Heart's deceiv'd though 'tis with Pleaſure aking.
They'll prove your Charmer's not agreeable:
Thus far'd it with the Cid *of fam'd* Corneille.
In France *'twas charg'd with Faults were paſt enduring,*
But ſtill had Beauties that were ſo alluring,
It rais'd the Envy of the grave Richlieu,
And Spite of his Remarks, *cram'd Houſes drew:*
Of this Aſſertion if the Truth you'll know,
Two Lines will prove it from the great Boileau:
En vain contre le *Cid* un Miniſtre ſe ligue,
Tout *Paris* pour *Chimene* a les yeux de *Rodrigue*.
In vain againſt the *Cid* the Stateſman arms,
Paris with *Rodrick* feels *Ximena*'s Charms.
This proves, when Paſſion truly wrought appears,
In Plays imperfect, 'twill command your Tears:
Yet think not from what's ſaid, we Rules deſpiſe,
To raiſe your Wonder from Abſurdities;
As France *improv'd it from the* Spaniſh *Pen,*
We hope, now Britiſh, *'tis improv'd again:*

And

PROLOGUE.

And though loſt Tragedy has long ſeem'd Dead,
Yet having lately rais'd her awful Head,
To-night with Pains and Coſt we humbly ſtrive
To keep the Spirit of that Taſte alive:
But if like Phaeton, *in* Corneille's *Carr,*
Th' unequal Muſe unhappily ſhould err,
At leaſt you'll own from glorious Heights ſhe fell,
And there's ſome Merit in attempting well.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don *Ferdinand*, King of *Caſtille*.	Mr. *Mills*.
Don *Alvarez*, His late General, and Father of Don *Carlos*.	Mr. *Cibber*.
Don *Gormaz*, Count of *Gormaz*, the preſent General, and Father of *Ximena*.	Mr. *Booth*.
Don *Carlos*, in love with *Ximena*.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Don *Sanchez*, his ſecret Rival, tho' lately betroth'd to *Belzara*.	Mr. *Elrington*.
Don *Alonzo*, Don *Garcia*, Officers of the Court.	Mr. *Thurmond*. Mr. *Bowman*.
A *Page*.	

WOMEN.

Ximena, Daughter to *Gormaz*.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Belzara, Her Friend forſaken by Don *Sanchez*.	Mrs. *Porter*.

The SCENE, the Royal Palace in *Seville*.

THE

THE HEROICK DAUGHTER.

ACT I.

Alvarez *and* Carlos.

Alv. ALliance! ha! and with the Race of *Gormaz!*
My mortal Foe! The King enjoins it, ſaidſt thou?
Let me not think thou couldſt deſcend to aſk it:
Take heed, my Son, nor let the Daughter's Eyes
Succeed in what the Father's Sword has fail'd;
Since I to Age have ſtood his Hate unmov'd,
Be not thou vanquiſh'd by her Female Wiles,
Nor ſtain thy Honour with inſulted Love.

Car. O taint not with ſo hard a Thought her Virtues,
Which ſhe has prov'd ſincere, from Obligations:
'Tis to her Suit I owe my late Advancement.
You know, my Lord, the Fortune of this Sword
Redeem'd her from the *Moors*, when late their Captive;
For which, at her return to Court, ſhe ſwell'd
The Action with ſuch Praiſes to the King,
He bad her name the Honours cou'd reward it;
She, conſcious of our Houſes Hate, ſurpriz'd,
And yet diſdaining that her Heart ſhou'd fall

And

In Thanks below the Benefit receiv'd,
Warm'd with th' Occaſion, begg'd his Royal Favour
Wou'd rank me in the Field, the next her Father.
The King comply'd, and with a Smile inſiſted,
That from her own fair Hand I ſhou'd receive
The Grace. This forc'd me then to viſit her:
To ſay what follow'd from our Interview,
Might tire, at leaſt, if not offend your Ear.

Alv. Not ſo, my *Carlos*, but proceed.

Car. In brief;
The Queen, who now in higheſt Favour holds
The fair *Ximena*, ſoon perceived our Paſſion,
Approv'd and cheriſh'd it; our Houſes Diſcord
She knew of old, had often ſhook the State;
Whereon ſhe kindly to the King propos'd
This happy Union, as the ſole Expedient
To cure thoſe Wounds, and fortify his Throne:—
Nay, ſhe, *Ximena*, if I know her Thoughts,
Chiefly to that Regard reſigns her Heart.
O! ſhe diſclaims, contemns her Beauty's Power,
And builds no Merit but on ſtable Virtue.

Alv. If ſo, I ſhou'd indeed applaud her Spirit.

Car. Oh! had you ſearch'd her Soul like me, you would
Repoſe your Life, your Fame, upon her Truth.

Alv. On thee at leaſt I'm ſure I may; I know
Thou lov'ſt thy Honour equal to *Ximena*,
And to that Guard I dare commit thy Love,
Keep but that Union ſacred:——

Car. When I break it,
May your Diſpleaſure, and *Ximena*'s Scorn,
Unite their Force to torture me with Shame:
But ſee! ſhe comes! her Eye, my Lord, has reach'd you.

Ximena *enters.*

Mark her Concern, the Softneſs of her Fear,
O'ercaſt with Doubt and Diffidence to meet you;
One gentle Word from you wou'd chaſe the Cloud,
And let forth all the Luſtre of her Soul.

Alv. Hail fair *Ximena*—beauteous Brightneſs, hail,
Propitious be this Meeting to us all,
With equal Joy and Wonder I ſurvey thee,

How

vely's Virtue in ſo bright a Form!
ther's Fierceneſs all is loſt in thee:
have thy Eyes reproach'd our Houſes' Jars,
m'd the Tempeſts that have wreck'd our Peace;
What we with falſe Reſentments but inflam'd,
Thy nobler Virtues have appeas'd with Honour.

Xim. These Praiſes from another Mouth, my Lord,
Might dye theſe glowing Cheeks with crimſon Shame;
But as they flow thus kindly from *Alvarez*,
From the heroick Sire of my Deliverer,
As you beſtow 'em, my exulting Heart,
Tho' undeſerv'd, receives with Joy the Sound:
But for thoſe Virtues you aſcribe to me,
Alas! they are but copy'd all from thence;
Carlos, I ſaw, was brave, victorious, great,
Compaſſionate——I am at beſt but grateful——
Cou'd I be leſs reduc'd with Obligations?
Cou'd I retain our Houſe's ancient Hate,
When *Carlos*' Deeds ſo greatly had forgot it?
If Heav'n had will'd our Feuds ſhou'd never end,
It wou'd have choſe ſome other Arm to ſave me:
But if its kinder Providence decrees,
Ximena's yielded Heart ſhou'd cure thoſe Ills,
And bind our Paſſions in the Chains of Peace;
Be witneſs that, all gracious Heav'n, I've gain'd
The End, the Heav'n of my Hopes on Earth,
And fill'd the proudeſt Sails of my Ambition.

Alv. O *Carlos!* *Carlos!* we are both ſubdu'd!
Where can ſuch heav'nly Sweetneſs find a Foe?
What *Gormaz* may reſolve, his Heart can tell,
But mine no longer can reſiſt ſuch Virtue;
His Pride perhaps may triumph o'er my Weakneſs,
And wrong *Ximena* to inſult *Alvarez*:
Be mine that Shame, but then be mine this Glory.
[*He joins their Hands.*
That I ſurrender to his Daughter's Merit
All that her Heart demands, or mine can give:
If he's obdurate, let her Wrongs reproach him.
[*Don* Sanchez *and* Alonzo *obſerving them.*
No Thanks, my Fair; for both or neither are
Oblig'd.

Oblig'd: Whatever may be due to me,
Let Love, and mutual Gratitude repay.
D. *San.* Death to my Eyes! *Alvarez* joins their Hands!
Alon. Forbear! is this a time for Jealousy? *Apart.*
D. *San.* Thou, that haſt Patience then, relieve my Torture.
Car. O *Ximena!* how my Heart's oppreſs'd with Shame.
Thou giv'ſt me a Confuſion equal to
My Joy, I yet am Laggard in my Duty,
I muſt deſpair to reach with equal Virtues
Dread *Cormaz* Heart, as thou haſt touch'd *Alvarez.*
Xim. That Hope we muſt to Providence reſign;
The King intends this Day to ſound his Temper,
Which, tho' ſevere, I know is generous,
In Honour great, as in Reſentments warm,
Fierce to the Proud, but to the gentle yielding;
The Goodneſs of *Alvarez* muſt ſubdue him.
Alon. My Lord, I heard the King enquiring for you.
Alv. Sir, I attend his Majeſty—I thank you.
Xim. Saw you the Count, my Father, in the Preſence?
Alon. Madam, I left him with the King this inſtant,
Withdrawn to th' Window, and in Conference.
Xim. 'Twas his Command I ſhou'd attend him there.
Alv. Come fair Ximena, *if thy Father's Ear*
Inclines like mine, unprejudic'd to hear:
His Hate ſubdu'd will publick Good regard,
And crown thy virgin Virtues with Reward.
[*Ex.* Alv. Car. Xim.
D. *San.* Help me, *Alonzo*, help me, or I ſink,
Th' Oppreſſion is too great for Nature's Frame,
And all my Manhood reels beneath the Load;
Oh Rage: Oh Torment of ſucceſsleſs Love!
Alon. Alas! I warn'd you of this Storm before,
Yet you, incredulous and deaf, deſpis'd it:
But ſince your Hopes are blaſted in their Bloom,
Since vow'd *Ximena* never can be yours,
Forget the Folly, and reſume your Reaſon:
Recover to your Vows your Love betroth'd,
Return to Honour, and the wrong'd *Elvira.*

D. *San.*

...n. Why doſt thou ſtill obſtruct my Happineſs,
...wart the Paſſion that has ſeiz'd my Soul?
...ſhou'd help a Friend in his Extremes,
...ot create, but diſſipate his Fears.
'Tis true I ſee *Ximena*'s Heart is given,
But tho' her Perſon is in a Father's Power;
...no Cauſe to fear, will ſlight my Offers.
Thou knowſt, th' Averſion that he bears *Alvarez*
Bars like a Rock her Wiſhes from their Harbour:
While *Carlos* has a Fear, ſhall I deſpair?
Has not the Count his Paſſions too to pleaſe,
And will he ſtarve his Hate to feed her Love?
May I not hope he rather may embrace
The fair Occaſion of my timely Vows,
To torture *Carlos* with a ſure Deſpair,
And force *Ximena* to aſſiſt his Triumph?
Nay, ſhe perhaps, when his Commands are fix'd,
In Pride of Virtue may reſiſt her Love,
Suppreſs the Paſſion, and reſign to Duty.

Alon. Why will you tempt ſuch Seas of wild Diſquiet,
When Honour courts you in a Calm to Joy?
Belzara's Charms are yielded to your Hopes,
Contracted to your Vows, and warm'd to Love;
Ximena ſcarce has Knowledge of your Flame,
Without Reproach ſhe racks you with Deſpair,
And muſt be perjur'd cou'd her Heart relieve you.

D. *San.* Let her relieve me, I'll forgive the Guilt,
Forget it, ſmother in her Arms the Thought,
And drown the charming Falſhood in the Joy.

Alon. What wild Extravagance of youthful Heat
Obſcures your Honour, and deſtroys your Reaſon?

D. *San.* I am not of that Lifeleſs Mould of Men,
That plod the beaten Road of virtuous Love:
With me 'tis Joyous, Beauty gives Deſire,
Deſire by Nature gives inſtinctive Hope;
The Phœnix Woman ſets herſelf on Fire,
Hope gives us Love, our Love makes them deſire,
And in the Flames they raiſe, themſelves expire:

Alon. Not Love, nor Hope can give you here Succeſs.

D. *San.* Let thoſe deſpair, whoſe Paſſions have their Bounds,

Whoſe

Whoſe Hopes in Hazards, or in Dangers die:
Shew me the Object worthy of my Flame,
Let her be barr'd by Obligation, Friends
By Vows engag'd, by Pride, Averſion, all
The Common Letts, that give the Virtuous awe,
My Love wou'd mount the tow'ring Falcon's Height,
Cut thro' them All, like yielding Air, my way,
And downwards dart me rapid on the Quarry.

Alon. Farewel, my Lord, ſome other time perhaps
This Rapture may ſubſide, and want a Friend;
I ſhall be glad t'advise, when you can hear.
But ſee, *Belzara* comes, with Eyes confus'd,
That ſpeak ſome new Diſorder in her Heart.
Wou'd you be happy, Friend, be juſt; preſerve
Inviolate the honeſt Vows you've made her.
Farewel, I leave you to embrace th' Occaſion. [*Exit.*

Enter Belzara.

Bel. I come, Don *Sanchez*, to inform you of
A Wrong, that near concerns our Mutual Honour;
'Tis whiſper'd thro' the Court, that you retract
Your ſolemn Vows by Contract ſeal'd to me,
And with a perjur'd Heart purſue *Ximena*;
Such falſe Reports ſhou'd perish in their Birth:
I've done my honeſt Part, and diſbeliev'd them;
Do yours, and by your Vows perform'd deſtroy them.

D. *San.* Madam, this tender Care of me deſerves
Acknowledgements beyond my Power to pay;
But Virtue always is the Mark of Malice,
Contempt the beſt Return that we can make it.

Bel. Virtue ſhou'd have ſo ſtrict a Guard, as not
To ſuffer ev'n Suſpicion to approach it.
For tho', Don *Sanchez*, I dare think you Juſt,
Yet while the envious World believes you Falſe,
I feel their Inſults, and endure the Shame.

D. *San.* Malice ſucceeds when ill Report's believ'd,
Seem you to ſlight it, and the Monſter's mute.

Bel. I cou'd have hop'd ſome Cauſe to make me ſlight it.
This cold Concern to ſatisfy my Fears.
Proclaims the Danger, and confirms them true.

D. *San.*

[illegible]. Then you believe me False?
[illegible]believe it! Heaven!
[illegible]doubt? What ev'n your Looks, your Words,
[illegible]nt Evaſions faithleſly confeſs?
Ungrateful Man? when you betray'd my Heart,
You ſhou[illegible]have taught me too to bear the Wrong.
[illegible]When Tears with Menaces relieve their Grief,
They flow from Pride, not Tenderneſs diſtreſt.

Bel. Inſulting, horrid Thought! am I accus'd
Of Pride, complaining from a breaking Heart?

D. *San.* Behold th' unthrifty Proof of Woman's Love!
Purſue you with the Sighs of faithful Paſſion,
You ſtarve our pining Hopes with painted Coyneſs;
But if our Honeſt Hearts diſdain the Yoke,
Or ſeek from ſweet Variety, Relief,
Alarm'd to loſe, what you deſpis'd ſecure,
Your trembl'ing Pride retracts its haughty Air,
And yields to Love, purſuing when we fly.
Theſe laviſh Tears when I deſerv'd your Heart,
Had held me ſighing to be more your Slave;
But to beſtow them when that Heart's broke looſe,
When more I merit your Contempt than Love,
Arraigns your Juſtice, and acquits my Falſhood.

Bel. Injurious, falſe, and barbarous Reproach.
Have I with-held my Pity from your Sighs,
Or us'd with Rigour my once boundleſs Power?
Am I not ſworn by teſtify'd Conſent,
By ſolemn Vows contracted, yielded yours?
But what avails the Force of Truth's Appeal,
Where the Offender is himſelf the Judge?
But yet remember, Tyrant, while you Triumph,
I am Don *Henrick*'s Daughter, whom you dare betray;
Henrick, whoſe fam'd Revenge of injur'd Honour,
Dares ſtep as deep in Blood, as you in Provocations:

D. *San.* Since then your ſeeming Grief's with Rage reliev'd,
Hear me with Temper, Madam, once for all.
You urge our ſolemn Contract ſworn, I own
The Fact, but muſt deny the Obligation.
'Twas not to me, but to a Father's Will,

To

To *Henrick*'s dread Command your Pride ſu
Since then your Merit's to O[illegible]dience due,
Seek your Reward from Duty, not from *San*
Your Slights to me live yet re[illegible]rded here.
Nor can your forc'd Submiſſions now remove them:
Ximena's ſofter Heart has rais'd me to
A Flame, that gives at once Reve[illegible]ge and [illegible]
How far Don *Henrick* may reſent the Change,
I neither know, nor with Concern ſhall fear.
Nay, truſt your injur'd Patience to inflame him.

Bel. Inhumane, vain Provoker of my Heart,
I need not urge the Ills that muſt o'ertake thee,
Thy giddy Paſſions will without my Aid
Puniſh their Guilt, and to themſelves be fatal.
Ximena Heart's is fixt as far above
Thy Hopes, as Truth and Virtue from thy Soul.
To her avenging Scorn I yield thy Love;
There faithleſs Wretch, indulge thy vain Deſires,
And ſtarve, like tortur'd *Tantalus*, in Plenty;
Gaze on her Charms forbidden to thy Taſte,
Famiſht and pining at the tempting Feaſt,
Still rackt, and reaching at the flying Fair,
Purſue thy Falſhood, and embrace Deſpair. [*Exit.*

D. *San.* So raging Winds in furious Storms ariſe,
Whirl o'er our Heads, and are when paſt forgotten.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. Why, *Sanchez*, are you ſtill reſolv'd on Ruin?
I met *Belzara* in diſorder'd Haſte,
At ſight of me ſhe ſtopt, and wou'd have ſpoke,
But Grief alas was grown too ſtrong for Words:
When turning from my View her mournful Eyes,
She burſt into a Show'r of guſhing Tears,
And in the Conflict of her Shame retir'd:
O yet collect your Temper into Thought,
And ſhun the Precipice that gapes before you:
A Moment hence, convinc'd, your Eyes will ſee
Ximena parted from your Hopes for ever.

D. *San.* Why doſt thou double thus my new Diſquiets?
For Pains foreſeen are felt before they come.

Enter

King, Gormaz, Alvarez, Carlos, Ximena.

Behold the King, *Alvarez*, and her Father.
[illegible], tho' late, and profit from the Iſſue.
King. Count *Gormaz*, you, and you *Alvarez* hear,
Tho' in Camp your Swords, in Court your Counſel,
[illegible]rais'd your Fame to envy'd Heights,
Yet let it [illegible] deplore your Race and you,
That from a long Deſcent of Lineal Heat,
Your private Feuds as oft have ſhook the State.
And what's the Source of this upheld Defiance?
Alas! the ſtubborn Claim of ancient Rank,
Held from a two Days antedated Honour,
Which gave the younger Houſe Preheminence.
How many valiant Lives have eas'd our Foes
Of Fear, deſtroy'd by this conteſted Title!
And what's decided by this endleſs Valour?
Whoſe Honour yet confeſſes the Superior?
While both dare die, the Quarrel is Immortal:
Or ſay that Force on one Part has prevail'd,
Is there ſuch Merit in unequal Strength?
If Violence is Virtue, Brutes may boaſt it:
Lions with Lions grapple, and diſpute;
But Men are only Great, truly Victorious,
When with ſuperior Reaſon they ſubdue.
Can you then think you are in Honour bound
To Heir the Follies of your Anceſtors?
Since they have left you Virtues and Renown,
Tranſmit not to Poſterity their Blame.
Alv. and *Gor*. My Gracious Lord——
King. Yet hold, I'll hear you both.
Of your Compliance, *Gormaz*, I've no doubt,
This Quarrel in your nobler Breaſt was dying,
Had not *Alvarez*, you reviv'd it:
Alv. I?
Wherein, my Gracious Lord, ſtand I ſuſpected?
King. What elſe could mean that ſullen Gloom you ſwore,
That conſcious Diſcontent ſo ill conceal'd
In your abrupt Retirement from our Court,
When late the valiant Count was made our General?

Was't

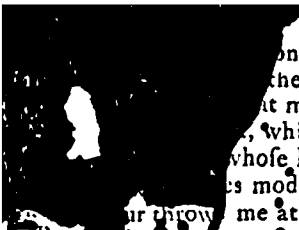
Was't not your own Requeſt, you might reſign
Which tho', 'tis true you long had fill'd with Ho
Was it for you to circumſcribe our Choice?
T' oppoſe from private Hate, the publick Good,
And in his Caſe, whoſe Merit had preferr'd him?
When his fierce Temper, from Reflection ca
Inclin'd to let the Embers of his Heat expire
Was it well done thus to revive the Name
To wake his jealous Honour to Reſentment,
And ſhake that Union we had laid to Heart?
If thou haſt ought to urge, that may defend
Thy late Behaviour, or accuſe his Conduct,
Unfold it free, we are prepar'd to hear.

Alv. Alas, my Lord, the World misjudges me,
My Hate ſuppos'd is not ſo deeply rooted,
Age has allay'd thoſe Fevers of my Honour,
And weary Nature now wou'd reſt from Paſſions.
The Noble Count, whoſe warmer Blood may boil,
Perhaps is ſtill my Foe: I am not his,
Nor envy him thoſe Honours of his Merit.
Where Virtue is, I dare be juſt, and ſee it.
Your Majeſty has ſpoke your Wiſdom in
Your Choice, for I have ſeen his Arm deſerve it.
In all the Sieges, Battles I have won,
I knew not better to Command, than he
To Execute: Thoſe Wreaths of Victory
That flouriſh ſtill upon this hoary Brow,
Impartial I confeſs, his active Sword
Has lopt from Heads of *Moors*, and planted there.

King. How has Report, my *Gormaz*, wrong'd this Man!

Alv. Nor was the Cauſe of my Retirement more
Than that I found it time to eaſe my Age,
Unfit for farther Action, and bequeath
My Son the needleſs Pomp of my Poſſeſſions.

King. Is't poſſible? Coud'ſt thou conceal this Goodneſs?
Cou'd ſecret Virtue take ſo firm a Root,
While Slander like a Canker kill'd its Beauties?
Gormaz, if yet thou art not Paſſion's Slave,
Take to thy ſelf the Glory to reward him.



ons that have warm'd this Breaſt,
he Cauſe of Honour.
t moves my active Life,
, while that Right's invaded.
whoſe Merit claims my Love,
s modeſtly aſſail me,
ur throw me at his feet ſubmiſſive.
In Proof of this, here needs but now to own,
The generous Advances of *Alvarez*
Have turn'd my fierce Reſentments into Shame.
What can I more? My Words but faintly ſpeak me
But ſince my King ſeems pleas'd with my Converſion,
My Heart and Arms are open to embrace him.

King. Receive him, Soldier, to thy Heart, and give
Your King, this Glory of your mutual Conqueſt.
[*They embrace.*

Xim. Auſpicious Omen!

Car. O tranſporting Hope!

D. *San.* Adders and Serpents mix in their Embraces!
[*Apart.*

King. O *Gormaz!* O *Alvarez!* ſtop not here.
Confine not to yourſelves your ſtinted Virtue,
But in this noble Ardour of your Hearts,
Secure to your Poſterity your Peace:
[*Carlos* and *Ximena* kneel.
Behold the united Hands, that beg the Bleſſing,
The Hearts that burn to ratify the Joy,
And to your Heirs unborn tranſmit the Glory.

Gor. Receive her, *Carlos*, from a Father's Hand,
Whoſe Heart by Obligations was ſubdu'd.

Alv. Accept, *Ximena*, all my Age holds dear,
Not to my Bounty, but thy Merit due.

King. O manly Conqueſt! O exalted Worth!
What Honours can we offer to applaud it?
To grace this Triumph of *Ximena*'s Eyes,
Let public Jubilee conclude the Day.
Sound all our ſprightly Inſtruments of War,
Fifes, Clarions, Trumpets, ſpeak the general Joy.

Alv. Raiſe high the Clangor of your lofty Notes,
Sound Peace at Home——

Gor. And Terror to our F
King. Let the loud Cannon
Gor. And make the frighted S
Car. Long live! and ever Gl
[*Trumpets*
Alv. O may this glorious Day
Fam'd in the Rolls of late record
King. This happy Union fixt, m Lo now
Muſt crave your Counſel in our State's Defence——
Letters this Morn alarm us with Deſigns
The *Moors* are forming to invade our Realms;
But let them be, we'er now prepar'd to meet them.
The Prince that wou'd ſit free from foreign Fears,
Shou'd firſt with Peace compoſe inteſtine Jars;
Of Hearts united, while ſecure at Home,
His raſh Invaders to their Graves muſt come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

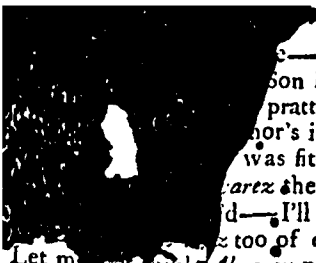
Enter Don Sanchez.

RElentleſs Fortune! thou haſt done thy Part,
Neglected nothing to oppoſe my Love;
But thou ſhalt find, in thy Deſpight, I'll on.
Wert thou not blind indeed, thou had'ſt foreſeen
The Honour done this Hour to old *Alvarez.*
His being nam'd the Prince's Governor,
(Which I well know the ambitious *Gormaz* aim'd at)
Muſt like a Wildfire's Rage embroil their Union,
Rekindle Jealouſies in *Gormaz'* Heart,
Whoſe fatal Flame muſt bury all in Aſhes:
But ſee, he comes, and ſeems to ruminate
With penſive Grudge the King's too partial Favour.

Gormaz on the other Side.

Gor. The King methinks is ſudden in his Choice——
'Tis true, I never ſought (but therefore is
Not leſs the Merit) nor obliquely hinted,

That



—He has heard
on I thought was now
prattling Female Court,
or's inſtructive Guidance—
was fit—but not th' Adviſer—
arez then the Man?
d—I'll not diſpute—
too of equal Merit?
Let m[illegible] think *Alvarez* plays me foul—
That cannot be—he knew I wou'd not bear it—
And yet why he's ſo ſuddenly preferr'd—
I'll think no more on't—Time will ſoon reſolve me.

D. *San.* Not to diſturb, my Lord, your graver Thoughts,
May I preſume—

Gor. Don *Sanchez* may command me.
This youthful Lord is ſworn our Houſe's Friend,
If there's a Cauſe for jealous Thought, he'll find it. [*Aſide.*

D. *San.* I hear, my Lord, the King has freſh Advice
Of a deſign'd Inva[illegible]ion from the *Moors*, [receiv'd
Holds it confirm'd, or is it only Rumour?

Gor. Such new Alarms indeed his Letters bring,
But yet their Grounds ſeem'd doubtful at the Council.

D. *San.* May it not prove ſome Policy of State?
Some bugbear Danger of our own creating?
The King I have obſerv'd is ſkill'd in Rule,
Perfect in all the Arts of tempering Minds,
And—for the public Good—can give Alarms
Where Fears are not, and huſh them where they are.

Gor. 'Tis ſo! he hints already at my Wrongs. [*Aſide.*

D. *San.* Not but ſuch Prudence well becomes a Prince:
For Peace at Home is worth his deareſt Purchaſe:
Yet he that gives his juſt Reſentments up,
Tho' honour'd by the Royal Mediation,
And ſees his Enemy enjoy the Fruits,
Muſt have more Virtues than his King, to bear it—
Perhaps my Lord I am not underſtood,
Nay, hope my jealous Fears have no Foundation;
But when the Tyes of Friendſhip ſhall demand it,
Don *Sanchez* wears a Sword that will revenge you. [*Going.*

Gor. Don *Sanchez*, ſtay—I think thou art my Friend,

Thy noble Father oft' has ſerv
The Cauſe of Honour, and his
What thou haſt ſaid ſpeaks thee
I need not praiſe thee more——
Thy Love, refuſe not what my He
To aſk; ſpeak freely of the King.
Of old *Alvarez*, of our late Allian
And what has followed ſince: then,
And tell me truly, where th' Account's unequal.

D. *San.* My Lord, you honour with too great a Truſt
The Judgment of my unexperienc'd Years;
Yet for the Time I have obſerv'd on Men,
I've always found the generous open Heart
Betray'd, and made the Prey of Minds below it.
O! 'tis the Curſe of manly Virtue, that
Cowards, with Cunning are too ſtrong for Heroes:
And ſince you preſs me to unfold my Thoughts,
I grieve to ſee your Spirit ſo defeated,
Your juſt Reſentments by vile Arts of Court,
Beguil'd, and melted to reſign their Terror.
Your honeſt Hate, that had for Ages ſtood,
Unmov'd, and firmer from your Foes Defiance,
Now ſapp'd, and undermin'd by his Submiſſion.
Alvarez knew you were impregnable
To Force, and chang'd the Soldier for the Statesman;
While you were yet his Foe profeſs'd,
He durſt not take theſe Honours o'er your Head;
Had you ſtill held him at his Diſtance due,
He wou'd have trembled to have ſought this Office.
When once the King inclin'd to make his Peace,
I ſaw too well the Secret on the Anvil,
And ſoon foretold the Favour that ſucceeded:
Alas! this Project has been long concerted,
Reſolv'd in private 'twixt the King and him.
Laid out and manag'd here by ſecret Agents.
While he, good Man, knew nothing of the Honour,
But from his ſweet Repoſe was dragg'd t'accept it.
O! it inflames my Blood to think his Fear
Shou'd get the Start of your unguarded Spirit,
And proudly vaunt it in the Plumes he ſtole
from you.

Ger.

[redacted] haſt fir'd a Thought,
[redacted]ning in my Mind:
[redacted]es my Memory.
[redacted] Warmth the artful King
[redacted]per with the Gloom he wore,
[redacted] late Command of General.
[redacted]awning Flattery to me,
Alvarez [redacted] diſs'd his trembling Hate,
And ſooth'd my yielding Temper to believe him.

D. *San.* Not Flattery, my Lord; tho' I muſt grant,
'Twas Praiſe well tim'd, and therefore ſkilful.

Gor. Now on my Soul, from him 'twas loathſome
I take thy Friendſhip, *Sanchez*, to my Heart; [Daubing—
And were not my *Ximena* raſhly promis'd——

D. *San.* *Ximena*'s Charms might grace a Monarch's Bed,
Nor dares my humble Heart admit the Hope,
Or, if it durſt, ſome fitter Time ſhou'd ſhew it.
Reſults more preſſing now demand your Thought;
Firſt eaſe the Pain of your depending Doubt,
Divide this fawning Courtier from the Friend.

Gor. Which way ſhall I receive, or thank thy Love?

D. *San.* My Lord, you over rate me now——but ſee,
Alvarez comes——now probe his hollow Heart,
Now while your Thoughts are warm with his Deceit,
And mark how calmly he'll evade the Charge:
My Lord, I'm gone. [*Exit.*

Gor. I am thy Friend for ever.

Enter Alvarez.

Alv. My Lord, the King is walking forth to ſee
The Prince, his Son, begin his Horſemanſhip;
If you're inclin'd to ſee him, I'll attend you.

Gor. Since Duty calls me not, I've no Delight
To be an idle Gaper on another's Buſineſs.
You may indeed find Pleaſure in the Office,
Which you've ſo artfully contriv'd to fit.

Alv. Contriv'd, my Lord! I'm ſorry ſuch a Thought
Can reach the Man, whom you've ſo late embrac'd.

Gor. Men are not always what they ſeem: This Honour,
Which in another's Wrong, you've barter'd for,
Was at the Price of thoſe Embraces bought.

Alv. Ha! bought? For Shame ſ
For if you think, you can't but be
The naked Honour of *Alvarez* ſco
Such baſe Diſguiſe——yet pauſe a M
Since our great Maſter with ſuch kin
Himſelf has interpos'd to heal our F
Let us not thankleſs rob him of the G ry,
And undeſerve the Grace by new falſe tears.

Gor. Kings are, alas! but Men, and form'd like us,
Subject alike to be by Men deceiv'd;
The blaſting Court from this raſh Choice will ſee,
How blindly he o'erlooks ſuperior Merit.
Cou'd no Man fill the Place but worn *Alvarez?*

Alv. Worn more with Wounds and Victories than Age,
Who ſtands before him in great Actions paſt?
But I'm to blame to urge that Merit now,
Which will but ſhock what Reaſoning may convince.

Gor. The fawning Slave! O *Sanchez!* how I thank
thee!— [*Aſide.*

Alv. You have a virtuous Daughter, I a Son,
Whoſe ſofter Hearts our mutual Hands have ſais'd
E'en to the Summit of expected Joy;
If no Regard to me, yet let at leaſt
Your Pity of their Paſſions rein your Temper.

Gor. O needleſs Care! to nobler Objects no
That Son be ſure in Vanity pretends.
While his high Father's Wiſdom is preferr'd
To guide and govern our great Monarch's Son,
His proud aſpiring Heart forgets *Ximena*;
Think not of him, but your ſuperior Care
Inſtruct the Royal Youth to rule with Awe
His future Subjects trembling at his Frown;
Teach him to bind the loyal Heart in Love,
The bold and factious in the Chains of Fear;
Join to theſe Virtues too your warlike Deeds.
Inflame him with the vaſt Fatigues you've born,
But now are paſt, to ſhew him by Example,
And give him in the Cloſet, ſafe Renown:
Read him what ſcorching Suns he muſt endure;
What bitter Nights muſt wake, or ſleep in Arms,

To

To counter-march the Foe, to give th' Alarm,
And to his own great Conduct owe the Day.
Mark him on Charts the Order of the Battle,
And make him from your Manuſcripts a Heroe.
Alv. Unhemper'd Man! thus to provoke the Heart,
Whoſe [illegible] Patience is thy only Friend.
[illegible] by to thyſelf can'ſt be a Friend;
[illegible] thee, falſe *Alvarez*, thou haſt wrong'd me,
Haſt baſely robb'd me of my Merit's Right,
And intercepted our young Prince's Fame;
His Youth with me had found the active Proof,
The living Practice of experienc'd War;
This Sword had taught him Glory in the Field,
At once his great Example, and his Guard;
His unfledg'd Wings from me had learnt to ſoar,
And ſtrike at Nations trembling at my Name;
This I had done, but thou, with ſervile Arts,
Haſt fawning crept into our Maſter's Breaſt,
Elbow'd ſuperior Merit from his Ear,
And, like a Courtier, ſtole his Son from Glory.
Alv. Hear me, proud Man—for now I burn to ſpeak,
Since neither Truth can ſway, nor Temper touch thee;
Thus I retort with Scorn thy ſland'rous Rage:
Thou! thou the Tutor of a Kingdom's Heir?
Thou guide the Paſſions of o'er-boiling Youth,
That can'ſt not in thy Age yet rule thy own!
For ſhame retire, and purge th' imperious Heart,
Reduce thy arrogant, ſelf judging Pride,
Correct the Meanneſs of thy groveling Soul,
Chaſe damn'd Suſpicion from thy manly Thoughts,
And learn to treat with Honour thy Superior.
Gor. Superior, ha! dar'ſt thou provoke me, Traitor?
Alv. Unhand me, Ruffian! leſt thy Hold prove fatal.
Gor. Take that! audacious Dotard. [*Strikes him.*
Alv. O! my Blood!
Flow forward to my Arm to chain this Tyger.
If thou art brave, now bear thee like a Man,
And quit my Honour of this vile Diſgrace. [*They fight.*
[Alvarez *is diſarm'd.*
O feeble Life! I have too long endur'd thee.

Gor. Thy Sword is mine, take back th' inglorious Trophy.
Which wou'd diſgrace thy Victor's Thigh to wear;
Now forward to thy Charge, read to the Prince
This martial Lecture of thy fam'd Exploits,
And from this wholeſome Chaſtiſement, learn thou
To tempt the Patience of offended Honour [*Exit.*

Alv. O Rage! O wild Deſpair! O he[illegible]
Wert thou but lent me to ſurvive my Honour?
And I with martial Toils worn gray, and ſee
The laſt one Hour's Blight lay waſte my Laurels?
Is this fam'd Arm to me alone defenceleſs?
Has it ſo often prop'd this Empire's Glory,
Fenc'd like a Rampart the *Caſtilian* Throne,
To me alone diſgraceful! to its Maſter uſeleſs!
O ſharp Remembrance of departed Glory!
O fatal Dignity too dearly purchas'd!
Now, haughty *Gormaz*, now guide thou my Priſice;
Inſulted Honour is unfit t' approach him.
And thou once glorious Weapon, fare thee well,
Old Servant worthy of an abler Maſter,
Leave now for ever his abandon'd Side,
And to revenge him, grace ſome nobler Arm.
My Son!

Enter Carlos.

O *Carlos!* can'ſt thou bear Diſhonour?

Car. What Villain dares occaſion, Sir, the Queſtion?
Give me his Name, the Proof ſhall anſwer him.

Alv. O juſt-Reproach! O prompt reſentful Fire!
My Blood rekindles at thy manly Flame;
And glads my labouring Heart with Youth's Return,
Up, up, my Son!—I cannot ſpeak my Shame—
Revenge, Revenge me!

Car. O my Rage! of what?

Alv. Of an Indignity ſo vile, my Heart
Redoubles all its Torture to repeat it.
A Blow! a Blow! my Boy.

Car. Diſtraction! Fury!

Alv. In vain, alas, this feeble Arm aſſail'd
With mortal Vengeance the Aggreſſor's Heart:

He

He dally'd with my Age, o'erborn, inſulted;
Therefore to thy young Arm for ſure Revenge
My Soul's Diſtreſs commits my Sword and Cauſe:
Purſue him, *Carlos*, to the World's laſt Bounds,
And from his Heart tear back our bleeding Honour.
Nay, to inſpire me thee more, thou'lt find his Brow
Cover'd with Laurels, and far fam'd his Proweſs;
O! I have ſeen him dreadful in the Field,
Cut thro' whole Squadrons his deſtructive Way,
And ſnatch the gore-dy'd Standard from the Foe.

Car. O rack not with his Fame my tortur'd Heart,
That burns to know him, and eclipſe his Glory.

Alv. Tho' I foreſee, 'twill ſtrike thy Soul to hear it,
Yet ſince our gaſping Honour calls for thy
Relief——O *Carlos*, 'tis *Ximena*'s Father——

Car. Ha!

Alv. Pauſe not for a Reply—I know thy Love,
I know the tender Obligations of thy Heart,
And even lend a Sigh to thy Diſtreſs.
I grant, *Ximena* dearer than thy Life;
But wounded Honour muſt ſurmount them both.
I need not urge thee more; thou know'ſt my Wrong,
'Tis in thy Heart, and in thy Hand the Vengeance:
Blood only is the Balm for Grief like mine.
Which till obtain'd, I will in Darkneſs mourn,
Nor lift my Eyes to Light, till thy Return.
But haſte, o'ertake this Blaſter of my Name,
Fly ſwift to Vengeance, and bring back my Fame. [Exit.

Car. Relentleſs Heav'n! is all thy Thunder gone?
Not one Bolt left to finiſh my Deſpair?
Lie ſtill my Heart, and cloſe this deadly Wound?
Stir not to Thought, for Motion is thy Ruin.
But ſee, the frighted poor *Ximena* comes!
And with her Trembling ſtrikes thee cold as Death,
My helpleſs Father too, o'erwhelm'd with ſhame,
Begs his Diſmiſſion to his Grave with Honour.
Ximena weeps, Heart-pierc'd *Alvarez* groans:
Rage lifts my Sword, and Love arreſts my Arm;
O! double Tortures of diſtracting Woe.
Is there no Mean betwixt theſe ſharp Extreams?

Muſt Honour periſh, if I ſpare my Love?
O ignominious Pity! ſhameful Softneſs!
Muſt I, to right *Alvarez* kill *Ximena*?
O cruel Vengeance! O Heart wounding Honour!
Shall I forſake her in her Soul's Extreams?
Depreſs the Virtue of her filial Tears,
And bury in a Tomb our Nuptial Joy?
Shall that juſt Honour that ſubdu'd her Heart,
Now build its Fame relentleſs on her Sorrows?
Inſtruct me, Heav'n, that gav'ſt me this Diſtreſs,
To chuſe, and bear me worthy of my Being!
O Love! forgive me, if my hurry'd Soul
Shou'd act with Error in this Storm of Fortune!
For Heav'n can tell what Pangs I feel to ſave thee!
But hark! the Shrieks of drowning Honour call!
'Tis ſinking, gaſping, while I ſtand in Pauſe.
Plunge in, my Heart, and ſave it from the Billows.
It will be ſo——the Blow's too ſharp a Pain,
And Vengeance has at leaſt this juſt Excuſe,
That e'en *Ximena* bluſhes, while I bear it:
Her generous Heart, that was by Honour won,
Muſt, when that Honour's ſtain'd, abjure my Love.
Peace of Mind, farewel! Revenge, I come!
And raiſe thy Altar on a mournful Tomb. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Garcia *and* Gormaz.

Gor. THE King is Maſter of his Will and me.
But be it as it may—what's done's irrevocable.
Gar. My Lord, you ill receive this Mark of Favour,
And while thus obſtinate, inflame your Fault.
When ſovereign Power deſcends to ask of Subjects
The due Submiſſion, which its Will may force,
Your Danger's greater from ſuch ſlighted Mildneſs.
Than ſhou'd you diſobey its full Commands.

Gor.

Gor. The Conſequence, perhaps, may prove it ſo.
Gar. Have you no fear of what his Frown may do?
Gor. Has he no fear of what my Wrongs may do?
Men of my Rank are not in Hours undone;
When I am cruſh'd, I fall with Vengeance round me.
Gar. The raſh Indignity you've done *Alvarez*,
Without ſome Proof of Wrong, bears no Excuſe.
Gor. I am myſelf the Judge of what I feel,
I feel him falſe, and feeling muſt reſent.
Gar. Shall it be deem'd a Falſhood to accept
A Dignity by Royal Hands conferr'd?
Gor. He ſhou'd have wav'd it; firſt conſulted me.
He might have held me ſtill his Friend ſincere;
Have ſhar'd my Fortunes, as a Friend intreating;
But baſely thus to out me of my Right,
By treacherous Acts to do me private Wrong,
Is what I never can forgive, and have reſented.
Gar. But in this Violence you offend the King,
The Sanction of whoſe Choice claim'd more Regard.
Gor. Why am I fretted with theſe Chains of Honour,
Leſs free than others in my juſt Reſentments?
Who unprovok'd myſelf, do no Man Wrong,
But injur'd, am as Storms implacable.
Gar. My Lord, this ſtubborn Temper will undo you.
Gor. Then, Sir, *Alvarez* will be ſatisfy'd.
Gar. Be yet perſuaded, and compoſe this Broil.
Gor. My Reſolution's fix'd; let's wave the Subject.
Gar. Will you refuſe all Terms of Reparation?
Gor. All! all! that are not from my Honour due!
Gar. Dare you not truſt that Honour with your King?
Gor. My Life's my King's! my Honour is my own.
Gar. What ſhall I report your Anſwer? For the King
Expects it on my firſt Return.
Gor. 'Tis this;
That I dare die, but cannot bow to Shame.
Gar. My Lord, I take my Leave.
Gor. Don *Garcia*'s Servant. [*Exit* Garcia.
Who fears not Death, ſmiles at the Frowns of Power

Enter

Enter Carlos.

Car. My Lord your Leave to talk with you.

Gor. Be free.
I did expect you on this late Occaſion.

Car. I'm glad to find you do my Honour right.
And hope you'll not refuſe it wrong'd *Alm[illegible]z.*

Gor. He had a Sword to right himſelf.

Car. That Sword is here.

Gor. 'Tis well; the Place—and let our Time be ſhort.

Car. One Moment's Reſpite for *Ximena*'s ſake,
She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart wou'd ſpare her;
We both without a Stain to either's Honour,
May pity her Diſtreſs, and pauſe to ſave her.
Nor need I bluſh, that I ſuſpend my Cauſe,
Since with its Vengeance her ſure Woes are blended:
Not for myſelf, but for her tender ſake,
I bend me to the Earth, and beg for Mercy.
Let not her Virtues ſuffer for her Love;
O! lay not on her Innocence the Grief
Of a mourn'd Father's, or a Lover's Blood;
O! ſpare her Sighs, prevent her ſtreaming Tears;
Stop this Effuſion of my bleeding Honour,
And heal, if poſſible, its Wounds with Peace.

Gor. What you have offer'd for *Ximena*'s ſake,
Will, in her Gratitude, be full repaid;
And for the Peace you ask, that's yours to give.
Submiſſion 'tis in vain to hope, for know,
I have this Hour refus'd it to the King.
Thy Father's Arts betray'd my Friendſhip's Faith;
I felt the Wrong, and, as I ought, reveng'd it.
We're now on equal Terms: but ſuch his Cauſe
So deep is in thy Heart, that thou reſolv'ſt,
With fruitleſs Vengeance, to provoke my Rage,
Then thou, not I, art Author of thy Ruin.

Car. Support me now, *Ximena*, guard my Heart,
And bar this preſſing Provocation's Entrance. *[Aſide.*
Have I, my Lord, in Perſon wrong'd you?

Gor. No.

Car. Why then theſe fatal Cruelties to me,
That I muſt loſe, or wrong *Ximena*'s Love?

For

For ſhe muſt ſcorn me, ſhou'd I bear my Shame;
Or fly me, tho' my Honour ſhou'd revenge it.
Gor. Place that to thy Misfortune, not to me.
Car. Not to you?
Am I not forc'd by Wrongs, I bluſh to name,
To proſecute this fatal Reparation?
Which, had you Temper, or a Feeling here;
Had you the Spirit to confeſs your Error,
Your Heart's Confuſion had ſubdu'd *Alvarez*,
And thrown you at his injur'd Feet for Pardon.
Gor. If thou com'ſt here to talk me from my Senſe,
Or think'ſt with Words t' extenuate his Guilt,
Thou offer'ſt to the Winds thy forceleſs Plea.
I will not bear the mention of his Truth;
His Falſhood's here, 'tis rooted in my Heart,
And juſtifies a worſe Revenge than I have taken.
Car. O Patience, Heav'n! O tortur'd Rage! Not ſpeak!
The pious Pangs of my torn Soul inſulted!
Have I for this, bow'd down my humble Knee,
To ſwell thy Triumph o'er my Father's Wrongs,
And hear him tainted with a Traytor's Practice?
O give me back that vile ſubmiſſive Shame,
That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,
And right my Honour with untainted Vengeance.
Yet no——with-hold it, take it to acquit my Love!
That Sacrifice was to *Ximena* due,
Her helpleſs Sufferings claim'd that Pang: And ſince
I cannot bring Diſhonour to her Arms,
Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its laſt Adieus,
And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace:
Farewel, dear injur'd Softneſs——follow me.
Gor. Lead on——yet hold! ſhou'd we together forth,
It may create Suſpicion, and prevent us.
Propoſe the Place, I'll take ſome different Circle.
Car. Behind the Ramparts near the *Weſtern* Gate.
Gor. Expect me on the Inſtant.
Car. Poor *Ximena*! [*Exit.*
Gor. Deep as Reſentment lodges in my Heart,
It feels ſome Pity there for *Carlos*' Paſſion——

L

It ſhall be ſo—his brave Reſentment's juſt.

[*Writes in Tablets.*

And hard his Fate—both Ways—this Letter
Shall right my Honour and my Enemy. [*Exit.*

Enter Belzara, *and* Ximena.

Bel. Look up, *Ximena*, and ſuppreſs thy Fears,
What tho' a tranſient Cloud o'ercaſt thy Joy,
Shall we conclude from thence a Wrack muſt follow?

Xim. Can I reſiſt the Fears that Reaſon forms?
Have I not Cauſe to tremble in the Storm?
While Horror, Ruin, and Deſpair's in view?
Can I ſupport the good *Alvarez*' Shame,
Whoſe generous Heart took Pity on our Love,
And not let fall a grateful Tear to mourn it?
Can I behold fierce *Carlos*, ſtung with his Diſgrace,
Breaking like Fire from theſe weak-holding Arms,
And not ſink down with Terror at his Rage?
Muſt I not tremble, for the Blood may follow?
If by his Arm my hapleſs Father falls,
Am I not forc'd with Rigour to revenge him?
If *Carlos* by my Father's Sword ſhou'd bleed,
Am I not bound with double Grief to mourn him?
One gave me Life, ſhall I not revere him,
The other is my Life, can I ſurvive him?

Bel. Her Griefs have ſomething of ſuch mournful Force,
That, tho' not equal to my own, I feel them.

Xim. Carlos you ſee too ſhuns my Sight, no News,
No Tydings yet arrive, tho' I have ſent
My ſwifteſt Fears a Thouſand Ways to find him
Who can ſupport theſe Terrors of Suſpenſe?

Bel. Be not thus torn with wild uncertain Fears,
Carlos may yet arrive, and ſave your Peace?
He is too much a Lover to refuſe
The tender Pleadings of *Ximena*'s Sorrow.
One Word, one Sigh from you arreſts his Arm,
And makes the Tempeſt of his Rage ſubſide.

Xim. And ſay that I cou'd conquer him; with Tears,
And Terrors cou'd ſubdue his piteous Heart,
To yield his Honour and its Cauſe to Love,

What

What will the World not ſay of his Compliance?
Can I be happy in his Fame's Diſgrace?
Can Love ſubſiſt on Shame, that ſprung from Honour?
Shall I seduce him to ſuch hard Contempt,
And raiſe on Infamy our Nuptial Joy?
Ah no! no Means are left for my Relief.
Let him reſiſt or yield to my Diſtreſs,
Or Shame, or Sorrow's ſure to meet me.
Bel. Ximena has, I ſee, a Soul refin'd,
Too Great, too Juſt, too Noble to be happy:
True Virtue muſt deſpair from this vile World
To crown its Days with unallay'd Reward:
But ſee, your Servant is return'd! good News,
Kind Heav'n!

Enter a Page.

Xim. Speak quickly, haſt thou ſeen Don *Carlos?*
Page. Madam, where your Commands directed me,
I've made the ſtricteſt Search in vain to find him.
Xim. Now, now *Belzara*, where's that Hope thou gav'ſt me?
Has no One ſeen him paſs, or heard of him?
Bel. Nor haſt thou gain'd no Knowledge of his Steps?
Page. As I return'd, the Centinel, that guards
The Gate, inform'd me, that he ſaw him ſcarce
Ten Minutes hence paſs in diſorder'd Haſte
From out this very Houſe alone.
Bel. Alone?
Page. Alone, and after ſoon my Lord, wrapt in
His Cloke, without a Servant, follow'd him.
Xim. [illegible]
Bel. No Servant, ſaid'ſt thou?
Page. None, and as
My Lord came forth, the Soldier ſtanding to
His Arms, he ſign'd Forbiddance, and reply'd,
Be ſure you ſaw me not.
Xim. Then Ruin's ſure,
They are engaged, and fatal Blood muſt follow:
Excuſe, my Dear, this Hurry of my Fate,
One Moment loſt may prove an Age too late. [Exit
Bel

Bel. Howe'er my own Afflictions preſs my Heart,
I bear a Part in poor *Ximena*'s Grief,
Tho' e'en the worſt that can befall her Hopes,
May better be endur'd than what I feel!
O! nothing can deſtroy her Lover's Truth,
Carlos may prove Unhappy, not Inconſtant;
Whate'er Diſaſters may obſtruct her Joy,
The Comfort of his Truth is ſure to find her.
That Thought ev'n Pains of Parting may remove,
Or fill up all the Space of Abſence with Delight.
But I, alas, am left to my Deſpair alone,
Confin'd to ſigh in Solitude my Woes,
Or hide with Anguiſh what I bluſh to bear.
In vain the Woman's Pride reſents my Wrongs,
Unconquer'd Love maintains his Empire ſtill,
And with new Force inſults my Heart's Reſiſtance.

Enter Alonzo *haſtily.*

Alon. Your Pardon, Madam——Have you ſeen Lord *Gormaz?*
I come to warn him that he ſtir not hence,
The Guards are order'd to attend his Doors.

Bel. Alas they are too late! *Carlos* and he
Are both gone forth, 'tis fear'd with fatal Purpoſe;
And poor *Ximena* drown'd in Tears has follow'd 'em.

Alon. Then 'tis indeed too late, I wiſh my Friend.
The raſh Don *Sanchez*, has not known this Fire.
Be not concern'd, Madam, I know your Griefs,
And as a Friend, have labour'd to prevent 'em.
You have not told *Ximena* of his Falſhood?

Bel. Alas! I durſt not; knowing that her Friendſhip
Wou'd for my ſake ſo coldly treat his Vows,
That 'twou'd but more provoke him to inſult me.

Alon. You judge him right, Patience will yet recall him,
'Tis not his Love, but Pride purſues *Ximena*,
A youthful Heat, that with the Toil will tire:
Be comforted, I'll ſtill obſerve his Steps,
And when I find him ſtaggering, catch him back
To Love, and warm him with his Vows of Honour:
But Duty calls me to the King——Shall I

Attend

Attend you, Madam?

Bel. Sir, I thank your Care,
My near Concern for poor *Ximena*'s Fate,
Keeps me impatient here, 'till her Return. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Garcia, Sanchez, *Attendants.*

King. Since mild Intreaties fail, our Power ſhall force him;
Cou'd he ſuppoſe, his Inſult to our Perſon offer'd,
His Outrage done within our Palace Walls,
Deſerv'd the Lenity we've deign'd to ſhew him?
Is yet *Alonzo* with our Orders gone?

Gar. He is, my Lord, but not return'd.

D. *San.* Dread Sir,
For what the Count has offer'd to *Alvarez*,
I dare not plead Excuſe; but as his Friend,
Wou'd beg your Royal Leave to mitigate
His ſeeming Diſobedience to your Pleaſure,
Reſtraint, however juſt, oppos'd againſt
The Tyde of Paſſion, makes the Current fiercer,
Which of itſelf in time had ebb'd to Reaſon;
Your Will ſurpriz'd him in his Heart's Emotion,
Ere Thought had leiſure to compoſe his Mind;
Great Souls are jealous of their Honour's Shame,
And bend reluctant to enjoin'd Submiſſion:
Had your Commands oblig'd him to repair
Alvarez' Wrongs with Hazards in your Service,
Were it to face the double number'd Foe,
To paſs the rapid Stream thro' Showers of Fire,
To force the Trenchment, or to ſtorm the Breach,
I'll anſwer he'd embrace with Joy the Charge,
And march intrepid in Commands of Honour.

King. We doubt not of his Daring in the Field;
But he miſtakes, if he concludes from thence,
That to perſiſt in Wrong, is Height of Spirit,
Or to have acted Wrong, is always baſe;
Perfection's not the Attribute of Man,
Nor therefore can a Fault confeſt degrade him:
The loweſt Minds have Spirit to offend,
But few can reach the Courage to confeſs it,

Submitting

Submitting to our Will, the Count had loſt
No Fame, nor can we pardon *his Refuſal:*
What you have ſaid, *Don Sanchez* ſpeaks th. Friend
What we reſolve, 'tis fit ſhou'd ſpeak the King:
We both have ſaid enough—The Public now
Requires our Thought: We are inform'd ten Sail
Of warlike Veſſels, mann'd with our old Foes
The *Moors*, were late diſcover'd off our Coaſt,
And ſteering to the River's Mouth their Courſe.
Gar. The Lives, Sir, they have loſt in like Attempts
Muſt make them cautious to repeat the Danger.
This is no time to fear them.
King. Nor contemn?
Too full Security as oft' been fatal.
Conſider with what Eaſe the Flood at Night,
May bring them down t'inſult our Capital:
Let at the Port, and on the Walls our Guards
Be doubl'd; till the Morn that Force may ſerve;
Gormaz has tim'd it ill to be in Fault,
When his immediate Preſence is requir'd.
Gar. My Liege, *Alonzo* is return'd.

Enter Alonzo.

King. 'Tis well!
Have you obey'd us, is the Count confin'd?
Alon. Your Orders, Sir, arriv'd unhappily
Too late, the Count with *Carlos*, was before
Gone forth, to end their fatal Difference:
As I came back, I met the gathering Croud
In Fright, and hurrying to the Weſtern Gate,
To ſee, as they reported, in the Fields
The Body of ſome murder'd Nobleman.
Struck with my Fears I haſted to the Place,
Where to my Senſe's Horror, when arriv'd,
I found them true, and *Gormaz* juſt expir'd;
While fair *Ximena*, to adorn the Woe,
Bath'd his pale breathleſs Body with her Tears,
Calling with Cries for Juſtice on his Head,
Whoſe ruſeful Hand had done the barbarous Deed:
The pitying Crowd took Part in her Diſtreſs,

And

And [illegible] her moving Plaints for due Revenge;
While [illegible] in kinder Feeling of her Griefs,
[illegible] the mournful Object from her Eyes,
And to the neighbouring Convent bore the Body,
Which when committed to the Abbot's Care,
I left the preſſing Throng to tell the News.

King. *Ximena*'s Griefs are follow'd with our own
For tho' in ſome Degree the haughty Count
Drew on himſelf the Son's too juſt Revenge,
We cannot loſe without a deep Concern
So true a Subject, and ſo brave a Soldier:
However Pity may for *Carlos* plead,
Death ends his Failings, and demands our Grief.

Alon. Sir, here in the Tablets of the unhappy Count,
In his own Hand theſe written Lines were found.

King. 'Alvarez wrong'd me in my Maſter's Favour,
'Carlos is brave, and has deſerv'd *Ximena*.' [*Reading.*
Such Courage, generous Spirit, now we pity thee.

Alon. Behold, Sir, where the loſt *Ximena* comes,
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, to demand your Juſtice.

Enter Ximena.

Xim. O Sacred Sir! forgive my Grief's Intruſion,
Behold a helpleſs Orphan at your Feet,
Who for a Father's Blood implores your Juſtice.

Enter Alvarez, *haſtily.*

Alv. O! turn, dread Royal Maſter, turn your Eyes,
See on the Earth your faithful Soldier proſtrate,
Whoſe Honour's juſt Revenge intreats your Mercy.

Xim. O godlike Monarch, hear my louder Cries!

Alv. O be not to the Old and Helpleſs deaf!

Xim. Revenge yourſelf, your violated Laws.

Alv. Support not Violence in rude Aggreſſors.

Xim. Be greatly Good, and do the Injur'd Juſtice.

Alv. Be greater ſtill, and ſhew the Valiant Mercy.

Xim. O Sir, your Crown's Support and Guard is gone;
The impious *Carlos*' Sword has kill'd my Father.

Alv. And like a pious Son aveng'd his own.

King.

King. Riſe, fair *Ximena*, and *Alvarez* riſe!
With equal Sorrow we receive your Plaints,
Both ſhall be heard apart——proceed *Ximena*.
Alvarez in your Place you ſpeak, be patient.
Xim. What can I ſay? But Miſeries like mine
May plead with plaineſt Truths their piteous Cauſe.
Is he not dead? Is not my Father kill'd?
Have not theſe Eyes beheld his ghaſtly Wound,
And mixt with fruitleſs Tears his ſtreaming Blood?
That Blood which in his Royal Maſter's Cauſe
So oft has ſprung him thro' your Foes victorious?
That Blood, which all the raging Swords of War
Cou'd never reach, a young preſumptuous Arm,
Has dar'd within your View to ſacrifice?
Theſe Eyes beheld it ſtream——Excuſe my Grief,
My Tears will better than my Words explain me.
King. Take Heart, *Ximena*, we're inclin'd to hear thee.
Xim. O ſhall a Life ſo faithful to the King
Fall unreveng'd, and ſtain his Glory?
Shall Merit ſo important to the State
Be left expos'd to ſacrilegious Rage,
And fall the Sacrifice of private Paſſion?
Alvarez ſays his Honour was inſulted;
Yet, be it ſo, was there no King to right it?
Who better cou'd protect it than the Donor?
Shall *Carlos* wreſt the Scepter from your Hand,
And point the Sword of Juſtice whom to puniſh?
O! if ſuch Outrage may eſcape with Pardon,
Whoſe Life's ſecure from his ſelf-judging Rage?
O where's Protection, if *Ximena*'s Tears,
And tender Paſſion cou'd not ſave her Father?
King. Alvarez, anſwer her.
Alv. My Heart's too full:
Divided, torn, diſtracted with its Griefs.
How can I plead poor *Carlos*' Cauſe, when I
Am toucht with Pity of *Ximena*'s Woe?
Her ſuffering Piety has caught my Soul,
And only leaves me Sorrow to defend me;
Ximena has a Grief I cannot diſallow,
Nor dare I hope for Pardon, but your Pity;

Carlos

Cu[illegible]en yet may merit ſome Compaſſion.
I[illegible]'m partial to his Piety,
An[illegible]is Deeds with a fond Father's Eye;
[illegible] ſtill muſt leave to Royal Mercy!
S[illegible]r, imagine what the Brave endure,
When the chaſte Front of Honour is inſulted,
Her Fame abus'd, and raviſh'd by a Blow.
Oh piercing, piercing muſt the Torture be,
If ſoft *Ximena* wanted Power t'appeaſe it.
Pardon this Weakneſs of o'erflowing Nature,
I cannot ſee ſuch filial Virtue periſh,
And not let fall a Tear to mourn its Hardſhip.

Xim. O my divided Heart! oh poor *Alvarez!* [*Aſide.*

King. Compoſe thy Griefs, my good old Friend, we feel them.

Alv. If *Gormaz'* Blood muſt be with Blood reveng'd,
O do not, ſacred Sir, miſplace your Juſtice,
Mine was the Guilt, and be on me the Vengeance,
Carlos but acted what my Sufferings prompted,
The fatal Sword was not his own, but mine,
I gave it with my Wrongs into his Hand,
Which had been innocent had mine been able.
On me your Vengeance will be juſt and mild!
My Days, alas! are drawing to their End,
But *Carlos* ſpar'd, may yet live long to ſerve you:
Preſerve my Son, and I embrace my Fate.
Since he has ſav'd my Honour from the Grave,
O lay me gently there to reſt for ever.

King. Your mutual Plaints require our tend'reſt Thought,
Our Counſel ſhall be ſummon'd to aſſiſt us——
Look up, my Fair, and calm thy Sorrows,
Thy King is now thy Father, and will right thee:
Alvarez on his Word has Liberty:
Be *Carlos* found to anſwer to his Charge.
Sanchez, wait you *Ximena* to her Reſt,
Whom on the Morrow's Noon we full will anſwer.
Hard is the Taſk of Juſtice, where Diſtreſs
Excites our Mercy, yet demands Redreſs. *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

Belzara, *alone, in* Ximena's *Apartment.*

Bel. SURE ſome ill-bolding Planet muſt preſide
Malignant to the Peace of tender Lovers!
Undone *Ximena!* O relentleſs Honour!
That firſt ſubdu'd thy generous Heart, then rais'd
Thy Lover's fatal Arm to pierce it through
Thy Father's Life, and make thy Virtue wretched:
The hapleſs *Carlos* too is loſt for ever!
Condemn'd to fly an Exile from her Sight,
In whom he only lives! Oh Heav'n! he's here,
His Miſeries have made him deſperate.

Enter Carlos.

Carlos, what wild Diſtraction has poſſeſt thee,
That thus thou ſeek'ſt thy Safety in thy Ruin?
Is this a Place to hide thy wretched Head,
Where Juſtice, and *Ximena*'s ſure to find thee?

Car. I would not hide me from *Ximena*'s Sight,
Baniſht from her, I every Moment die;
Since I muſt periſh, let her Frowns deſtroy me,
Her Anger's ſharper than the Sword of Juſtice.

Bel. Alas, I pity thee, but would not have
Thee tempt the firſt Emotions of her Heart,
While Duty, and Reſentment yet tranſport her:
I wait each Moment her Return from Court,
Which now, be ſure, will be with Friends attended;
O fly, for Pity's ſake, regard her Fame;
Should you be ſeen, what muſt the World conclude?
Wou'd you encreaſe her Miſeries, to have
Malicious Tongues report her Love conceal'd
Beneath her Roof, her Father's Murderer?
But ſee, ſhe comes! O hide thee but a Moment!
Kill not her Honour too, let that perſuade thee.

Exit Carlos.

Don

Sanchez here! Oh Heav'ns! how I tremble. [*Retires.*

Enter Sanchez *and* Ximena.

San. This noble Conqueſt, Madam, of your Love,
To After-Ages muſt Record your Fame.
Juſt is your Grief, and your Reſentment great,
And great the Victim that ſhould fall before it;
But Words are empty Succours to Diſtreſs;
Therefore command my Actions to relieve you.
Wou'd you have ſure Revenge, employ this Sword;
My Fortune, and my Life is yours to right you;
Accept my Service, and you over-pay it.

Bel. O faithleſs barb'rous Man! but I'll divert
Thy cruel Aim, and uſe my Power for *Carlos.* [*Apart.*

Xim. O miſerable me!

Bel. Take Comfort, Madam.

D. *San.* *Belzara* here! then I have loſt th' Occaſion. [*Aſide.*

Yet I may urge enough to give her Pain:
Commanding me, you make your Vengeance ſure.

Xim. That were t'offend the King, to whom I have
Appeal'd, and whence I now muſt only wait it.

D. *San.* Revenge from Juſtice, Madam, moves ſo ſlow,
That oft' the watchful Criminal eſcapes it.
Appeal to your Reſentment, you ſecure it.
Carlos, you found, wou'd truſt no other Power,
And 'tis but juſt you quit him, as he wrong'd you.

Bel. Alas, Don *Sanchez*, Madam, feels not Love;
He little thinks how *Carlos* fills your Heart;
What ſhining Glory in his Crime appears;
What Pangs it coſt him to take part with Honour:
That you muſt hate the Hand that could deſtroy him.
Sanchez, to ſhew the real Friend, would uſe
His ſecret Int'reſt with the King to ſpare him;
For tho' you're bound in Duty to purſue him,
Yet Love, alas! wou'd with a conſcious Joy,
Applaud the Power that cou'd unbid preſerve him.

Xim. O kind *Belzara!* how thou feel'ſt my Sufferings!
Yet I muſt think Don *Sanchez* means me well.

D. *San.*

D. *San.* Confuſion! how her ſubtle Tongue [redacted]
me———
Madam, ſome other Time I'll beg your L[redacted]
To wait your Service, and approve my Frie[redacted]
Xim. Oh! every Friend, but *Carlos*, is at Hand
To help me! Grief, Sir, is unfit to thank you.
D. *San.* Oh! if ſuch Beauties 'midſt her Sorrows ſhine,
What darting Charms muſt point her ſmiling Eyes! [*Exit.*
Xim. At length I'm free, at Liberty to think,
And give my Miſeries a Looſe of Sorrow.
O *Belzara!* *Carlos* has kill'd my Father!
Weep! weep my Eyes, pour down your baleful Show'rs.
He that in Grief ſhou'd be my Heart's Support,
Has wrought my Sorrows, and muſt fall their Victim.
When *Carlos* is deſtroy'd, what Comfort's left me?
Spite of my Wrongs he ſtill inhabits here:
O ſtill his fatal Virtues plead his Cauſe;
His filial Honour charms my Woman's Heart,
And there ev'n yet he combats with my Father.
Bel. Reſtrain theſe headſtrong Sallies of your Heart,
And try with Slumbers to compoſe your Spirits.
Xim. O! where's Repoſe for Miſery like mine?
How grievous, Heav'n! how bitter is my portion!
O ſhall a Parent's Blood cry unreveng'd?
Shall impious Love ſubborn my Heart to pay
His Aſhes but unprofitable Tears,
And bury in my Shame the great Regards of Duty?
Bel. Alas, that Duty is diſcharg'd; you have
Appeal'd to Juſtice, and ſhou'd wait its Courſe.
Nor are you bound with Rigour to enforce it;
His hard Misfortunes may deſerve Compaſſion.
Xim. O! that they do deſerve, it is my Grief;
Cou'd I withdraw my Pity from his Cauſe,
Were Falſhood, Pride, or Inſolence his Crime,
My juſt Revenge, without a Pang, ſhou'd reach him.
But as he is ſupported with Excuſe,
Defended by the Cries of bleeding Honour,
Whoſe cruel Laws none but the Great obey;
My hopeleſs Heart is tortur'd with Extreams,
It mourns in Vengeance, and at Mercy ſhudders.

Bel.

Bel. what will be at laſt the dire Reſolve
Of your afflicted Soul?
Xim. There is but one
Can end my Sorrows, and preſerve my Fame;
The ſole Reſource, my Miſeries can have,
Is to purſue, deſtroy; then meet him in the Grave.
[Going.

Carlos *meets her.*

Amazement, Horror! have my Eyes their Senſe?
Or do my raving Griefs create this Phantom?
Support me! help me! hide me from the Viſion!
For 'tis not *Carlos* come to brave my Sorrows.
[Carlos *kneels.*
Bel. O turn your Eye, in pity of his Griefs,
Reſign'd, and proſtrate at your Feet for Mercy.
Xim. What will my Woes do with me?
Bel. Now!
Now conqu'ring Love ſhoot all thy Fires to ſave him;
Now ſnatch the Palm from cruel Honour's Brow;
Maintain thy Empire and relieve the Wretched:
O hang upon his Tongue thy thrilling Charms,
To hold her Heart, and kill the Hopes of *Sanchez.*
[*Exit.*
Car. O pierce not thus, with thy offended Eyes,
The wretched Heart that of itſelf is breaking.
Xim. Can I be wounded, and not ſhrink with Pain?
Can I ſupport, with Tempers, him that ſhed
My Father's Blood, triumphant in my Ruin?
O *Carlos*! *Carlos!* was thy Heart of Stone?
Was nothing due to poor *Ximena*'s Peace?
O! 'twas not thus I felt new Pains for thee,
When at my Feet, thy Sighs of Love were pity'd,
And all hereditary Hate forgotten!
Tho' bound in filial Honour, to inſult
Thy Flame; I broke thro' all to crown thy Vows,
And bore the Cenſure of my Race to ſave thee:
And am I thus requited? left forlorn?
The tender Paſſion of my Heart deſpis'd!
Could not my Tears move one ſpark of Mercy?

No mild Abatement of thy ſtern Revenge,
T' excuſe thy Crime, or juſtify my Love?
Car. O hear me but a Moment.
Xim. O my Heart!
Car. One mournful Word!
Xim. Ah! leave me to Deſpair!
Car. One dying laſt Adieu, then wreak thy Vengeance:
Behold the Sword that has undone thee.
Xim. Ah! ſtained with my Father's Blood! O rueful Object!
Car. O *Ximena!*
Xim. Take hence that horrid Steel,
That, while I bear thy Sight, arraigns my Virtue.
Car. Endure it rather to ſupport Reſentment,
T'enflame thy Vengeance, and to pierce thy Victim:
I am more wretched, than thy Rage can wiſh me.
Xim. O cruel *Carlos!* in one Day thou haſt kill'd
The Father with thy Sword, the Daughter with
Thy Sight——O yet remove that fatal Object;
I cannot bear the Glare of its Reproach;
If thou wou'dſt have me hear thee, hide the Cauſe,
That wounds Reflection to our mutual Ruin.
Car. Thus I obey——but how ſhall I proceed?
What Words can help me to deſerve thy Hearing?
How can I plead my wounded Honour's Cauſe,
Where injur'd Love and Duty are my Judges?
Or how ſhall I repent me of a Crime,
Which, uncommitted, had deſerv'd thy Scorn?
Yet think not; O I conjure thee! think not,
But that I bore a thouſand Racks of Love,
While my conflicting Honour preſs'd for Vengeance.
O I endur'd! ſubmitted ev'n to Shame,
Begg'd, as for Life, for peaceful Reparation!
But all in vain! like Water ſprinkled on
A Fire, thoſe Drops but made him burn the more,
And only added to thy Father's Fierceneſs.
Reduc'd, at laſt, to theſe Extreams of Torture,
That I muſt be, or Infamous, or Wretched,
I ſay'd my Honour, and reſign'd to Ruin.
Nor think, *Ximena*, Honour had prevail'd,
But that thy nobler Soul oppos'd thy Charms,

And

And to my Heart, none but the Brave deserv'd thee.
Now having thus discharg'd my Honour's Debt,
And wash'd my injur'd Father's Stains away,
What e're remains of Life, is due to Love.
Behold the Wretch, whose Honour's fatal Fame
Is founded on the Ruin of thy Peace:
Receive the Victim, which thy Griefs demand,
Prepar'd to bleed, and bending to the Blow.

Xim. O *Carlos*, I must take thee at thy Word,
But must with equal Justice too discharge
My Ties of Love, as fatal Bonds of Duty.
O think not, tho' enforc'd to these Extreams,
My Heart is yet insensible to thee!
O! I must thank thee for thy painful Pause;
The generous Shame thy tortur'd Honour bore,
When at my Father's Feet my Sufferings threw thee.
Can I present thee in that dear Confusion,
And not with grateful Sighs of Pity mourn thee?
I can lament thee, but I dare not pardon;
Thy Duty done, reminds me of my own;
My filial Piety, like thine distress'd,
Compels me to be miserably Just,
And asks my Love a Victim to my Fame:
Yet think not Duty cou'd o'er Love prevail;
But that thy nobler Soul assures my Heart,
Thou would'st despise the Passion that cou'd save thee.

Car. Since I must die, let that kind Hand destroy me.
Let not the Wretch once honour'd with thy Love,
Thy *Carlos*, once thought worthy of thy Arms,
Be dragg'd a public Spectacle to Justice;
To draw the irksome Pity of a Crowd,
Who may with vulgar Reason call thee cruel.
My Death from thee will elevate thy Vengeance,
And shew, like mine, thy Duty scorn'd Assistance.

Xim. Shall I then take Assistance? and from thee?
Accept that Vengeance from thy Heart's Despair?
No, *Carlos*, no!
I will not judge, like thee, my private Wrongs,
But to the Course of Justice trust my Duty,
Which shall, in every Part, unsainted flow,

Unmix'd with gain'd Advantage o'er thy Love,
And from its own pure Fountain raiſe my Glo[illegible]
Car. O can my Death with Shame advance t[illegible] Glor[illegible]
Can I do more than periſh, to appeaſe thee?
Can my Misfortunes too have reach'd thy Hate?
Xim. Can Hate have part in Interviews like this?
Nay, can I give thee greater Proof of Love,
Than that I truſt my Vengeance with thy Honour?
Art not thou now within my Power to ſeize?
Yet I'll releaſe thee, *Carlos*, on thy Word;
Give me thy Word, that on the morrow Noon,
Before the King in Perſon thou wilt anſwer,
And take the Shelter of the Night to leave me.
Car. O! thou haſt found the Way to fix my Ruin!
It muſt be ſo, thou ſhalt have ample Vengeance,
Purſu'd by thee, thy Life's not worth the ſaving;
But then that fatal Honour, my Engagement,
That at the Hour propos'd, I'll meet my Fate—
But muſt we part, *Ximena*, like ſworn Foes?
Has Love no Senſe of all its periſh'd Hopes?
Diſmiſs my Miſeries, at leaſt, with Pity:
May I not breathe upon this injur'd Boſom
One parting Sigh, to eaſe my wounded Soul,
And looſe the Anguiſh of a broken Heart?
Xim. Support me, Heav'n—we meet again to-morrow.
Car. To-morrow we muſt meet, like Enemies,
Thy piercing Eyes, relentleſs in Revenge,
And all the Softneſs of thy Heart forgotten;
This only Moment is our Life of Love.
O take not from this little Interval,
The poor expiring Comfort that's left me.
[Ximena *weeps.*
My Heart's confounded with thy ſoft Compaſſion,
And doats upon the Virtue that deſtroys me.
Xim. O! I ſhall have the Start of thee in Woe;
Thou can'ſt but fall for her thou lov'ſt; but what
Muſt ſhe endure that loves thee——and deſtroys thee?
Yet *Carlos*, take this Comfort in thy Fate,
That if the Hand of Juſtice ſhou'd o'ertake thee,
Thy mournful Urn ſhall hold *Ximena*'s Aſhes.

Car.

Car. O Miracle of Love!
Xim. O mortal Sorrow!
But haſte. O leave me while my Heart's reſolv'd,
Fly, fly me, *Carlos*, leſt thou taint my Fame;
Leſt in this ebbing Rigour of my Soul
I tell thee, tho' I proſecute thy Fate,
My ſecret Wiſh is, that my Cauſe may fail me.
Car. O Spirit of Compaſſion! O *Ximena!*
What Pangs and Ruin have our Parents coſt us!
Farewel, thou Treaſure of my Soul, O ſtay!
Take not at once my ſhort-liv'd Joys away.
While thus I fix me on thy mournful Eyes,
Let my Diſtreſſes to Extreams ariſe.
Thy Victim's now ſecure; for thus to part,
I ſate thy Vengeance with a broken Heart. [Exeunt.

Enter Alvarez *with Noblemen, Officers, and others.*

1ſt. Nob. Theſe few, my Lord, are on my Part engag'd,
In half an Hour Don *Henrique de Las Torres*,
With Sixty more, will wait upon your Cauſe,
Reſolv'd, and ready, all like us, to right you:
Since the juſt Quarrel of your Houſe muſt live,
Since the brave Blood of *Carlos* is purſu'd,
The Race of *Gormaz* ſhall attend his Aſhes.
Alv. My Lord this Mark of your exalted Honour
Will bind me ever grateful to your Friendſhip;
Tho' I ſtill hope the Mercy of the King
Will ſpare the Criminal, whoſe Guilt is Honour.
The Service I have done the State has found
A bounteous Maſter always to reward it;
Nor am I yet ſo wedded to my Reſt,
But that I ſtill can on Occaſion, break it.
The *Moors* are anchor'd now within the River,
And, as I'm told, near Landing to inſult us——
Wherefore I wou'd entreat you at this Time,
To wave my private Danger for the Public.
Since Chance has form'd us to ſo brave a Body,
Let us not part inactive in our Honour;
Let's ſeize this glad Occaſion of th' Alarm,
Let's chaſe these Robbers in our King's Defence,

And bravely merit, not demand his Mercy.

1ſt Nob. *Alvarez* may command us, who is ſtill
Himſelf, and owns no Cauſe unmix'd with Honour.

Alv. How now! the News.

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Alvarez.

Juſt enter'd, and alone!
O Heav'n, my Prayers are heard! my noble Friends,
Something to our preſent Purpoſe has occurr'd;
Let me intreat you, forward to the Garden,
Where you will find a treble Number of
Our Forces aſſembl'd on the like Occaſion;
Myſelf will in a Moment bring you News,
That will confirm and animate our Hopes. [*Exeunt Nob.*

Enter Carlos.

My *Carlos!* O do I live once more t'embrace thee,
Prop of my Age, and Guardian of my Fame!
Nor think my Champion, that my Joy's thus wild,
For that thou only haſt reveng'd my Honour,
(Tho' that's a Thought might bleſs me in the Grave)
No, no, my Son, for thee am I tranſported;
Alas! I am too ſenſible what Pains
Thy Heart muſt feel from Anguiſh of thy Love;
And had I not new Hopes that will ſupport thee,
Some preſent Proſpect of thy Pain's Relief,
My Senſe of thy Afflictions would deſtroy me.

Car. What means this kind Compaſſion of my Griefs?
Is there, on Earth, a Cure for Woes like mine?
O, Sir, you are ſo tenderly a Father,
So good, I can't repent me of my Duty:
Be not however jealous of my Fame,
If yet I mix your Tranſports with a Sigh,
For ruin'd Love, and for the loſt *Ximena:*
For ſince I drag with my Deſpair, my Chain;
Her fated Vengeance only can relieve me.

Alv. No more depreſs thy Spirit with Deſpair,
While Glory and thy Country's Cauſe ſhou'd wake it;
The *Moors* not yet expected, are arriv'd,
The Tide and ſilent Darkneſs of the Night

Land

Land, in an Hour, their Fo[illegible]at our Gates:
The Court's diſmay'd, the People in Alarm,
And loud Confuſion fills the frighted Town.
[illegible]t Fortune ere this public Danger reach'd us,
Had rais'd Five Hundred Friends, the Foes of *Gormaz*,
Whoſe Swords reſolve to vindicate thy Vengeance,
And here without expect thee at their Head.
[illegible]d, my Son, their Numbers ſoon will ſwell,
Suſtain the Brunt and Fury of the Foe.
And if thy Life's ſo painful to be borne,
Lay it at leaſt with Honour in the Duſt.
Quit it not luſtleſs from thee; let thy King
Firſt know its Value, ere his Laws demand it;
But Time's too precious to be talk'd away.
—Advance, my Son, and let thy Maſter ſee,
What he has loſt in Gormaz, *is redeem'd in thee.*
Car. Relenting Heav'n at laſt has found the Means
To end my Miſeries with guiltleſs Honour.
Why ſhou'd I live a Burden to myſelf,
A trouble to my Friends, a Terror to *Ximena?*
Not all the Force of Mercy, or of Merit,
Can waſh a Father's Blood from her Remembrance,
Or reconcile the Horror to her Love.
Yet I'll not think her Duty ſo ſevere,
But that to ſee me fall my Country's Victim
Won'd pleaſe her Paſſion, tho' it ſhock'd her Vengeance:
It muſt be ſo——dying with Honour I
Diſcharge the Son, the Subject, and the Lover:
O! when this mangled Body ſhall be found
A bare and undiſtinguiſh'd Carcaſs 'midſt the Slain
Will ſhe not weep in pity of my Wounds,
And own her Wrongs have ample Expiation?
Her Duty then may, with a ſecret Tear,
Confeſs her Vengeance great, and glorious my Deſpair.
[Exit.

ACT V.

Belzara *alone.*

Bel. VIctorious *Carlos* now reſume thy Hopes,
Demand thy Life, and ſilence thy *Ximena.*
Hard were thy Fate indeed, if ſhe alone
Should be the Bar to Triumphs nobly purchas'd.
But ſee, ſhe comes, with mournful Pomp of Woe,
To proſecute this Darling of the People,
And damp, with ill-tim'd Griefs, the public Joy.

Enter Ximena, *in Mourning, attended.*

Ximena! Oh! I more than ever now
Deplore the hard Afflictions that purſue thee;
While thy whole native Country is in Joy,
Art thou the only Object of Deſpair?
Is this a time to proſecute thy Cauſe,
When public Gratitude is bound t'oppoſe thee?
When on the Head of *Carlos*, which thy Griefs
Demand, Fortune has pour'd Protection down?
The *Moors* repuls'd, his Country ſav'd from Rapine,
His menac'd King confirm'd upon his Throne,
From every Heart but thine, will find a Voice
To lift his echo'd Praiſes to the Heav'ns.

Ximena. Is't poſſible? Are all theſe Wonders true?
Am I the only Mark of his Miſſpoing?
Cou'd then his fatal Sword tranſpierce my Father;
Yet ſave a Nation to defeat my Vengeance?
Still as I paſs, the public Voice extols
His glorious Deeds, regardleſs of my Wrongs;
The Eye of Pity, that but Yeſternight
Let fall a Tear in feeling of my Cauſe,
Now turns away, retracting its Compaſſion,
And ſpeaks the general Grudge at my Complaining.
But there's a King, whoſe ſacred Word's his Law;

Sup-

Supported by that Hope, I must on,
Nor, till by him rejected, can be silent.
Bel. Your Duty shou'd recede, when publick Good
Must suffer in the Life your Cause pursues.
Xim. But can it be? Was it to *Carlos* Sword
The Nation thus transported owes its Safety?
O let me taste the Pleasure, and the Pain!
Tell me *Belzara*, tell me all his Glory,
O! let me Surfeit on the guilty Joy,
Delight my Passion, and torment my Virtue.
Bel. *Alonzo*, who was present, will inform us.

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo, if your Business will permit.
Alon. The Abbot, at whose House Count *Gormaz* lies,
Has sent in haste to speak with me, I guess,
To fix the Order of his Funeral. [*Apart to* Belz.
Bel. Spare us at least a Moment from th' Occasion,
Ximena has not yet been fully told
The Action of our late Deliverance;
The Fame of *Carlos* may compose her Sorrows.
Alon. Permit the Action then to praise itself;
Late in the Night at Lord *Alvarez'* House,
Five Hundred Friends were gathered in his Cause,
T'oppose the Vengeance, that pursu'd his Son;
But in the common Danger, brave *Alvarez*,
With valiant *Carlos* at their Head, preferr'd
The publick Safety to their private Honour,
And march'd with Swords determin'd 'gainst the *Moors*;
This brave Example, ere they reach'd the Harbour,
Increas'd their Number to Three Thousand strong.
Bel. Were the *Moors* landed ere you reach'd the Port?
Alon. Not till some Hours after; when we arriv'd,
Our Troops were form'd, *Ximena* was the Word,
And *Carlos* foremost to confront the Foe.
The *Moors* not yet in view, he order'd first
Two Thirds of our divided Force to lie
Conceal'd i'th' Hatches of our Ships in Harbour;
The rest, whose Numbers every Moment swell'd,
Halted with *Carlos* on the Shore, impatient,

And ſilent on their Arms repoſing, paſs'd
The ſtill remainder of the waſting Night.
At length the Brightneſs of the Moon preſents
Near Twenty Sail approaching with the Tyde;
Our Order ſtill obſerv'd, we let them paſs;
Nor at the Port, or Walls, a Man was ſeen.
This Deadneſs of our Silence wings their Hopes
To ſeize th' Occaſion, and ſurprize us ſleeping,
And now they diſembark, and meet their Fate.
For at the Inſtant they were half on Shore,
Uproſe the Numbers in our Ships conceal'd
And to the vaulted Heaven thunder'd their Huzza's
Which *Carlos* echo'd from his Force on Shore:
At this, amaz'd Confuſion ſeiz'd their Troops,
And ere their Chiefs cou'd form them to reſiſt,
We preſs'd them on the Water, drove them on
The Land, then fir'd their Ships to ſtop their Flight:
However at length their Leaders bravely rallying,
Recover'd them to Order, and a while
Suſtain'd their Courage, and oppos'd our Fury:
But, when their burning Ships began to flame,
The dreadful Blaze preſenting to their View
Their ſlaughter'd Heaps that fell where *Carlos* fought,
(For oh he fought, as if to die were Victory)
Their fruitleſs Courage then reſign'd their Hopes;
And now their wounded King, deſpairing, call'd
Aloud, and hail'd our General to ſurrender,
Whom *Carlos* anſwering receiv'd his Priſoner:
At this, the reſt had on Submiſſion Quarter,
Our Trumpets ſound, and Shouts proclaim our Victory:
While *Carlos* bore his Captive to his Father,
Whoſe Heart tranſported at the Royal Prize,
Dropt Tears of Joy, and to the King convey'd him,
Where now he's pleading for his Son's Diſtreſs,
And asks but Mercy for his glorious Triumph. [*Exit.*

Xim. Too much! it is too much, relentleſs Heav'n!
Th' Oppreſſion's greater than my Soul can bear!
O wounding Virtue! O my tortur'd Heart!
Art only thou forbidden to applaud him?
Cannot a Nation ſav'd appeaſe thy Vengeance?

Why!

Why! why juſt Heaven, [illegible] his Deeds ſo glorious,
And only fatal to the Heart that loves him?
Bel. Compoſe, *Ximena*, thy Diſorder, ſee,
The King approaches, ſmiling on *Alvarez*,
Whoſe Heart o'erflowing guſhes at his Eyes,
And ſpeaks his Plea too ſtrong for thy Complaint. [him.
Xim. Then ſleep, my Love, and Virtue arm t'oppoſe
Let me look backward on his fatal Honour,
Survey this mournful Pomp of his Renown,
Theſe woeful Trophies of his conquer'd Love,
That thro' my Father's Life purſu'd his Fame,
And made me in his Nuptial Hopes an Orphan:
O broken Spirit! would'ſt thou ſpare him now,
Think on thy Father's Blood! exert the Daughter,
Suppreſs thy Paſſion, and demand thy Victim!

Enter King, Alvarez, Sanchez, *&c.*

King. Diſmiſs thy Fears, my Friend, and Man thy Heart,
For while his Actions are above Reward,
Mercy's of Courſe included in the Debt.
Our ableſt Bounty's Bankrupt to his Merit.
Our Subjects reſcu'd from ſo fierce a Foe,
The *Moors* defeated, ere the rude Alarm
Allow'd us Time to order our Defence,
Our Crown protected, and our Scepter fixt,
Are Actions that ſecure Acknowledgment.
Alv. My Tears, Sir, better than my Words will thank you.

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Don *Carlos*, Sir, without, attends your Pleaſure,
And comes ſurrender'd as his Word engag'd,
To anſwer the Appeal of fair *Ximena*.
King. Attend him to our Preſence.
Xim. O my Heart!
King. *Ximena*, with Compaſſion we ſhall hear thee,
But muſt not have thy Griefs arraign our Juſtice;
If in his Judge thou find'ſt an Advocate:
Not leſs his Virtues, than thy Wrongs will plead.
Xim. O fainting Cauſe! but thus my Griefs demand him.
[*Kneeling.*

While

While the King ra[illegible] Ximena, enter Alonzo, *and whiſpers* Alvarez.

Alv. This inſtant ſay'ſt thou? Can I leave my Son?

Alon. The Matter's more important than your Stay. Make Haſte, my Lord.

Alv. What can thy Tranſport mean? Be plain.

Alon. We have no time to loſe in Words, Away, I ſay.

Alv. Lead on, and eaſe my Wonder. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Carlos, *and kneels to the King.*

King. O riſe, my Warrior, raiſe thee to my Breaſt, And in thy Maſter's Heart repeat thy Triumphs.

Car. Theſe Honours, Sir, to any Senſe but mine, Might lift its Tranſports to Ambition's Height But while *Ximena*'s Sorrows preſs my Heart, Forgive me, if deſpairing of Repoſe, I taſte no Comfort in the Life ſhe ſeeks; And urge the Iſſue of her Grief's Appeal.

King. Ximena, 'tis moſt true, has loſt a Father, But thou haſt ſav'd her Country from its Fate, And the ſame Virtue that demands thy Life, Owes more than Pardon to the public Weal.

Xim. My Royal Lord, vouchſafe my Griefs a Hearing; O think not, Sir, becauſe my Spirits faint. That the firm Conſcience of my Duty ſtaggers. The Criminal I charge, has kill'd my Father; And, tho' his Valour has preſerv'd the State, Yet every Subject is not wrong'd like me, Therefore with Eaſe may pardon, what they feel not: As he has ſav'd a Nation from its Foes, The Thanks that Nation owes him are but juſt, And I muſt join the general Voice t'applaud him: But all the Tribute, that my Heart can ſpare him, Is Tears of Pity, while my Wrongs purſue him. What more than Pity can thoſe Wrongs afford? What leſs than Juſtice can my Duty ask? If public Obligations muſt be paid him,

Let

Let every ſingle Heart give [illegible] Share:
(*Carlos* has prov'd that mine [illegible] not ungrateful)
But muſt my Duty yield ſuch Diſproportion?
Muſt on my Heart a Father's Blood be levy'd,
And my whole Ruin pay the Public Thanks?
If Blood for Blood might be before demanded,
Is it leſs due, becauſe his Fame's grown greater!
Shall Virtue, that ſhou'd guard, inſult your Laws,
And tolerate our Paſſions to infringe 'em?
If to defend the Public, may excuſe
A private Wrong, how is the Public ſafe?
How is a Nation from a Foe preſerv'd,
If every Subject's Life is at his Mercy?
My Duty, Sir, has ſpoken, and kneels for Judgment.

Car. O noble Spirit, how thou charm'ſt my Senſe,
And giv'ſt my Heart a Pleaſure in my Ruin! [*Apart.*

Kigg. Raiſe thee, *Ximena*, and compoſe thy Thoughts,
As thou to *Carlos*' Deeds haſt ſpoke impartial,
So to thy Virtue, that purſues him, we
Muſt give an equal Plaudit of our Wonder:
But we have now our Duty to diſcharge,
Which far from blaming, ſhall exalt thy own:
If thy chaſte Fame, which we confeſs ſublime,
Compels thy Duty to ſuppreſs thy Love,
To raiſe yet higher than thy matchleſs Glory,
Prefer thy Native Country to them both,
And to the public Tears reſign thy Victim:
Where a whole People owe their Preſervation,
Shall private Juſtice do a public Wrong,
And feed thy Vengeance with the general Sorrow?

Xim. Is then my Cauſe the Public's Victim?

King. No.
We've yet a Hope to conquer thy Reſentment,
And rather wou'd compoſe than ſilence it:
For if our Arguments ſeem yet too weak
To guard thy Virtue from the leaſt Reproach,
Behold the generous Sanction that protects it,
Read there the Pardon which thy Father gives him,
And with his dying Hand aſſigns thy Beauties.

Xim. My Father's Pardon!

King.

King. Read, and raiſ[illegible] Wonder.

Xim. (Reads) '*Alva[illegible]* wrong'd me in my Maſter's Favour,
Carlos is brave, and [illegible]as deſerv'd *Ximena!*

Car. O S[illegible]ul of Honour! now lamented Victory!

King. Now, fair *Ximena*, now reſume thy Peace,
Reduce thy Vengeance to thy Father's Will,
And join the Hand his Honour has forgiven.

Xim. All gracious Heav'n! have my ſwoln Eyes then [Sen[illegible]?

D. *San.* O tottering Hope, but I have yet a Thought,
That will compel her Virtue to purſue him.

Xim. Why did you ſhew me, Sir, this wounding Good-
This Legacy, tho' fit for him to leave, [neſs?
Wou'd in his Daughter be Reproach to take;
Honour unqueſtion'd may forgive a Foe,
But who'll not doubt it when it ſpares a Lover?
If you propos'd to mitigate my Griefs,
You ſhou'd have hid this cruel Obligation.
Why wou'd you ſet ſuch Virtues in my View,
And make the Father dearer than the Lover?

King. Since with ſuch Rigour thou purſu'ſt thy Ven-
And what we meant ſhou'd pacify, provokes it, [geance,
Attend ſubmiſſive to our laſt Reſolve:
For ſince thy Honour's ſo ſeverely ſtrict,
As not to ratify thy Father's Mercy,
We'll right at once thy Duty and thy Lover:
Give thee the Glory of his Life purſu'd,
And ſeal his Pardon to reward thy Virtue.

Xim. Avert it Heav'n, that e'er my guilty Heart
Shou'd impiouſly inſult a Father's Grave,
And yield his Daughter to the Hand that kill'd him.

D. *San.* Unnatural Thought! Madam, ſuppreſs your Tears,
Your murder'd Father was my deareſt Friend,
Permit me therefore in your ſinking Cauſe,
To offer an Expedient may ſupport it.

Xim. Whatever Right or Juſtice may, I'm bound
In Duty to purſue, and thank your Friendſhip.

D. *San.* Thus then to Royal Juſtice I appeal,
And in *Ximena*'s Right her Advocate,

Demand

Demand from *Carlos* your R[illegible]e of Pardon.

King. What means thy Tranſport?

D. *San.* Sir, I urge your Laws

And ſince her Duty's forc'd to theſe Extreams,

There's yet a Law from whence there's no Appeal,

A Right, which e'en your Crown's oblig'd to grant her,

[illegible]ight of Combat, which I here demand,

[illegible]sk her Vengeance from a Champion's Sword.

Car. O ſacred Sir, I caſt me at your Feet,

And beg your Mercy wou'd relieve my Woes;

Since her firm Duty is inflexible,

Conſign her Victim to the braver Sword.

Grant this Expedient to acquit my Crime,

Or ſilence with my Arm her Heart's Reproaches:

O nothing is ſo painful as Suſpenſe,

This Way our Griefs are equally reliev'd,

Her Duty's full diſcharg'd, your Juſtice crown'd,

And conqueſt muſt attend Superior Virtue.

King. This barb'rous Law, which yet is unrepeal'd,

Has often againſt Right, groſs Wrongs ſupported,

And robb'd our State of many noble Subjects;

Nor ever was our Mercy tempted more

T' oppoſe its Force, than in our care for *Carlos*:

But ſince his Peace depends upon his Love,

And cruel Love inſiſts upon its Right,

We'll truſt his Virtues to the Chance of Combat,

And let his Fate reproach, or win *Ximena*.

Xim. What unforeſeen Calamities ſurround me?

King. Ximena! now no more complain, we grant

Thy Suit; but where's this Champion of thy Cauſe?

Whoſe Appetite of Honour is ſo keen,

As to confront in Arms this laurell'd Brow,

And dare the ſhining Terrors of his Sword?

D. *San.* Behold th' Aſſailant of this glorious Hero.

Your Leave, dread Sir, thus to appel him forth. [*Draws.*

Bel. Hold, Heart, and ſpare me from the public Shame.

[*Aſſails.*

D. *San. Carlos*, behold the Champion of *Ximena*,

Behold th' Avenger of brave *Gormaz*' Blood,

Who calls thee Traitor to thy injur'd Love,

Ungrateful

Ungrateful to the Sigh[illegible]t pitied thee,
And proudly partial to thy Father's Falſhood;
Theſe Crimes my Sword ſhall prove upon thy Heart,
And to defend them dares thee to the Combat.

Car. Open the Liſts, and give th' Aſſailant Room,
Thereon his Life my injur'd Sword ſhall prove,
This Arm ne'er drew it but in Right of Honour;
Firſt, for thy Slander, *Sanchez*, I defy thee,
And throwing to thy Teeth the Traitor's Name,
Will waſh the Imputation with thy Blood;
And prove thy Virtue falſe as is thy Spirit:
For not *Ximena*'s Cauſe but Charms have fir'd thee,
Vainly thou ſteal'ſt thy Courage from her Eyes,
And baſely ſtain'ſt the Virtue that ſubdu'd her.

D. *San.* O that thy Fame in Arms——

King. Sanchez, forbear——
'Tis not your Tongues muſt arbitrate your Strife,
Let in the Liſts your Vauntings be approv'd.
Whoſe Arm, *Ximena*, ſhall defend your Cauſe?

Xim. O Force of Duty! Sir, the Arm of *Sanchez*.

D. *San.* My Word's my Gage,

King. 'Tis well, the Liſts are ſet,——
Let on the Morn the Combatants be cited,
And, *Felix*, you be Umpire of the Field.

Car. The Valiant, Sir, are never unprepar'd,
O Sir, at once relieve my Soul's Suſpenſe,
And let this inſtant Hour decide our Fate.

D. *San.* This Moment, Sir—I join in that with *Carlos*,

King. Since both thus preſs it, be it now decided.
Carlos be ready at the Trumpet's Call,
You, *Felix*, when the Combat's done, conduct
The Victor to our Preſence——Now, *Ximena*,
As thou art juſt or cruel in thy Duty,
Expect the Iſſue will reward or grieve thee:
Sanchez, ſet forward—*Carlos*, we allow
Thy pitied Love a Moment with *Ximena*.

[*Ex. King and Train.*

D. *San.* A fruitleſs Moment that muſt prove his laſt.

[*Exit.*

Car. Ximena! O permit me ere I die.
To tell thy Heart, thy hard Unkindneſs kills me.

Xim.

Xim. Ah *Carlos*, can thy [illegible]s reproach my Duty?
Nay, art thou, more than *Sanchez* is in Danger?

Car. Or thou more injur'd than thy hapleſs Father,
Whoſe greater Heart forgave my Sword of Honour?
Thou can'ſt not think I ſpeak regarding Life,
Which hopeleſs of thy Love's not worth my Care;
O! it ſtrikes me with the laſt Deſpair,
To think that lov'd *Ximena*'s Heart had leſs
Compaſſion than my mortal Enemy;
My Life had then indeed been worth Acceptance,
Had thy relenting Throes of Pity ſav'd it;
But, as it is purſu'd to theſe Extreams,
Thus made the Victim of ſuperfluous Fame,
And doom'd the Sacrifice of filial Rigour.
Theſe Arms ſhall open to thy Champion's Sword,
And glut the Vengeance, that ſupports thy Glory.

Xim. Haſt thou no Honour, *Carlos*, to defend?

[*Trembling.*

Car. How can I loſe what *Sanchez* cannot gain?
For where's his Honour, where there's no Reſiſtance?
Is it for me to guard *Ximena*'s Foe,
Or turn outrageous on the friendly Breaſt,
Which her diſtreſsful Charms have warm'd to right her?

Xim. O cruel *Carlos!* thus to rack my Heart
With hard Reproaches, that thou know'ſt are groundleſs;
Why doſt thou talk thus cruelly of Death,
And give me Terrors unconceiv'd before?
What tho' my Force of Duty has purſu'd thee,
Haſt thou not left thy Courage to defend thee?
O! is thy Quarrel to our Race reviv'd?
Cou'dſt thou to right thy Honour, kill my Father?
And now not guard it, to deſtroy *Ximena?*

Car. O heavenly Sound, O Joy unfelt before!

Xim. O! Is my Duty then not thought compulſive?
Can'ſt thou believe I'm pleas'd while I purſue thee?
Or think'ſt thou I'm not pleas'd the King preſerv'd thee?
And that thy Courage yet may ward my Vengeance?
O if thou knew'ſt what Tranſports fill'd my Heart,
When firſt I heard the *Moors* had fled before thee,
Thy Love would feel Confuſion for my Shame,

And

And ſcarce forgive the [illegible]on thou reproacheſt:
O *Carlos*, guard thy L[illegible]e, and ſave *Ximena!*
Car. And ſave *Xi[illegible]ena!* O thou haſt fir'd my Heart
With ani[illegible]ated L[illegible]e, and ſav'd thy *Carlos*——
[*Sound Trumpets.*
But hark the Trumpet calls me to the Liſt! [illegible]thee.
Xim. May Heav'n's high Care and all its Ange[illegible]
Car. Words wou'd but wrong my Heart, my [illegible]
Shall ſpeak it:
Sanchez, I come——Impatient to chaſtiſe
Thy Love, which makes thee now the Criminal;
I might have ſpar'd thee, had the Rival ſlept,
But boldly thus avow'd, thou'rt worth my Sword
'Tis ſaid the Lion, tho' diſtreſt for Food,
Eſpying on the Turf the Huntſman ſleeping,
Reſtrains his Hunger, and forbears the Prey:
But when his rouſing Foe alarm'd and ready
Uplifts his Javelin brandiſht to aſſail him,
The generous Savage then erects his Creſt,
Grinds his ſharp Fangs, and with fierce Eyes inflam'd,
Surveys him worthy of his Rage defy'd,
Furious uprearing ruſhes on the Game,
And crowns at once his Vengeance and his Fame. [*Exit.*
Xim. O glorious Spirit! O hard-fated Virtue!
With what Reluctance has my Heart purſu'd thee!
Bel. Was ever Breaſt like mine with Woe divided?
I fear the Dangers of the faithleſs *Sanchez*,
And tremble more for his dread Sword's Succeſs:
Shou'd *Carlos* fall——What ſtops him from *Ximena?*
Keep down my Sighs, or ſeem to riſe for her.
Xim. Tell me, *Belzara*, was my Terror blameful?
Might not his Paſſion make my Heart relent,
And feel at ſuch a Time a Pang to ſave him?
Bel. So far was your Compaſſion from a Crime,
That 'tis the exalted Merit of your Duty;
Had *Carlos* been a Stranger to your Heart,
Where were the Virtue, that your Griefs purſu'd him?
Were it no Pain to loſe him, where the Glory?
The Sacrifice that's great, muſt firſt be dear;
The more you Love, the nobler is your Victim.

Xim.

Xim. Thy partial Friendſhip [illegible]s not ſure my Fault,
I doubt my youthful Ignorance [illegible]s err'd,
And the ſtrict Matron rigidly [illegible]
May blame this Weakneſs of my W[illegible]'s Heart:
But let her feel my Trial firſt, and if
She [illegible]ames me then. I will repent the Crime.
[Sound Trumpet at Diſtance.
[illegible]ark, hark, the Trumpet! O tremendous Sound!
Bel. *Zara!* O the Combat is begun,
The agonizing Terror ſhakes my Soul,
Help me, ſupport me with thy friendly Comforts,
O tell me what my Duty owes a Parent,
And warm my Wiſhes in his Champion's Favour ——
Oh Heaven! it will not, will not be! my Heart
Rebels and ſpite of me inclines to *Carlos*,
Who now again, in *Sanchez*, fights my Father;
Now he attacks him, preſſes, now retreats;
Again recovers, and reſumes his Fire,
Now grows too ſtrong, and is at laſt triumphant!
Bel. Reſtrain thy Thoughts, collect thy Conſtancy,
Give not thy Heart imaginary Wounds,
Thy Virtue muſt be Providence's Care.
Xim. O guard me Heav'n---Help me to ſupport it! ah!
[Trumpets and Shouts.
'Tis done, thoſe dreadful Shouts proclaim the Victor;
If *Carlos* conquers, ſtill I've loſt a Father;
And if he periſhes, then—die *Ximena.*
Bel. Conquer who may, no Hope ſupports *Belzara*

Enter Garcia.

Came you, Don *Garcia*, from the Combat?
Gar. Madam,
The King, to ſhew he diſapproves the Cuſtom,
Forbad his own Domeſticks to be preſent. *[Shouts nearer.*
But I preſume 'tis done, theſe Shouts confirm it;
Hence from this Window we may gueſs the Victor.
Xim. O tell me quickly, while I have Senſe to hear thee—
Gar. O Heav'n, 'tis *Sanchez*, I ſee him with his Sword
In Triumph preſſing thro' the Crowd his Way.
Xim. *Sanchez!* thou'rt ſure deceiv'd. O better yet
Inform thy dazzled Eyes.

Gar.

Gar. 'Tis certain h[illegible]
For now he ſtops, an[illegible] ſeems to warn them back;
The Crowd retires [illegible] ſee him plain, and now
He mounts the ſteps that lead to this Apartment.

Xim. Then, fatal Vengeance, thou art dearly ſated.
Now Love unbounded may o'erflow my Heart,
And *Carlos'* Fate without a Crime be mourn'd:
O *Sanchez*, if poor *Carlos* told me true,
If 'twas thy Love, not Honour fought my Cauſe,
Thy Guilt has purchaſed with thy Sword my Scorn,
And made thy Paſſion wretched as *Ximena*.

Bel. O Heav'n ſupport her nobler Reſolution——
But ſee, he comes to meet the Diſappointment.

Enter Don Sanchez, *and lays his Sword at* Ximena's *Feet.*

D. *San.* Madam this Sword that in your Cauſe was drawn——

Xim. Stain'd with the Blood of *Carlos*, kills *Ximena*.

D. *San.* I come to mitigate your Griefs.

Xim. Avant, avoid me, wing thee from my Sight.
O thou haſt given me for Revenge, Deſpair,
Has raviſht with thy murderous Arm my Peace,
And robb'd my Wiſhes of their deareſt Object.

D. *San.* Hear me but ſpeak.

Xim. Can'ſt thou ſuppoſe 'twill pleaſe me,
To hear thy Pride triumphant, paint my Ruin,
Vaunt thy vain Proweſs, and reproach my Sorrows?

D. *San.* Thoſe Sorrows, wou'd you hear my Story——

Xim. Hence.
To Regions diſtant, as thy Soul from Joy,
Fly, and in gloomy Horrors waſte thy Life
Remorſe, and pale Affliction wait thee to
Thy Reſt, Repoſe forſake thee, frightful Dreams
Alarm thy Sleeps, and in thy waking Hours,
May Woes like mine purſue thy Steps for ever!

Bel. O charming Rage! how cordially ſhe hates him!

Enter King.

King. What ſtill in Tears, *Ximena*? Still complaining!
Cannot thy Duty's full Diſcharge content thee?

Repin'ſt

Repin'ſt thou at the Act of [illegible]lence?
And think'ſt thy Cauſe ſtill wrong'd in Heav'n's Decree?
Xim. O far, Sir, from my Soul be ſuch a Thought,
I bow ſubmiſſive to high Heav'n's Appointment.
But is Affliction impious in its Sorrow?
Tho' Vengeance to a Father's Blood was due,
[illegible] Glorious that I priz'd the Victim?
[illegible]ature loſt its Privilege to weep,
When all that's valuable in Life is gone?
O *Carlos, Carlos!* I ſhall ſoon be with thee.
King. Are then theſe Tears for *Carlos*—O *Ximena*
The vanquiſh'd *Sanchez* has deceiv'd thy Grief,
And made this Trial of thy generous Heart,
For know thy *Carlos* lives, and lives t' adore thee.
Xim. What means my Royal Lord?
King. Inform her, *Sanchez.*
D. *San.* The Fortune of the Combat I had told before,
Had, Sir, her Fright endur'd my Speech.
I wou'd have told you, Madam, as oblig'd
In Honour to the conquering Sword of *Carlos,*
How nobly, for your ſake, he ſpar'd your Champion;
When on the Earth ſuccumbent, and diſarm'd.
I lay: 'Live *Sanchez,* ſaid the generous Victor,
'The Life that fights *Ximena*'s Cauſe, is Sacred;
'Take back thy Sword, and at her Feet preſent
'The glorious Trophy which her Charms have won,
'The laſt Oblation, that Deſpair can make her.
Toucht with the noble Fullneſs of his Heart,
I flew to execute the grateful Charge;
But, Madam, your Affright miſtook the Victor,
And your impatient Grief refus'd me Audience.
King. Now think *Ximena,* one Moment think for *Carlos.*
Xim. O Love! O perſecuted Heart!
Inſtruct me Heav'n to ſupport my Fame,
To right my Paſſion, and revere my Father.
D. *San.* And now with juſt Confuſion, Sir, I own
In me 'twas guilty Love, that drew my Sword;
But ſince th' Event has crown'd a nobler Paſſion,
I plead the Merit of that Sword's Defeat,
Regret the Error, and intreat for Pardon.

King;

King. *Sanchez*, thy [illegible]e is puniſht in itſ[illegible]lf.
We late have heard o[illegible] thy retracted Vows,
Which on thy ſtrict [illegible]llegiance we enjoin
Thy Hon[illegible]ur, inſt[illegible]tly to ratify:
Suppreſs thy Tears, *Belzara*, he ſhall right thee.

Xim. 'Tis fixt, a Beam of heav'nly Light breaks forth,
And ſhews my ruin'd Peace its laſt Reſource.

Gar. Don *Carlos*, Sir, attends your Royal Pleaſure.

King. Has he your Leave, *Ximena*, to approach?

Xim. O Sir, yet hold, I dare not ſee him now.
While my depending Juſtice was my Guard
I ſaw him fearleſs from Aſſaults of Love:
But now my vanquiſht Vengeance dreads his Merit,
And conſcious Duty warns me to avoid him;
Since then my Heart's impartial to his Virtues,
O do not call me cruel to his Love,
If I in Reverence to a Father's Blood,
Shou'd ſhut my Sorrows ever from his Sight;
For tho' you raiſe above Mankind his Merit,
And I confeſs it——ſtill he has kill'd my Father——
Nay, tho' I grant the Fact may plead for Mercy,
Yet 'twould in me be impious to reward it;
My Eyes may mourn, but never muſt behold him more:
Yet, ere I part, let, Sir, my humble Senſe
Applaud your Mercy, and confeſs your Juſtice:
Hence to ſome ſacred Cloiſter I'll retire,
And dedicate my future Days to Heav'n——
'Tis done—O lead me to my peaceful Cell,
One Sigh for Carlos—*Now vain World farewell.*

As Ximena *is going off, Enter* Alvarez *and* Alonzo.

Alv. Turn, turn, *Ximena*, O prepare to hear
A Story will diſtract thy Senſe with Joy,
Drive all thy Sorrows from thy ſinking Heart,
And crown thy Duty with triumphant Love.
Pardon, dread Sir, this Tumult of my Soul,
That carries in my Rudeneſs my Excuſe;
O preſs me not to tell Particulars,
But let my Tidings leap at once the Bounds
Of your Belief, and in one Burſt of Joy

Inform

If[illegible]y Royal Maſter, that [illegible] Crown's Support,
My [illegible]nquiſh'd Friend, thy Father *Gormaz*, lives,
He lives in Health confirm'd from Mortal Danger, [him.
[illegible]e Eyes have ſeen him, theſe bleſt Arms embrac'd
[illegible]ms, th' Occaſion of his Death ſuppos'd,
Would ask more Words than I have Breath to utter,
[illegible]o knows it all—O, where's my *Carlos?*
King. Fly *Sanchez!* make him with this News, thy Friend.
Xim. O lead me, lead me, to his Heart's Relief.—
[*Exeunt.*

Xim. O Heav'n! *Alvarez* wou'd not ſure deceive me.
King. Proceed, *Alonzo*, and impart the Whole,
Whence was his Death ſo firmly credited,
And his Recovery not before reveal'd?
Alon. My Liege, the great Effuſion of his Blood
Had ſuch Effect on his deſerted Spirits;
That I, who ſaw him, judg'd him quite expir'd:
But when the Abbot, at whoſe Houſe he lay,
With friendly Sorrow waſh'd his hopeleſs Wound,
His heaving Breaſt diſcover'd Life's Return:
When calling ſtrait for Help, on ſtricter Search,
His Wound was found without a mortal Symptom:
And when his Senſes had reſum'd their Function,
His firſt Words ſpoke his generous Heart's Concern
For *Carlos*, and *Ximena*; when being told
How far her filial Vengeance had purſu'd him:
Is't poſſible, he cry'd? Oh Heav'n! then wept,
And begg'd his Life might be one Day conceal'd,
That ſuch exalted Merit of her Duty
Might raiſe her Virtue worthy of his Love.
But Sir, to tell you how *Alvarez* met him,
What generous Reconcilements paſs'd between them,
Wou'd ask more Time, than public Joy can ſpare.
Let it ſuffice, the Moment he had heard
Ximena had appeal'd brave *Carlos* to the Liſts,
We flew with Terror to proclaim him Living—
But, Sir, ſo ſoon the Combat follow'd your
Decree, that breathleſs we arriv'd too late,
And had not his Phyſicians, preſcrib'd
His Wound Repoſe, himſelf had ventur'd forth
To throw his Errors at your Feet for Pardon.

King.

King. Not only Pard[illegible] but our Love ſhall gr[illegible]
Brave *Carlos* ſhall him[illegible]elf be Envoy of
Our Charge, and gr[illegible]ulate his bleſt Recovery:
Has he your Lea[illegible], *Ximena*, now t' approach you?
Xim. My Senſes ſtagger with tumultuous Joy,
My Spirits hurry to my Heart's Surprize.
And ſinking Nature faints beneath the Tranſport.

Enter Alvarez, Sanchez, *and* Carlos.

King. Look up, *Ximena*, and compleat thy Joy.
Xim. My *Carlos!* oh!
Car. *Ximena!* oh my Heart! [*Embracing.*
Alv. O *Carlos!* O *Ximena!* yet ſuppreſs
Theſe Tranſports till kind *Gormaz'* Hand confirms them:
Firſt pay your Duty there, haſte to his Feet,
And let his Sanction conſecrate your Love.
King. Loſe not a Moment from his Sight! O fly!
Tell him his King congratulates his Health,
And will with Loads of Honour crown his Virtues.
Nor in his Oriſons let his Heart forget
The Hand of Heav'n, whoſe providential Care
Has order'd All the Innocent to ſave,
To right the Injur'd, and reward the Brave.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by XIMENA.

Well, Sirs!

I'M come to tell you, that my Fears are over,
I've ſeen Papa, and have ſecur'd my Lover:
And troth I'm wholly on our Author's Side,
For had (as Corneille *made him)* Gormaz *dy'd,*
My Part had ended as it firſt begun,
And left me ſtill unmarried and undone,
Or, what were harder far than Both—a Nun.
The French, *for Form indeed, poſtpones the Wedding,*
But gives her Hopes within a Year of Bedding.
Time could not tye her Marriage Knot with Honour,
The Father's Death ſtill left the Guilt upon her:
The Frenchman *kept her in that forc'd Regard,*
The bolder Briton *weds her in Reward:*
He knew your Taſte wou'd ne'er endure their Billing
Shou'd he ſo long deferr'd, when both were willing:
Your formal Dons of Spain *an Age might wait,*
But Engliſh *Appetites are ſharper ſet.*
'Tis true, this Diff'rence we indeed diſcover,
That though like Lions you begin the Lover,
To do you Right, your Fury ſoon is over.
Beſide, the Scene thus chang'd, this Moral bears,
That Virtue never of Relief deſpairs:
But while true Love is ſtill in Plays ill-fated,
No wonder you gay Sparks of Pleaſure hate it;
Bloodſhed diſcourages, what ſhould delight you,
And from a Wife, what little Rubs will fright you!
And Virtue not conſider'd in the Bride
How ſoon you yawn, and curſe the Knot you've ty'd!

E P [illegible] O G U E

How of[illegible] the Nym[illegible] [illegible]ing Eyes give Quart[illegible]
Finds in her Cap[illegible] [illegible] has caught a Tartar!
While to her Spo[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]nce so high did rate her,
She kindly gives [illegible] [illegible] Thousand Pounds to hate her.
So on the other [illegible] some sighing Swain,
That languishes i[illegible] Love w[illegible] Years in vain,
Impatient for the Feast, resolves he'll have her.
And in his Hunger vows he'll eat for ever;
He thinks of nothing but the Honey-Moon,
But little thought he could have din'd so soon:
Is not this true? Speak——Dearies of the Pit,
Don't you find too, how horribly you're bit?
For the Instruction therefore of the Free,
Our Author turns his just Catastrophe:
Before you wed let Love be understood,
Refine your Thoughts, and chase it from the Blood.
Nor can you then of lasting Joys despair,
For when that Circle holds the British *Fair,*
Your Hearts may find Heroick Daughters there.

THE

THE

COMICAL LOVERS,

A

COMEDY

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Palamede, a Courtier,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Rhodophil, Captain of the Guard	Mr. *Booth*.
Celadon, a Courtier, brother to *Doralice*,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Jaſper, Servant to *Celadon*.	

WOMEN.

Melantha, an affected Lady,	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Doralice, Wife to *Rhodophil*,	Mrs. *Porter*.
Florimel, a Maid of Honour.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Flavia, a Maid of Honour.	
Olinda, *Sabina*, } Siſters.	
Meliſſa, Mother to *Olinda* and *Sabina*.	
Philotis, Servant to *Melantha*.	
Beliza, Servant to *Doralice*.	

THE

THE COMICAL LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE *is Walks near the Court.*

Enter Celadon, Doralice, *meeting each other: He in a Riding Habit. They embrace.*

Cel. DEAR *Doralice!*

Dor. My dear Brother! welcome! a thouſand Welcomes. Methinks this Year you have been abſent, has been ſo tedious! I hope as you have made a pleaſant Voyage, ſo you have brought your Good Humour back again to Court.

Cel. I never yet knew any Company I could not be merry in, except it were an old Woman's.

Dor. Or at a Funeral.

Cel. Nay, for that you ſhall excuſe me; for I was never merrier than I was at a Creditor's of mine, whoſe Book periſh'd with him. But what new Beauties have you at Court? How do *Meliſſa*'s two fair Daughters?

Dor. When you tell me which of them you are in love with, I'll anſwer you.

Cel. Which of them, naughty Siſter! What a Queſtion's there? with both of 'em, with each and ſingular of 'em.

Dor. Bleſs me! you are not ſerious!

Cel. You look as if it were a Wonder, to ſee a Man in love; Are they not handſome?

Dor. Ay, but both together——

Cel. Ay, and both thunder too: Why, I hope, there are but Two of 'em; the tall singing and dancing one, and the little Innocent one?

Dor. But you can't marry both?

Cel. No, nor either of 'em, I trust in my Constitution: But I can keep them Company, I can sing and dance with 'em, and treat 'em; and that, I take it, is somewhat better than musty marrying them: Marriage is poor Folks Pleasure, that cannot go to the Cost of Variety: But I am out of danger of that with these two, for I love 'em so equally, I can never make Choice between 'em: Had I but one Mistress, I might go to her to be merry, and she perhaps be out of Humour, there were a Visit lost: But here, if one of 'em frowns upon me, the other will be the more obliging, on purpose to recommend her own Gaiety; besides a thousand Things I cou'd name.

Dor. And none of 'em to any purpose.

Cel. Well, if you will not be cruel to a poor Lover, you might oblige me, by carrying me to their Lodgings.

Dor. You know I am always busy about the Queen.

Cel. But once or twice only, till I am a little flush'd in my Acquaintance with other Ladies, and have learn'd to pray for myself. I promise you I'll make all the haste I can to end your Trouble, by being in love somewhere else.

Dor. You would think it hard to be deny'd now.

Cel. And Reason good. Many a Man hangs himself for the loss of one Mistress; how do you think then I should bear the loss of two, especially in a Court where I think Beauty is but thin sown?

Dor. There's one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward, a new Beauty, as wild as you, and a vast Fortune.

Cel. I am for her before the World, bring me to her, and I'll release you of your Promise for the other two.

Dor. Well, if I do promise, will you swear not to attempt any other Woman in the mean time?

Cel.

Cel. Swear! by all the———

Dor. Hold! before you ſwear———What do you think of theſe two maſk'd Ladies, that are coming yonder?

Cel. Why, I ſay that a rath Oath is better let alone than repented———Dear Siſter, don't diſturb my Contemplations. [*Putting her by.*

Dor. Oh! your Servant, Sir. [*Exit* Doralice.

Enter Phormio, *walking over the Stage haſtily: After him* Florimel *and* Flavia, *maſked.*

Fla. Phormio, Phormio, you will not leave us—

Phor. In Faith, I have a little Buſineſs— [*Exit* Phor.

Cel. Cannot I ſerve you in the Gentleman's room Ladies?

Fla. Which of us wou'd you ſerve?

Cel. Either of you, or both of you.

Fla. Why cou'd you not be conſtant to one?

Cel. Conſtant to one! I have been a Courtier, a Soldier, and a Traveller to good purpoſe, if I muſt be conſtant to one. Give me ſome twenty, ſome forty, ſome a hundred Miſtreſſes: I have more Love than any one Woman can turn her to.

Flor. Bleſs us! let us be gone, Couſin; we two are nothing in his Hands.

Cel. Yet, for my part, I can live with as few Miſtreſſes as any Man: I deſire no Superfluities, only for neceſſary Change, or ſo, as I ſhift my Linen.

Flor. A pretty kind of a Fellow this; he fits my Humour rarely——— [*Aſide.*

Fla. You are as unconſtant as the Moon.

Flor. You wrong him, he's as conſtant as the Sun, he would ſee all the World round in twenty four Hours.

Cel. 'Tis very true, Madam; but like him, I would viſit and away.

Flor. For what an unreaſonable thing it were to ſtay long, be troubleſome, and hinder a Lady of a free Lover?

Cel. A rare Creature this!——Beſides, Madam, how like a Fool a Man looks when after all his Eagerneſs of

two Minutes before, he ſhrinks into a faint Fit, and a cold Compliment.——Ladies both, into your Hands I commit myſelf; ſhare me betwixt you.

Fla. I'll have nothing to do with you, ſince you will not be conſtant to one.

Cel. Nay, rather than loſe any of you, I'll do more, I'll be conſtant to a hundred of you: Or (if you will needs fetter me to one) agree the matter between yourſelves, and the moſt handſome take me.

Flor. Tho' I am not ſhe, yet ſince my Maſk's on, and you cannot convince me, have a good faith of my Beauty, and for once I take you for my Servant.

Cel. And for once I'll make a blind Bargain with you: ſtrike Hands; it's a Match, Miſtreſs.

Flor. Done, Servant.

Cel. Now I'm ſure I have the worſt on't; for you ſee the worſt of me, and that I don't of you, 'till you ſhew your Face——Yet now I think on't, you muſt be handſome.——

Flor. What kind of Beauty do you like?

Cel. Juſt ſuch a one as yours.

Flor. What's that.

Cel. Such an oval Face, clear Skin, hazle Eyes, thick brown Eye-brows and Hair as you have for all the World.

Fla. But I can aſſure you, ſhe has nothing of all this.

Cel. Hold thy peace, *Envy*——Nay, I can be conſtant an' I ſet on't.

Flor. 'Tis very well, *Celadon*, you can be conſtant to one you have never ſeen, and have forſaken all you have ſeen.

Cel. It ſeems you know me then: Well, if thou ſhould'ſt prove one of my caſt Miſtreſſes, I would uſe thee moſt damnably, for offering to make me love thee twice.

Flor. You are in' right: An old Miſtreſs, or Ser, vant, is like an old Tune, the Pleaſure on't is paſt when we have once learn'd it.

Fla. But what Woman in the World would you wiſh her like?

Cel.

Cel. I have heard of one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward would ſhe were as like her for Beauty, as ſhe is for Humour.

Flo. Do you hear that, Coufin?— [*To* Flor. *aſide.*

Cel. *Florimel*'s not handſome: Beſides, ſhe's unconſtant, and only loves for ſome few Days.

Flo. If ſhe loves for ſhorter time than I, ſhe muſt love by Winter-Days and Summer-Nights, i'faith.

Flor. When you ſee us together you ſhall judge: In the mean time adieu, ſweet Servant.

Cel. Why you won't be ſo inhuman, to carry away my Heart, and not ſo much as to tell me where I may hear News on't.

Flor. I mean to keep it ſafe for you; for if you had it, you would beſtow it worſe: Farewel, I muſt ſee a Lady.

Cel. So muſt I too, if I can pull off your Maſk.

Flor. You will not be ſo rude, I hope?

Cel. By this Light I will.

Flor. By this Leg but you ſhan't.

[*Exeunt* Flor. *and* Fla. *running.*

Cel. Then by this Hand, next time I ſhall take better hold, Mrs. *Nimblefoot.* [*Exit.*

Enter Dorilice *and* Beliza.

Dor. *Beliza*, bring the Lute into this Arbour, the Walks are empty: I would hear the Song the Princeſs *Almathea* bid me learn. [*They go in and ſing.*

Enter Palamede, *in a Riding-Habit, and hears the Song.* *Re-enter* Dorilice *and* Beliza.

Bel. Madam, a Stranger.

Dor. I did not think to have had Witneſſes of my bad ſinging.

Pal. If I have err'd, Madam, I hope you'll pardon the Curioſity of a Stranger; for I may well call myſelf ſo, after five Years abſence from the Court. But you have freed me from one Error.

Dor. What's that, I beſeech you?

Pal. I thought good Voices and ill Faces had been

inſeparable; and that to be fair, and to ſing well had been only the Privilege of Angels.

Dor. And how many more of theſe fine things can you ſay to me?

Pal. Very few, Madam: for if I ſhould continue to ſee you ſome Hours longer, you look ſo killingly, that I ſhould be mute with wonder.

Dor. This will not give you the Reputation of Wit with me: Your travelling *Monſieurs* live upon Stock you have got abroad for the firſt Day or two: To repeat with a good Memory, and apply with a good Grace, is all your Wit; And commonly your Gullets are ſow'd up like Cormorants; when you have regorg'd what you have taken in, you are the leaneſt Things in Nature.

Pal. Then, Madam, I think you had beſt make that uſe of me; let me wait on you for two or three Days together, and you ſhall hear all I have learnt of Extraordinary in other Countries; and one thing which I never ſaw till I came home, that is a Lady of a better Voice, better Face, and better Wit than any I have ſeen abroad. And after this, if I ſhould not declare myſelf moſt paſſionately in love with you, I ſhould have leſs Wit than yet you think I have.

Dor. A very plain and pithy Declaration. I ſee, Sir, you have been travelling in *Spain* or *Italy*, or ſome of the Hot Countries, where Men come to the Point immediately. But are you ſure theſe are not Words of courſe? for I would not give my poor Heart an occaſion of complaint againſt me, that I engag'd it too raſhly, and then could not bring it off.

Pal. Your Heart may truſt itſelf with me ſafely: I ſhall uſe it very civilly while it ſtays, and never turn it away, without fair Warning to provide for itſelf.

Dor. Firſt then, I do receive your Paſſion with as little Conſideration on my part, as ever you gave it me on yours: And now ſee what a miſerable wretch you have made yourſelf.

Pal. Who, I miſerable? Thank you for that. Give me Love enough, and Life enough, and I defy Fortune.

Dor.

Dor. Know then, thou Man of vain Imagination, know to thy utter Confuſion, that I am Virtuous.

Pal. Such another Word, and I give up the Ghoſt.

Dor. Then to ſtrike you quite dead, know that I am marry'd too.

Pal. Art thou marry'd? O thou horrible virtuous Woman!

Dor. Yes, marry'd to a Gentleman; young, handſome, rich, valiant, and with all the good Qualities that will make you deſpair and hang yourſelf.

Pal. Well, in ſpite of all that, I'll love you: Fortune has cut us out for one another; for I am to be marry'd within theſe three Days; marry'd paſt Redemption to a young, fair, rich, and virtuous Lady; and it ſhall go hard but I will love my Wife as little as I perceive you do your Huſband.

Dor. Remember I invade no Property: My Servant you are only tell you are marry'd.

Pal. In the mean time, you are to forget you have a Huſband.

Dor. And you that you are to have a Wife.

Bel. [*Aſide to her Lady.*] O Madam, My Lord's juſt at the end of the Walks, and if you make not haſte, will diſcover you.

Dor. Some other time, new Servant, we'll talk farther of the Premiſes; in the mean while break not my firſt Commandment, that is not to follow me.

Pal. But where then ſhall I find you again?

Dor. At Court. Yours for two Days, Sir.

Pal. And Nights, I beſeech you, Madam.

[*Exeunt* Dor. *and* Bel.

Pal. Well, I'll ſay that for thee, thou art a very dextrous Executioner; thou haſt done my buſineſs at one Stroke; yet I muſt marry another——And yet I muſt love this; and if it leads me into ſome little Inconveniencies, as Jealouſies, and Duels, and Death, and ſo forth, yet while ſweet Love is in the Caſe, Fortune do her worſt, and avant Mortality.

Enter

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. How, *Palamede!* [*Sees* Palamede.

Pal. Rodophil!

Rho. Who thought to have seen you in *Sicily?* What brought you home from Travel?

Pal. The Commands of an old rich Father.

Rho. And the Hopes of burying him.

Pal. Both together, as you see, have prevail'd on my Good-nature. In few Words, my old Man has already married me, for he has agreed with another old Man, as rich and as covetous as himself; the Articles are drawn, and I have given my Consent for fear of being disinherited; and yet know not what kind of Woman I am to marry.

Rho. Sure your Father intends you some very ugly Wife, and has a mind to keep you in Ignorance, till you have shot the Gulf.

Pal. I know not that; but obey I will, and must.

Rho. Then I cannot chuse but grieve for all the good Girls, and Courtezans of *France* and *Italy*; they have lost the most kind-hearted, doating, prodigal humble Servant in *Europe*.

Pal. All I could do in these three Years I staid behind you, was to comfort the poor Creatures for the Loss of you. But what's the reason that in all this time a Friend could never hear from you?

Rho. Alas, Dear *Palamede*, I have had no Joy to write, nor indeed to do any thing in the World to please me: The greatest Misfortune imaginable is fallen upon me!

Pal. Pr'ythee, what's the matter?

Rho. In one Word, I am marry'd: wretchedly marry'd; and have been above these two Years. Yes, faith, the Devil has had power over me, in spight of my Vows and Resolutions to the contrary.

Pal. I find you have sold yourself for filthy Lucre; she's Old, or ill-condition'd.

Rho. No, none of these: I am sure she's Young; and for her Humour, she laughs, sings and dances, eternally; and

and which is more, we never quarrel about it, for I do the ſame.

Pal. You're very Unfortunate indeed: Then the Caſe is plain, ſhe's not handſome.

Rho. A great Beauty too, as People ſay.

Pal. As People ſay! Why you ſhould know that beſt yourſelf.

Rho. Aſk thoſe that have ſmelt a ſtrong Perfume two Years togethes, what's the Scent.

Pal. But here are good Qualities enough for one Woman.

Rho. Ay, too many, *Palamede*; If I could put 'em into three or four Women, I ſhould be content.

Pal. O, now I have found it, you diſlike her for no other reaſon, but becauſe ſhe's your Wife.

Rho. And is not that enough? All that I know of her Perfections now, is only by Memory: I remember indeed that about two Years ago, I lov'd her paſſionately; but thoſe golden days are gone, *Palamede*: yet I lov'd her a whole half Year, double the natural term of any Miſtreſs, and I think in my Conſcience I could have held out another Quarter; but then the World began to laugh at me, and a certain Shame of being out of Faſhion ſeiz'd me: At laſt, we arriv'd at that Point, and there was nothing left in us to make us new to one another. Yet ſtill I ſet a good Face upon the matter, and am infinite fond of her before Company; but when we are alone, we walk like two Lions in a Room, ſhe one way, and I another: and we lie with our backs to each other, ſo far diſtant, as if the Faſhion of great Beds was only invented to keep Huſband and Wife aſunder.

Pal. The truth is, your Diſeaſe is very deſperate; but though you cannot be cur'd, you may be patch'd up a little; you muſt get you a Miſtreſs, *Rodophil*: That indeed is living upon Cordials; but, as faſt as one fails you muſt ſupply it with another.

Rho. Truth is, I have been thinking on't, and have juſt reſolv'd to take your Counſel; and, faith, conſidering the Diſadvantages of a married Man, I have provided

vided well enough for an humble Sinner, that is not ambitious of great Matters.

Pal. What is she for a Woman?

Rho. One of the Sort of Practice, I assure you: young enough, fair enough, and but for one Quality, just such a Woman as I could wish for; being a Town-Lady, without any Relation to the Court: yet she thinks herself undone, if she be not seen three or four times a day with the Princess: and for the King, she haunts and watches him so narrowly in a Morning, that she prevents even the Chymists, who beset his Chamber, to turn their Mercury into his Gold.

Pal. Yet hitherto methinks, you are no very unhappy Man?

Rho. With all this, she's the greatest Gossip in Nature; for, besides the Court, she's the most eternal Visiter of the Town; and yet manages her time so well, that she seems Ubiquitary. For my part, I can compare her to nothing but the Sun; for, like him, she takes no rest, nor ever sets in one place, but to rise in another.

Pal. I confess she had need be handsome with these Qualities.

Rho. No Lady can be so curious of a new Fashion, as she is of a new *French* Word. She is the very Mint of the Nation; and as fast as any Bullion comes out of *France*, coins it immediately into our Language.

Pal. And her Name is——

Rho. No naming; that's not like a Cavalier: Find her if you can by my Description; and I am not so ill a Painter, that I need write the Name beneath the Picture.

Pal. Well then, how far have you proceeded in your Love?

Rho. 'Tis yet in the Bud, and what Fruit it may bear, I cannot tell; for this insufferable Humour of haunting the Court is so predominant, that she has hitherto broken all her Assignations with me, for fear of missing her Visit there.

Pal.

Pal. That's the hardeſt Part of your Adventure; but, for ought I ſee, Fortune has us'd us both alike; I have a ſtrange kind of Miſtreſs too at Court, beſides her I am to marry.

Rho. You have made haſte to be in love then; for if I am not miſtaken, you are but this Day arriv'd.

Pal. That's all one, I have ſeen the Lady already, who has charm'd me; ſeen her in theſe Walks, courted her, and received for the firſt time an Anſwer that does not put me into Deſpair.

Rho. Have you ſeen your honourable Miſtreſs yet?

Pal. No, but I was juſt going as I met you.

Rho. Then don't let me hinder you; for to tell you the Truth, I have a ſmall Affair upon my hands.

Pal. Why then dear *Rodophil*——

Rho. No Ceremony: We ſhall meet, and compare Notes.

Pal. Poſitively.

Rho. Adieu—— [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Melantha, *looking in a Pocket-Glaſs, and* Philotis.

Phil. Count *Rodophil*'s a fine Gentleman indeed, Madam; and I think deſerves your Affection.

Mel. Let me die but he is a fine Perſon; he ſings and dances *en Françoſe*, and writes the *Billets Doux* to a Miracle.

Phil. And thoſe are no ſmall Talents to a Lady that underſtands and values the *French* Air, as your Ladyſhip does.

Mel. How charming is the *French* Air! and what an *Heavy Bête* is one of our untravell'd Iſlanders! When he would make his Court to me, let me die, but he is juſt *Æſop*'s Aſs, that would imitate the Courtly *French* in his Addreſſes; but inſtead of thoſe, comes pawing upon me, and doing all things ſo *mal adroitly*.

Phil. 'Tis great pity *Rodophil*'s a marry'd Man, that you may not have an honourable Intrigue with him.

Mel. Intrigue, *Philotis!* that's an old Phraſe; I have bid that Word by: Amour, Affair ſounds better. But thou

thou art Heir to all my cast Words, as thou art to my old Ward-robe. Oh Count *Rodophil*! *Ah mon cher!* I could live and die with him.

Enter Palamede, *and a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, This is my Lady.

Pal. Then this is she that is to be divine, and Nymph, and Goddess, and with whom I am to be desperately in love.

[*Bows to her, delivering her a Letter.*] This Letter, Madam, which I present you from your Father, has given me both the happy Opportunity, and the Boldness to kiss the fairest Hands in *Sicily*.

Mel. Came you lately from *Palermo*, Sir?

Pal. But yesterday, Madam.

Mel. [Reading the Letter.] *Daughter, receive the Bearer of this Letter, as a Gentleman whom I have chosen to make you happy*; (O *Venus*, a new Servant sent me! and let me die, but he has the Air of a *Gallant Homme.*) *His Father is the rich Lord* Cleodemus *our Neighbour. I suppose you will find nothing disagreeable in his Person, or his Converse; both which he has improved by Travel. The Treaty is already concluded, and I shall be in Town within these three Days; so that you have nothing to do, but to obey your careful Father.*

[*To Bala.*] Sir, my Father, for whom I have a blind Obedience, has commanded me to receive your passionate Addresses; but you must also give me leave to avow, that I cannot merit 'em from so accomplish'd a Cavalier.

Pal. I want many things, Madam, to render me accomplish'd; and the first and greatest of them is your Favour.

Mel. Let me die, *Philotis*, but this is extremely *French*; but yes, Count *Rhodophil*——A Gentleman, Sir, that understands the *Grande Monde* so well, who has haunted the best Conversations, and who, in short, has voyag'd, may pretend to the good Graces of any Lady.

Pal. [*Aside*] Hey-day! *Grande Monde!* Conversation! Voyag'd! and good Graces! I find my Mistress is one of those that run mad in new *French* Words.

Mel.

Mel. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have made the Tour of *France*, and, having ſeen all that's fine there, will make a conſiderable Reformation in the Rudeneſs of our Court: For let me die, but an unfaſhion'd, untravell'd, mere *Sicilian*, is a *Bete*; and has nothing in the World of an *honnête homme*.

Pal. I muſt confeſs, Madam, that———

Mel. And what new Minuets have you brought over with you? Their Minuets are to a Miracle! and our *Sicilian* Jigs are ſo dull and ſad to 'em.

Pal. For Minuets, Madam———

Mel. And what new Plays are there in vogue? And who dan'd beſt in the *Grande Ballet*? Come, ſweet Servant, you ſhall tell me all.

Pal. [*Aſide.*] Tell her all? Why ſhe aſks all, and will hear nothing———To anſwer in Order, Madam, to your Demands———

Mel. I am thinking what a happy Couple we ſhall be! for you ſhall keep up your Correſpondence abroad, and every thing that's new writ in *France*, and fine, I mean, all that's delicate, and *bien Tourné*, we will have firſt.

Pal. But, Madam, our Fortune———

Mel. I underſtand you, Sir; you'll leave that to me: For the Manage of a Family, I know it better than any Lady in *Sicily*.

Pal. Alas, Madam, we———

Mel. Then we will never make Viſits together, nor ſee a Play, but alwayes apart; you ſhall be every Day at the King's *Levee*, and I at the Queen's; and we will never meet, but in the Drawing-Room.

Phil. Madam, the new Prince is juſt paſs'd the end of the Walk.

Mel. The new Prince ſay'ſt thou? Adieu, dear Servant, I have not made my Court to him theſe two long Hours, Oh, 'tis the ſweeteſt Prince! So *obligeant*, *charmant*, *raviſſant*, that———Well, I'll make haſte to kiſs his Hands; and then make half a ſcore Viſits more, and be with you again in a Twinkling.

[*Exit, running with* Phil.

Pal. [*Solus.*] Now Love of thy Mercy bleſs me from this

this Tongue; it may [illegible] the Field against a whole Army of Lawyers, and that in their own Language *French* Gibberish. 'Tis true, in the Day-time, 'tis tolerable when a Man has Field-room to run from it; but to be ſhut up in a Room with her, like two Cocks in a Pit; Humanity cannot ſupport it. I muſt kiſs all Night in my own Defence, and hold her down like a Boy at Cuffs; nay, and give her the firſt Blow every time ſhe begins to ſpeak. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Celadon *meeting* Doralice.

Dor. BRother! what makes you here, about the Queen's Apartments? which of the Ladies are you watching for?

Cel. Any of 'em that will do me the good Turn, to make me ſoundly in Love.

Dor. Then I'll beſpeak you one; you will be deſperately in love with *Florimel*. So ſoon as the Queen heard you were return'd, ſhe gave you her for a Miſtreſs.

Cel. Thank her Majeſty: but to confeſs the Truth, my Fancy lies partly another way.

Dor. That's ſtrange: *Florimel* vows you are in love with her already——

Cel. She wrongs me horribly: If ever I ſaw or ſpoke with this *Florimel!*

Dor. Well, take your Fortune, I muſt leave you.

[*Exit* Doralice.

Enter Florimel, *ſees him, and is running back.*

Cel. Nay Faith, I am got betwixt you and Home, you are my Pris'ner, Lady Bright, till you reſolve me one

Queſtion, [*She ſigns.*] is ſhe dumb? I-gad, I think, ſhe is. What, a Vengeance, doſt thou at Court with ſuch a rare Face, without a Tongue to anſwer to a kind Queſtion? Art thou dumb indeed? then thou can'ſt tell no Tales—— [*Goes to kiſs her.*

Flor. Hold, hold, you are not mad!

Cel. Oh, my Miſs in a Maſque! have you found your Tongue?

Flor. 'Twas time, I think; what had become of me, if I had not?

Cel. Methinks your Lips had done as well.

Flor. Yes, if my Maſque had been over 'em, as it was when you met me in the Walks.

Cel. Well, will you believe me another time? Did I not ſay you were intolerably handſome. They may talk of *Florimel* if they will, but i'faith ſhe muſt come ſhort of you.

Flor. Have you ſeen her then?

Cel. I look'd a little that way, but I had ſoon enough of her; ſhe is not to be ſeen twice without a Surfeit.

Flor. However, you are beholden to her, they ſay ſhe loves you.

Cel. By Fate ſhe ſhall not love me; I have told her a piece of my Mind already: Pox o' theſe coming Women, they ſet a Man to Dinner, before he has an Appetite. [Flavia *at the Door.*

Fla. Florimel, you are call'd within——

Cel. I hope in the Lord you are not *Florimel?*

Cla. Ev'n ſhe at your Service; the ſame kind and coming *Florimel*, you have deſcribed.

Cel. Why then we are agreed already; I am as kind and coming as you for the Heart of you: I knew at firſt we two were good for nothing but one another.

Flor. But, without Rallery, are you in love?

Cel. So horribly much, that contrary to my own Maxims, I think in my Conſcience I cou'd marry you.

Flor. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet: But if you are really in love, you have done me the greateſt Pleaſure in the World.

Cel.

Cel. That Pleaſure, and a better too I have in ſtore for you.

Flor. This Animal called a Lover, I have long'd to ſee theſe two Years.

Cel. Sure you walk'd with your Maſque on all the while; for if you had been ſeen, you could not have been without your Wiſh.

Flor. I warrant you mean an ordinary whining Lover: but I muſt have other Proofs of Love e'er I believe it.

Cel. You ſhall have the beſt that I can give you.

Flor. I would have a Lover, that if need be, ſhould hang himſelf, drown himſelf, break his Neck, and poiſon himſelf, for very Deſpair. He that will ſcruple this, is an impudent Fellow, if he ſays he's in love.

Cel. Pray, Madam, which of theſe four would you have your Lover do? for a Man's but a Man, he cannot hang, and drown, and break his Neck, and poiſon himſelf, all together.

Flor. Well then, becauſe you are but a Beginner, and I would not diſcourage you, any one of theſe ſhall ſerve your turn in a fair way.

Cel. I am much deceiv'd in thoſe Eyes of yours, if a Treat, a Song, and the Fiddle, be not a more acceptable Proof of Love to you, than any of thoſe tragical ones you have mention'd.

Flor. However, you will grant it is but decent you ſhou'd be pale, lean, and melancholy, to ſhew you are in love; and that I ſhall require of you when I ſee you next.

Cel. When you ſee me next? Why, you do not make a Rabbit of me, to be lean at twenty-four Hours warning? In the mean while, we burn Day-light, loſe Time, and Love.

Flor. Would you marry me without Conſideration?

Cel. Ay, to chooſe; for they that think on't, twenty to one, would never do it: hang fore-caſt; to make ſure of one good Night is as much, in reaſon, as a Man ſhould expect from this ill World.

Flor. Methinks a few more Years, and Diſcretion would

ould do well; I do not like this going to Bed ſo early, it makes one ſo weary before Morning.

Cel. That's much, as your Pillow is laid before you go to Sleep.

Flor. Shall I make a Propoſition to you? I will give you a whole Year of Probation to love me in, to grow ſerv'd, diſcreet, ſober, and faithful, and to pay me all the ſervices of a Lover.——

Cel. And at the End of it you'll marry me?

Flor. If neither of us alter our Minds before——

Cel. By this Light, a neceſſary Clauſe——but if I pay in all the aforeſaid Services before the Day, you ſhall be oblig'd to take me ſooner into Mercy.

Flor. Provided if you prove unfaithful, then your time of a twelve Month to be prolong'd: ſo many Services, I will bate you ſo many Days or Weeks; ſo many Faults, I will add to your Prenticeſhip ſo much more: and of all this I only to be the Judge. If you like it, follow me, Captive. [*She pulls him.*

Cel. March on, Conqueror. [*Exeunt* Cel. *and* Flor.

Enter Palamede *ſolus.*

Pal. 'Tis pretty odd, that my Miſtreſs ſhould ſo much reſemble *Rhodophil's*. The ſame News-monger, the ſame paſſionate Lover of a Court; the ſame, but Baſta!——ſince I muſt marry her, I'll ſay nothing of her, becauſe he ſhall not laugh at my Misfortune.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. Well, *Palamede*, how go the Affairs of Love? You've ſeen your Miſtreſs?

Pal. I have ſo.

Rho. And how, and how? has the old *Cupid*, your Father, choſen well for you? Is he a good Woodman?

Pal. She's much handſomer than I could have imagin'd: In ſhort, I love her, and will marry her.

Rho. Then you are quite off your old Miſtreſs?

Pal. You are miſtaken, I intend to love 'em both, as a reaſonable Man ought to do. For ſince all Women have

have their Faults and Imperfections, 'tis fit that one them ſhould help out the t'other.

Enter Doralice, *walking by and muſing.*

Pal. Ods my Life! *Rhodophil*, will you keep my Counſel?

Rho. Yes: Where's the Secret?

Pal. There 'tis. [*Shewing* Doralice.] I may tell you, as my Friend *ſub Sigillo*, &c. This is that very numerical Lady, with whom I am in love.

Rho. By all that's Virtuous, my Wife. [*Aſide.*

Pal. You look ſtrangely; how do you like her? Is ſhe not very handſome.

Rho. Sure he abuſes me. [*Aſide.*] Why the Devil do you aſk my Judgment? [*To him.*

Pal. You are ſo dogged now, you think no Man's Miſtreſs handſome but your own. Come, you ſhall hear her talk too; ſhe has a Wit, I aſſure you.

Rho. This is too much *Palamede.* [*Going back.*

Pal. Pr'ythee do not hang back ſo: Of an old try'd Lover, thou art the moſt baſhful Fellow,

[*Pulling him forwards.*

Dor. Were you ſo near and would not ſpeak, dear Huſband? [*Looking up.*

Pal. Huſband quoth-a! I have cut out a fine Piece of Work for myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Rho. Pray, Spouſe, how long have you been acquainted with this Gentleman?

Dor. Who, I acquainted with this Stranger? To my beſt knowledge I never ſaw him before.

Enter Melantha *at the other end.*

Pal. Thanks, Fortune, thou haſt help'd me. [*Aſide.*

Rho. Palamede, this muſt not paſs ſo; I muſt know your Miſtreſs a little better.

Pal. It ſhall be your own Fault elſe. Come, I'll introduce you.

Rho. Introduce me! Where?

Pal. There to my Miſtreſs. [*Pointing to* Melantha, *who ſwiftly paſſes over the Stage.*

Rho. Who! Melantha! O Heavens, I did not ſee her.

Pal.

Pal. But I did, I am an Eagle where I love: I have ſeen her this half hour.

Dor. [*Aſide.*] I find he has Wit, he has got off ſo readily; but it would anger me if he ſhould love *Melantha*.

Rho. [*Aſide.*] Now I could e'en wiſh it were my Wife he lov'd, I find he is to be married to my Miſtreſs.

Pal. Shall I run after and fetch her back again, to preſent you to her?

Rho. No, you need not; I have the Honour to have ſome ſmall Acquaintance with her.

Pal. [*Aſide.*] O *Jupiter!* What a Blockhead was I, not to find it out? My Wife that muſt be, is his Miſtreſs. I did a little ſuſpect it before: Well, I muſt marry her, becauſe ſhe's handſome, and becauſe I have to be diſinherited, for a younger Brother, which I am ſured ſhall be if I diſobey; and yet I muſt keep in with *Rhodophil*, becauſe I love his Wife

[*To* Rhodo.] I muſt deſire you to make my Excuſe to your Lady, if I have been ſo unfortunate to cauſe any Miſtake, and withal to beg the Honour of being known to her.

Rho. O, that's but reaſon. Hark you, Spouſe, Pray look upon this Gentleman as my Friend; whom, to my knowledge, you have never ſeen before this Hour.

Dor. I am ſo obedient a Wife, Sir, that my Huſband's Commands ſhall ever be a Law to me.

Enter Melantha *again haſtily, runs to embrace* Doralice.

Mel. O my Dear, I was juſt going to pay my Devoirs to you; I had not time this Morning, for making my Court to the King, and our new Prince. Well, never Nation was ſo happy, and all that, in a young Prince; and he's the kindeſt Perſon in the World to me, let me die if he is not.

Dor. He has been bred up far from Court, and therefore——

Mel. That imports not: Tho' he has not ſeen the *Grande Monde*, and all that, let me die but he has the Air of the Court moſt abſolutely.

Pal.

Pal. But yet, Madam, he——

Mel. O Servant, you can teſtify, that I am in his good Graces. Well, I cannot ſtay long with you, becauſe I have promiſed him this Afternoon——But hark you, my Dear, I'll tell you a Secret.

Whiſpers to D.

Rho. The Devil's in me that I muſt love this Woman. *Aſide.*

Pal. The Devil's in me that I muſt marry this Woman. [*Aſide.*

Mel. [*Raiſing her Voice.*] So the Prince and I—— But you muſt make a Secret of this, my Dear, for I would not for the World your Huſband ſhould hear it, or my Tyrant there that muſt be.

Pal. Well, fair Impertinent, your Whiſper is not loſt, we hear you. [*Aſide.*

Dor. I underſtand then, that——

Mel. I'll tell you my Dear, the Prince took me by the Hand, and preſs'd it *al a derobbée*, becauſe the King was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and ſaid a thouſand Gallantries, or let me die, my Dear.

Dor. Then I am ſure you——

Mel. You are miſtaken, my Dear.

Dor. What! before I ſpeak?

Mel. But I know your Thoughts. You think, my Dear, that I aſſum'd ſomething of *fierte* into my Countenance, to *rebuté* him; but quite contrary, I regarded him, I know not how to expreſs it in our dull *Sicilian* Language, *d'un ayre enjoüe*; and ſaid nothing but *adautre, adautre*, and that it was all *Grimace*, and would not paſs upon me.

Enter Flavia, Melantha *ſees her, and runs away from* Doralice.

[*To* Flavia.] My Dear, I muſt beg your pardon, I was juſt making a Looſe from *Doralice*, to pay my Reſpects to you: Let me die, if I ever paſs time ſo agreeably, as in your Company; and if I would leave it for any Ladies in *Sicily*.

Fla. Here's the new Beauty, *Florimel*, is coming this way. *Enter*

Enter Florimel, Melantha *runs to her.*

Mel. O dear Madam! I have been at your Lodgings, in my new Caleche ſo often, to tell you of a new Amour betwixt two Perſons whom you would little ſuſpect for [illegible] my Mellie, if one of my Coach-horſes be not dead, and another quite tir'd, and ſunk under the Fatigue.

Flor. O, *Melantha!* I can tell you News, the Prince is coming this way.

Mel. The Prince! O ſweet Prince! He and I are to——and I forgot it——Your pardon, ſweet Madam, for my Abruptneſs. Adieu my Dears. Servant *Rhodophil*; Servant, Servant; Servant all.

Exit running.

Rhodophil *goes to* Florimel *and* Flavia. [*Whiſpers.*

Dor. [*To* Pal.] Why do you not follow your Miſtreſs, Sir?

Pal. Follow her! Why at this rate ſhe'll be at the *Indies* within this half hour.

Dor. However, if you can't follow her to-day, you'll meet her at Night, I hope.

Rho. [*To himſelf.*] I begin to hate this *Palamede*, becauſe he is to marry my Miſtreſs: Yet break with him I dare not, for fear of being quite excluded from her Company. 'Tis a hard Caſe, when a Man muſt go by his Rival to his Miſtreſs: But 'tis at worſt, but uſing him like a Pair of heavy Boots in a dirty Journey; after I have foul'd him all Day, I'll throw him off at Night.——

Pal. But can you, in Charity, ſuffer me to be mortified, without affording me ſome Relief? If it be but to puniſh that Sign of a Husband there; that lazy Matrimony, that dull inſipid Taſte, who leaves ſuch delicious Fare at home, to dine abroad on worſe Meat, and to pay dear for't into the Bargain.

Dor. All this is in vain: Aſſure yourſelf, I will never admit of any Viſit from you in private.

Pal. That is to tell me in other Words, my Condition is deſperate.

Dor. I think you in ſo ill a Condition, that I am reſolv'd to pray for you this very Evening, in the cloſe

Walk behind the Terras; for that's a private Place, and there I am ſure no body will diſturb my Devotions. And ſo Good-night, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pal. This is the newest way of making an Appointment I ever heard of: Let Women alone to contrive the Means; I find we are but Dunces to 'em. Well, I will not be ſo prophane a Wretch as to interrupt her Devotions; but to make 'em more effectual, I'll down upon my Knees, and endeavour to join my own with 'em.

Fla. Celadon! What makes him here?

[*Exeunt all but* Flavia.

Enter to her Celadon, Olinda, Sabina; *they walk over the Stage together; He ſeeming to court them.*

Olin. Nay, ſweet *Celadon*———

Sab. Nay, dear *Celadon.*

Fla. O-ho! I ſee his Buſineſs now, 'tis with *Meliſſa*'s two Daughters: Look, look, how he peeps about to ſee if the Coaſt be clear; like a Hawk that will not plume if ſhe be look'd on———

[*Exeunt* Celadon, Olinda, Sabina.

So——at laſt he has truſs'd his Quarry.

Enter Florimel.

Flor. Did you ſee *Celadon* this way?

Fla. If you had not aſk'd the Queſtion, I ſhould have thought you had come from watching him; he is juſt gone off with *Meliſſa*'s Daughters.

Flor. Meliſſa's Daughters! He did not court 'em I hope.

Fla. So buſily, he loſt no time: While he was teaching the one a Tune, he was kiſſing the other's Hand.

Flor. O a fine Gentleman!

Fla. And they ſo greedy of him! Did you never ſee two Fiſhes about a Bait, tugging it this way and t'other way: For my part, I look'd at leaſt he ſhould have loſt a Leg or Arm i'th' Service——Nay, never vex yourſelf, but e'en reſolve to break with him.

Flor.

Flor. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet; I'll correct him firſt, and then hope the beſt from Time.

Fla. From Time! Believe me there's little Good to be expected from him. I never knew the old Gentleman with the Scythe and the Hour-glaſs bring any thing but Grey Hairs, thin Cheeks, and loſs of Teeth: You ſee *Celadon* loves others.

Flor. There is the more hope he may love me amongſt the reſt: Hang't, I would not marry one of theſe ſolemn Fops: Give me a Servant that is an High-Flyer at all Games, that is bounteous of himſelf to many Women; and yet whenever I pleas'd to throw out the Lure of Matrimony, ſhould come down with a Swinge, and *fly* the better at his own Quarry.

Fla. But are you ſure you can take him down when you think good?

Flor. Nothing more certain.

Fla. What Wager will you venture upon the Tryal?

Flor. Any thing.

Fla. My Maidenhead to yours.

Flor. That's a good one, who ſhall take the Forfeit?

Fla. Well, I'll go and write a Letter as from theſe two Siſters, to ſummon him immediately; it ſhall be deliver'd before you. I warrant you ſee a ſtrong Combat betwixt the Fleſh and the Spirit; If he leaves you to go to them, you'll grant he loves them better?

Flor. Not a jot the more: A Bee may pick of many Flowers, and yet like ſome one better than all the reſt.

Fla. But then your Bee muſt not leave his Sting behind him.

Flor. Well, make the Experiment however: I hear him coming, and a whole Noiſe of Fidlers at his Heels. Hey-day, what a mad Huſband ſhall I have!

Enter Celadon.

Fla. And what a mad Wife will he have? Well, I muſt go a little way, but I'll return immediately and write it: You'll keep him in diſcourſe the while. [*Exit.* Fla.

Cel. Where are you, Madam? What do you mean to run

run away thus? Pray ſtand to't, that we may diſpatch this Buſineſs. Caught! by all that's Impudent. [*Aſide.*

Flor. I think you mean to watch me, as they do Witches, to make me confeſs I love you. Lord, what a Buſtle have you kept this Afternoon? What with Eating, Singing and Dancing, I am ſo wearied, that I ſhall not be in caſe to hear any more Love this fortnight.

Cel. Nay, if you ſurfeit on't before tryal, Mercy on you when I have marry'd you.

Flor. But what King's Revenue do you think will maintain this extravagant Expence?

Cel. I have an intolerable Father, a rich old Rogue, if he would but die! Lord, how long does he mean to make it e'er he dies?

Flor. As long as ever he can, I'll paſs my Word for him.

Cel. I think then we had beſt conſider him as an obſtinate old Fellow, that is deaf to the News of a better World, and ne'er ſtay for him.

Flor. But e'en marry and get him Grand-Children in abundance, and Great Grand-Children upon them, and ſo inch him and ſhove him out of the World by the very force of new Generations.——If that be the way, you muſt excuſe me.

Cel. But doſt thou know what it is to be an old Maid.

Flor. No, nor hope I ſhan't theſe twenty Years.

Cel. But when that time comes, in the firſt place thou wilt be condemn'd to tell Stories, how many Men thou might'ſt have had; and none believe thee. Then thou groweſt froward, and impertinently wiſh all thy Friends to ſolicit Man for thee.

Flor. Away with your old Common place Wit: I am reſolv'd to grow fat, and look young till Forty, and then ſlip out of the World with the firſt Wrinkle, and the Reputation of Five-and-twenty.

Cel. Well, what think you now of a Reckoning betwixt us.?

Flor. How do you mean?

Cel.

Cel. To diſcount for ſo many Days of my Years Service, as I have paid in ſince Morning.

Flor. With all my heart.

Cel. Imprimis, for a Treat: *Item*, for my Glaſs-Coach: *Item*, for ſitting bare, and playing with your Fan: And laſtly and principally, for my Fidelity to you this long Hour and half.

Flor. For this I bate you three Weeks of your Service: Now hear your Bill of Faults; for your comfort, 'tis a ſhort one.

Cel. I know it.

Flor. Imprimis, *Item*, and Sum total, for keeping Company with *Meliſſa*'s Daughters.

Cel. How the duce came you to know of that? Gad, I believe the Devil plays booty againſt himſelf, and tells you of my Sins. [*Aſide.*

Flor. The Offence being ſo ſmall, the Puniſhment ſhall be proportionable; I will ſet you back only half a Year.

Cel. You're moſt Unconſcionable: Why then do you think we ſhall come together? There's none but the old Patriarchs could live long enough to marry you at this rate. What, do you take me for ſome Couſin of *Methuſalem*'s, that I muſt ſtay an hundred Years before I come to beget Sons and Daughters?

Flor. Here's an impudent Lover, he complains of me, without offering to excuſe himſelf; *Item*, a Fortnight more for that.

Cel. So there's another Puff in my Voyage has blown me back to the North of *Great-Britain*.

Flor. All this is nothing to your Excuſe for the two Siſters.

Cel. Faith, if I ever did more than kiſs 'em, and that but once——

Flor. What could you have done more to me?

Cel. An hundred times more; as thou ſhalt know, dear Rogue, at time convenient.

Flor. You talk, you talk: Cou'd you kiſs 'em, tho' but once, and never think of me?

Cel. Nay, if I had thought of thee, I had kiſs'd 'em over a thouſand times with the very force of Imagination.

Flor. The Gallants are mightily beholden to you; you have found 'em out a new way to kiſs their Miſtreſſes, upon other Women's Lips.

Cel. What wou'd you have? You are my *Sultana* Queen, the reſt are but in the nature of your Slaves; I may make ſome ſlight Excurſion in the Enemy's Country for Forage, or ſo, but I ever return to my Head Quarters.

Enter Boy with a Letter.

Cel. To me?

Boy. If your Name be *Celadon.* [Celad. *reads ſoftly.*

Cel. [*To the Page.*] Child, come hither Child, here's Money for thee: So, be gone quickly, good Child, before any body examines thee: Thou art in a dangerous place, Child——[*Thruſts him out.*] Very good, the Siſters ſend me word they will have the Fiddles this Afternoon, and invite me to ſup there——Now cannot I forbear, and I ſhould be hang'd, tho' I ſcap'd a Scouring ſo lately for it. Yet I love *Florimel* better than both of 'em together.——There's the Riddle on't, But only for the ſweet ſake of Variety. [*Aſide.*]—Well, we muſt all ſin, and all repent, and there's an end on't.

Flor. What is it that makes you fidge up and down ſo?

Cel. Faith I am ſent for by a very dear Friend, and 'tis upon a Buſineſs of Life and Death.

Flor. On my Life, ſome Woman.

Cel. On my Honour, ſome Man; do you think I would lye to you?

Flor. But you engag'd to ſup with me.

Cel. But I conſider it may be ſcandalous to ſtay late in your Lodgings. Adieu, dear Creature, if ever I am falſe to thee again—— [*Exit* Celadon.

Flor. See what conſtant Metal you Men are made of! He begins to woo me in good earneſt. Hang him, let him go and take enough of 'em; and yet methinks I can't endure he ſhould neither. Lord, that ſuch a Mad-

cap as I ſhould ever live to be jealous! I muſt after him. Some Ladies would diſcard him now, but I,

A fitter way for my Revenge will find,
I'll marry him, and ſcrue him in his kind.

[*Exit Flor.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Rhodophil *meeting* Doralice *and* Flavia. Rhodophil *and* Doralice *embrace.*

Rho. MY own dear Heart!

Dor. My own true Love! [*She ſtarts back.*] I had forgot myſelf, to be ſo kind; indeed I am very angry with you, Dear, you are come an Hour after you appointed: If you had ſtaid a Minute longer, I was juſt conſidering whether I ſhould ſtab, hang, or drown my ſelf. [*Embracing him.*

Rho. Nothing but the King's Buſineſs could have hinder'd me; and I was ſo vex'd, that I was juſt laying down my Commiſſion, rather than have fail'd my Dear.

[*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Fla. Why, this is Love as it ſhould be, betwixt Man and Wife; ſuch another Couple would bring Marriage into Faſhion again. But is it always thus betwixt you!

Rho. Always thus! this is nothing. I tell you there is not ſuch a pair of Turtles in all *Sicily*: there is ſuch an eternal Cooing and Kiſſing betwixt us, that indeed it is ſcandalous before Company.

Dor. Well, if I had imagin'd I ſhould have been this fond Fool, I would never have marry'd the Man I lov'd: I marry'd to be happy, and have made my ſelf miſerable by over-loving. Nay, and now my Caſe is deſperate, for I have been married above theſe two Years, and find my ſelf every Day worſe and worſe in Love; nothing but Madneſs can be the end on't.

Fla. Doat on to the Extremity, and you are happy.

Dor. He deſerves ſo infinitely much, that the truth is, there can be no doating in the Matter; but to love well, I confeſs is a Work that pays itſelf: 'tis telling Gold, and after taking it for one's pains.

Rho. By that I ſhould be a very covetous Perſon, for I am ever pulling out my Money, and putting it into my Pocket again.

Dor. Oh dear *Rhodophil!*

Rho. Oh ſweet *Doralice!* [*Embracing each other.*

Fla. [*Aſide.*] Nay, I'm reſolv'd I'll never interrupt Lovers: I'll leave them as happy as I found 'em.

[*Steals away.*

Rho. What, is ſhe gone? [*Looking up.*

Dor. Yes, and without taking Leave.

Rho. Then there's enough for this time.

Dor. Yes, ſure, the Scene's done, I take it.

[*Parting from her. They walk contrary on the Stage, he with his Hands in his Pocket, Whiſtling; ſhe ſinging a dull melancholy Tune.*

Rho. Pox o' your dull Tune, a Man can't think for you.

Dor. Pox o' your damn'd whiſtling, you can neither be Company to me yourſelf, nor leave me to the Freedom of my own Fancy.

Rho. Well, thou art the moſt provoking Wife.

Dor. Well, thou art the dulleſt Huſband, thou art never to be provok'd.

Rho. I was never thought dull till I marry'd thee, and now thou haſt made an old Knife of me, thou haſt whetted me ſo long till I have no Edge left.

Dor. I ſee you are in the Huſband's Faſhion, you reſerve all your Good-humour for your Miſtreſſes, and keep your ill for your Wives.

Rho. Pr'ythee leave me to my own Cogitations; I am thinking over all my Sins, to find for which of them 'twas I marry'd thee.

Dor. Whatever your Sin was, mine's the Puniſhment.

Rho. My Comfort is, thou art not Immortal; and when that bleſſed, that divine Day comes, of this Depar-

ture,

ture, I'm reſolv'd I'll make one Holy-day more in the Almanack, for thy ſake.

Dor. Ay, you had need make a Holy-day for me, for I am ſure you have made me a Martyr.

Rho. Then ſetting my victorious Foot upon thy Head, in the firſt Hour of thy Silence, (that is, the firſt Hour thou art dead, for I deſpair of it before) I will ſwear by thy Ghoſt, an Oath as terrible to me, as *Styx* is to the Gods; never more to be in danger to the Bonds of Matrimony——.

Dor. And I'm reſolv'd to marry the very ſame Day thou dy'ſt, if it be to ſhew how little I'm concern'd for thee.

Rho. Pr'ythee, *Doralice*, why do we quarrel thus, a-days? Ha! This is but a kind of heatheniſh Life, and does not anſwer the ends of Marriage. If I have err'd propoſe what reaſonable Atonement may be made before we ſleep, and I ſhall not be refractory: But withal conſider, I have been marry'd theſe three Years, and be not too Tyrannical.

Dor. Why ſhould you talk of a Peace, when you can give no Security for Performance of Articles?

Rho. Then ſince we muſt live together, and both of us ſtand upon our Terms, as to the matter of dying firſt, let us ev'n make ourſelves as merry as we can with our Misfortunes. Why there's the Devil on't, if thou couldſt make thy Favours but a little leſs eaſy, or but a little more unlawful, thou ſhould'ſt ſee what a Termagant Lover I would prove. I have taken ſuch Pains to like thee *Doralice*, that I have fancy'd thee all the fine Women in the Town to help me out: But now there's none left for me to think on, my imagination is quite jaded. Thou art a Wife and thou wilt be a Wife, and I can make thee another no longer. [*Exit* Rho.

Dor. Well, ſince thou art a Huſband and wilt be a Huſband, I'll try if I can't find out another that won't think me a Wife.

Enter Melantha *and* Flavia *to her.*

Mel. Dear, my Dear, pity me, I am ſo chagrin to-day,

day, and have had the moſt ſignal Affront at Court! I went this Afternoon to do my *Devoir* to the Princeſs, and help'd to make her Court ſome half an Hour; After which ſhe went to take the Air, choſe out two Ladies to go with her, that came in after me, and left me moſt barbarouſly behind her.

Fla. You are the leſs to be pitied, *Melantha*, becauſe you ſubject yourſelf to theſe Affronts, by coming perpetually to Court, where you have no Buſineſs nor Employment.

Mel. I declare I had rather of the two, be *rally'd*, nay *mal traittée*, at Court, than be deify'd in the Town; for poſitively, nothing can be ſo *ridicule* as a mere Town Lady.

Fla. And therefore I would e'en adviſe you to quit the Court, and live either wholly in the Town, or, if you like not that, in the Country.

Dor. In the Country! nay, that's to fall beneath the Town; for they live there upon our Offals here: Their Entertainment of Wit is only the remembrance of what they had when they were laſt in Town: they live this Year upon laſt Year's Knowledge, as the Cattle do all Night, by chewing the Cud of what they eat in the Afternoon.

Mel. And then they tell for News ſuch unlikely Stories: A Letter from one of us is ſuch a Preſent to 'em, that the poor Souls wait for the Carrier's Day with ſuch Devotion, that they cannot ſleep the Night before.

Fla. No more than I can the Night before I go to go a Journey.

Dor. Or I, before I am to try on a new Gown.

Mel. A Song that's ſtale here, will be new there a Twelvemonth hence: And if a Man of the Town by chance come amongſt 'em, he's reverenc'd for teaching 'em the Tune.

Dor. A Friend of mine, who makes Songs ſometime came lately out of the Weſt, and vow'd he was ſo put out of Countenance with a Song of his: For at the firſt Country Gentleman's he viſited, he ſaw three Taylor

croſs-legg'd upon the Table in the Hall, who were tearing it out as loud as they could ſing.

—*After the Pangs of a deſperate Lover*, &c.

And all that Day he heard nothing elſe, but the Daughters of the Houſe, and the Maids, humming it over in every Corner, and the Father whiſtling it.

Fla. Indeed I have obſerv'd of my ſelf, that when I am out of Town but a Fortnight, I am ſo humble, that I would receive a Letter from my Taylor or Mercer, for a Favour.

Mel. When I have been at Graſs in the Summer, and am new come up again, methinks I am to be turn'd into Ridicule by all that ſee me: But when I have been once or twice at Court, I begin to value my ſelf again, and to deſpiſe my Country Acquaintance.

Fla. There are places where all People may be adored, and we ought to know ourſelves ſo well as to chuſe 'em. But I ſee we ſhall leave *Melantha* where we found her; for the Town and Country are become more dreadful to her than the Court, where ſhe was affronted. But you forget, we are to wait on the Princeſs. Come *Doralice*.

Dor. Farewel, *Melantha*.

Mel. Adieu, my Dear.

Fla. You are out of Charity with her; and therefore I ſhall not give your Service.

Mel. Do not omit it, I beſeech you; for I have ſuch a Tender for the Court, that I love it even from the Drawing Room to the Lobby, and can never be *Rebuttée* by any Uſage. But hark you, my Dear, one thing I had forgot of great Concernment.

Dor. Quickly then, we are in haſte.

Mel. Do not call it my Service, that's too vulgar; but do my *Baiſe-Mains* to the Princeſs.

Dor. To do you Service then, we will do your *Baiſe-Mains* to the Princeſs. [*Exeunt* Fla. *and* Dor.

Enter Philotis *with a Paper in her Hand.*

Mel. O, are you there, Minion? And, well, are not you

you a moſt precious Damſel, to retard all my Viſits for want of Language, when you know you are paid ſo well for furniſhing me with new Words for my daily Converſation? Let me die, if I have not run the riſque already, to ſpeak like one of the Vulgar; and if I have one Phraſe left in all my Store that is not threadbare, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to Peaſants.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I have been very diligent in my Vocation; but you have ſo drain'd all the *French* Plays and Romances, that they are not able to ſupply you with Words for your daily Expences.

Mel. Drain'd! What a Word's there? *Equiſée* you Sot, you. Come, produce your Morning's Work.

Phil. 'Tis here, Madam. [*Shews the Paper*

Mel. O, my *Venus!* fourteen or fifteen Words to ſerve me a whole Day! Let me die, at this rate I can not laſt till Night. Come read your Works: I went to one, half of them will not paſs Muſter neither.

Phil. Sottiſes. [*Read*

Mel. Sottiſes, bon, that's an excellent Word to begin withal, as for Example: He or ſhe ſaid a thouſand *Sottiſes* to me. Proceed.

Phil. Figure: As what a *Figure* of a Man is there *Naive* and *Naiveté.*

Mel. Naivé; as how?

Phil. Speaking of a thing that was naturally ſaid; 'twas ſo *naive,* or ſuch an innocent Piece of Simplicity 'twas ſuch a *Naiveté.*

Mel, Truce with your Interpretations; make haſte.

Phil. Feible, Chagrin, Grimace, Embaraſſée, double Entendre, Equivoque, Eclairciſſement, Suitte Beveue, Façon, Panchant, Coup d'etourdy, and *Ridicule.*

Mel, Hold, hold; how did they begin?

Phil. They began at *Sottiſes,* and ended *en Ridicule.*

Mel. Now give me your Paper in my Hand, and hold you my Glaſs, while I practiſe my Airs for the Day. [*Melantha laughs in the Glaſs.*] How does that Laugh become me?

Phil. Sovereignly well, Madam.

Mel. Sovereignly! Let me die, that's not amiſs, th

Wo

Word ſhall not be yours, I'll invent it, and bring it up myſelf; my new Head ſhall be yours upon't; Not a Word of the Word, I charge you.

Phil. I am dumb, Madam.

Mel. That Glance, how ſuits it with my Face?

[*Looking in the Glaſs again.*

Phil. 'Tis ſo *Languiſſant.*

Mel. *Languiſſant!* That Word ſhall be mine too, and my laſt *Indian Gown* thine for't. That Sigh.

[*Looks again.*

Phil. 'Twill make many a Man ſigh, Madam, 'tis a mere *Incendiary.*

Mel. Take my blue Petticoat for that Truth. If thou haſt any more of theſe Phraſes, let me die, but I could give away all my Wardrobe, and go naked for 'em.

Phil. Go naked! Then you would be a *Venus*, Madam. O *Jupiter!* What had I forgot? This Paper was given me by *Rhodophil*'s Page.

Mel. [Reading the Letter.]—*Beg the Favour from you — Gratify my Paſſion—ſo far—Aſſignation—in the* Grotto—*behind the* Terras—*Clock this Evening.*—Well, for the *Billet-doux*, there's no Man in *Sicily*, muſt diſpute with *Rhodophil*; they are ſo *French*, ſo Gallant, and ſo *Tendre*, that I cannot reſiſt the Temptation of the Aſſignation. Now go you away, *Philotis*, it imports me to practiſe what I ſhall ſay to my Servant when I meet him.

[*Exit* Philotis.

Rhodophil, you'll wonder at my Aſſurance to meet you here; let me die, I am ſo out of breath with coming, that I can render you no Reaſon for it. Then he will make this Repartee; Madam, I have no reaſon to accuſe you for that which is ſo great a Favour to me. Then I reply, But why have you drawn me to this ſolitary Place? Let me die, but I am apprehenſive of ſome Violence from you. Then ſays he, Solitude, Madam, is moſt fit for Lovers; but by this fair Hand——Nay now, I vow you're rude, Sir: O fie, fie, fie, I hope you'll be honourable?——You'd laugh at me if I ſhou'd, Madam—— What do you mean to raviſh a Kiſs by main force? Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit*

Pala

Palamede *and* Doralice *meet; ſhe with a Book in her Hand ſeems to ſtart at ſight of him.*

Dor. 'Tis a ſtrange thing that no Warning will ſerve your turn; and that no Retirement will ſecure me from your Impertinent Addreſſes! Did I not tell you that all was to be private here at my Devotions?

Pal. Yes; and you ſee I have obſerv'd my Cue exactly: I am come to relieve you from them. Come, ſhut up, ſhut up your Book; the Man's come who is to ſupply your Neceſſities.

Dor. Then it ſeems, you are ſo impudent to think it was an Aſſignation? This I warrant was your lewd Interpretation of my innocent Meaning.

Pal. Venus forbid that I ſhould harbour ſo unreaſonable a Thought of a fair young Lady, that you ſhould lead me hither into Temptation. I confeſs I might think indeed it was a kind of honourable Challenge, to meet privately, without Seconds, and decide the Difference betwixt the two Sexes: But I hope you'll forgive me if I thought amiſs.

Dor. You thought too, I'll lay my Life on't, that you might as well make Love to me, as my Huſband does to your Miſtreſs.

Pal. 'Twas ſo unreaſonable to think ſo too.

Dor. And then you wickedly inferr'd, that there was ſome Juſtice in the Revenge of it: Or at leaſt but little Injury; for a Man to endeavour to enjoy that, which he accounts a Bleſſing, and which is not valu'd as it ought by the dull Poſſeſſor. Confeſs your Wickedneſs; did you not think ſo?

Pal. I confeſs I was thinking ſo, as faſt as I could; but you think ſo much before me, that you will let me think nothing.

Dor. 'Tis the very thing that I deſign'd; I have foreſtall'd all your Arguments, and left you without a Word more, to plead for Mercy. If you have any thing farther to offer, ere Sentence paſs——Poor Animal! I brought you hither only for my Diverſion.

Pal. That you may have, if you'll make uſe of me the

the right way; but I tell thee, Woman, I'm now paſt talking.

Dor. But it may be, I came hither to hear what fine things you could ſay for yourſelf.

Pal. You would be very angry, to my Knowledge, if I ſhould loſe ſo much time to ſay many of 'em; and by this Hand, you would——

Dor. *Palamede*, I am a Woman of Honour.

Pal. So you are; you have kept touch with your Aſſignation, and before we part, you ſhall find that I am a Man of Honour——yet I have one Scruple of Conſcience——

Dor. I warrant you will not want ſome naughty Argument or other to ſatisfy yourſelf——I hope you are afraid of betraying your Friend?

Pal. Of betraying my Friend! I am more afraid of being betray'd by you to my Friend. You Women now are got into the way of telling firſt yourſelves: A Man who has any care of his Reputation will be loth to truſt it with you.

Dor. O, you charge your Faults upon our Sex: You Men are like Cocks, you never make Love, but you clap your Wings, and crow when you have done.

Pal. Nay, rather you Women are like Hens; you never lay, but you cackle an Hour after, to diſcover your Neſt——but I'll venture it for once.

Dor. To convince you that you are in the wrong. I'll retire into the dark *Grotto*, to my Devotion, and make ſo little Noiſe that it ſhall be impoſſible for you to find me.

Pal. But if I do find you——

Dor. Ay, if you do find me——

[*She runs in, and he after her.*

Enter Rhodophil *and* Melantha.

Mel. Let me die, but this Solitude, and that Grotto are ſcandalous; I'll go no farther: Beſides, you have a ſweet Lady of your own.

Rho. But a ſweet Miſtreſs, now and then, makes my ſweet Lady ſo much more ſweet.

Mel.

Mel. I hope you will not force me?

Rho. But I will if you desire it.

Pal. [*Within.*] Where the Devil are you, Madam? S'death I begin to be weary of this Hide and Seek: If you ſtay a little longer, 'till the Fit's over, I'll hide in my turn, and put you to the finding of me.

[*He enters and ſees* Rho. *and* Mel. How *Rhodophil* and my Miſtreſs!

Mel. My Servant to apprehend me! This [illegible] *au dernier.*

Rho. I muſt on, there's nothing but Impudence can help me out.

Pal. *Rhodophil*, how came you hither in ſo good Company?

Rho. As you ſee, *Palamede*; an effect of pure Friendſhip; I was not able to live without you.

Pal. But what makes my Miſtreſs with you?

Rho. Why, I heard you were here alone, and could not in Civility but bring her to you.

Mel. You'll pardon the Effects of a Paſſion, which I may now avow for you, if it tranſported me beyond the Rules of *bien Seance*.

Pal. But who told you I was here? They that told you that, may tell you more for ought I know.

Rho. O, for that matter, we had Intelligence.

Pal. But let me tell you, we came hither ſo privately, that you could not trace us.

Rho. Us! what us? You are alone.

Pal. Us! The Devil's in me for miſtaking. Me, I meant: Or Us; that is, You are me, or I you, as we are Friends, that's Us.

Dor. *Palamede, Palamede!* [*Within.*

Rho. I ſhould know that Voice: Who's within there, that calls you?

Pal. Faith, I can't imagine; I believe that place is haunted.

Dor. *Palamede, Palamede!* [*Within.*

Rho. Lord, Lord, what ſhall I do? Well, dear Friend, to let you ſee I ſcorn to be jealous, and that I dare truſt my Miſtreſs with you, take her back, for I would not willingly

willingly have her frighted; and I am resolv'd to see [illegible] there? I'll not be daunted with a Bug-bear, that's [illegible], pr'ythee dispute it not, it shall be so; nay, do [illegible] put me to swear, but go quickly; there's an Effect [illegible] Friendship for you now.

Enter Doralice, *and looks amaz'd, seeing them.*

Rho. [illegible]*lice!* I am Thunder-struck to see you here.

Pal. [illegible] I, quite Thunder-struck; was it you that call'd me [illegible]n? (I must be Impudent)

Rho. [illegible] came you hither, Spouse!

Pal. Ay, how came you hither? And which is more, how could you be here without my Knowledge?

Dor. [*To her Husband.*] O, Gentleman, have I caught you i'faith? Have I broke forth in ambush upon you? I thought my Suspicions would prove true.

Rho. Suspicions! This is very fine, Spouse. Pr'ythee what Suspicions?

Dor. O, you feign Ignorance: Why of you and *Melantha*; here have I staid these two Hours, waiting with all the Rage of a passionate loving Wife, but infinitely jealous, to [illegible] you two together; for hither I was certain you would come.

Rho. But you are mistaken, Spouse, in the occasion; for we came hither on purpose to find *Palamede*, on Intelligence he was gone before.

Pal. I'll be hang'd then, if the same Party, who gave you Intelligence I was here, did not tell your Wife you would come hither: Now I smell the Malice out on both Sides.

Dor. Was it so, think you? Nay, then I'll confess my part of the Malice too. As soon as ever I spy'd my Husband and *Melantha* come together, I had a strange Temptation to make him jealous in Revenge; and that made me call *Palamede, Palamede*, as though there had been an Intrigue between us.

Mel. Nay, I vow there was an Appearance of an Intrigue between us too.

Pal. To see how things will come about.

Rho.

Rho. And was it only thus, my dear *Doralice*

[*Embracing.*

Dor. And did I wrong n'own *Rhodophil*, with [illegible] Suſpicion?

[*Embracing him.*

Par. [*Aſide.*] Now I am confident we had all [illegible] ſame Deſign: 'Tis a pretty odd kind of Game this, wh[illegible] each of us plays for double Stakes: This is juſt [illegible] and Parry with the ſame Motion; I am to [illegible] Wife, and yet to guard my own Miſtreſs. [illegible] vilely ſuſpicious, that, while I conquer in the righ[illegible], I ſhall be routed in the left: For both our W[illegible] will certainly betray their Party, becauſe they are each of them for gaining two, as well as we; and I much fear,

If their Neceſſities and ours were known,
They have more need of two, than we of one.

[*Exeunt, embracing one another.*

Enter Meliſſa, *after her* Olinda *and* Sabina.

Mel. I muſt take this Buſineſs up in time: This wild Fellow begins to haunt my Houſe again. Well, I'll be bold to ſay, 'tis as eaſy to bring up a young Lion, without Miſchief, as a Maidenhead of fifteen, to make it tame for a Husband's Bed: Not but that the young Man is handſome, rich, and young; and I could be content he ſhould marry one of them: But to ſeduce 'em both in this Manner!—Well, I'll examine them apart; and if I can find out which he loves, I'll offer him his choice—*Olinda*, come hither, Child.——

Olin. Your Pleaſure, Madam?

Mel. Nothing but your Good, *Olinda*. What think you of *Celadon*?

Olin. Why, I think he's a very mad Fellow; but yet I have ſome Obligements to him: He teaches me new Airs on the *Guitarre*, and talks wildly to me, and I to him.

Mel. But, tell me in earneſt, do you think he loves you?

Olin. Can [illegible] doubt it? There were never two ſo cut out for one another: we both love Singing, Dancing, Treats

Treats and Muſick. In ſhort, we are each other's Coun-[illegible]t.

Sab. But does he love you ſeriouſly?

Olin. Seriouſly! I know not that; if he did, perhaps I ſhould not love him: But we ſit and talk, and [illegible]dle and are Friends: When we are together we never hold our tongues, and then we have always a Noiſe [illegible]ddles at our Heels; he hunts me merrily as the Ho[illegible] does the Hare: and either this is Love, or I know it [illegible].

Mel. Well, go back, and call *Sabina* to me. [*Olinda goes behind.*] This is a Riddle paſt my finding out: whether he loves her or no is the Queſtion; but this I am ſure of, ſhe loves him.——O my little Favourite, I muſt ask you a Queſtion concerning *Celadon:* Is he in love with you?

Sab. I think indeed he does not hate me, at leaſt if a Man's Word may be taken for it.

Mel. But what Expreſſions has he made you?

Sab. Truly the Man has done his part: he has ſpoken civilly to me, and I was not ſo young but I underſtood him.

Mel. And you could be content to marry him?

Sab. I have ſworn never to marry; beſides, he's a wild young Man; yet to obey you, Mother, I would be content to be ſacrific'd.

Mel. No, no, we wou'd but lead you to the Altar.

Sab. Not to put off the Gentleman neither; for if I have him not, I am reſolv'd to die a Maid, that's once Mother.——

Mel. Both my Daughters are in love with him, and I cannot yet find he loves either of them.

Olin. Mother, Mother, yonder's *Celadon* in the Walks.

Mel. Peace, Wanton, you had beſt ring the Bells for Joy. Well, I'll not meet him, becauſe I know not which to offer him, yet he ſeems to like the youngeſt beſt. I'll give him opportunity with her. *Olinda*, do you make haſte after me.

Olin. This is ſomething hard though. [*Exit* Meliſſa.

Enter

Enter Celadon.

Cel. You ſee, Ladies, the leaſt Breath of yours brought me to you: I have been ſeeking you at your Lodgings, and from thence came hither after you.

Sab. 'Tis well you found us.

Cel. I found you! Half this Brightneſs betwixt you two was enough to have lighted me; I could never miſs my way: Here's fair *Olinda* has Beauty enough for one Family? Such a Voice, ſuch a Wit, ſo noble a Stature, ſo white a Skin.

Olin. I thought he would be particular at laſt. [*Aſide.*

Cel. And young *Sabina*, ſo ſweet an Innocence; ſuch a Roſe-bud newly blown. This is my goodly Palace of Love, and that my little with drawing Room. ——A word, Madam——— [*To* Sab.

Olin. I like not this [*Aſide.*] Sir, if you are not too buſy with my Siſter I would ſpeak with you.

Cel. I come Madam———

Sab. Time enough, Sir; pray finiſh your Diſcourſe ——And as you were a ſaying, Sir———

Olin. Sweet, Sir———

Sab. Siſter, you forget my Mother bid you make haſte.

Olin. Well, go you and tell her I am coming——

Sab. I can never endure to be the Meſſenger of ill News; but if you pleaſe, I'll ſend her word you won't come ———

Olin. Minion, Minion, remember this——

[*Exit* Olinda.

Sab. She's horribly in love with you.

Cel. Lord, who could love that walking Steeple! ſhe's ſo high, that every time ſhe ſings to me, I am looking up for the Bell, that tolls to Church——Ha! give me my little fifth Rate that lies ſo ſnug——She, hang her a *Dutch*-built bottom; ſhe's ſo tall there's no boarding her. But we loſe time——Madam let me ſeal my Love upon your Mouth. [*Kiſs.*] Soft and Sweet, by Heaven! Sure you wear Roſe-Leaves between your Lips.

Sab. Lord, Lord, what's the Matter with me! My Breath grows ſo ſhort I can ſcarce ſpeak to you.

Cel.

Cel. No Matter, give me thy Lips again, and I'll [illegible] for thee.

Sab. You don't love me——

Cel. I warrant thee ſit down by me, and kiſs again; [illegible] warms faſter than *Pigmalion*'s Image. [*Aſide.*] [*Kiſs.*]——I marry, Sir, this was the original Uſe of Lips, talking, eating, and drinking came by the by——

Sab. [illegible] pray be civil, will you be at quiet?

Cel. Why would you have me ſit ſtill and look upon you like a little puppy Dog, that's taught to beg with his Fore-Leg up.

Enter Florimel.

Flor. Celadon the faithful! in good time, Sir——

Cel. In very good, *Florimel*; for Heaven's ſake help me quickly.

Flor. What's the matter?

Dor. Do you not ſee here's a poor Gentlewoman in a Swoon! (Swoon away!) I have been rubbing her this half Hour, and cannot bring her to her Senſes.

Flor. Alas! how came ſhe ſo?

Cel. O barbarous, do you ſtay to aſk Queſtions, run for Charity.

Flor. Help, help, alas poor Lady—— [*Exit* Flor.

Sab. Is ſhe gone?

Cel. Thanks to my Wit that help'd me at a Pinch: I thank Heaven, I never pump'd for a Lye in my Life yet.

Sab. I am afraid you love her, *Celadon*.

Cel. Only as a civil Acquaintance, or ſo: But however to avoid Slander, you had beſt be gone before ſhe comes again.

Sab. I can find a Tongue as well as ſhe——

Cel. Ay, but the Truth is, I'm a kind of a ſcandalous Perſon, and for you to be ſeen in my Company—— Stay in the Walks, by this Kiſs I'll be with you preſently. [*Exit* Sab.

Enter Florimel *running*.

Flor. Help, help, I can find no body.

Cel. 'Tis needleſs now, my Dear, ſhe's recovered and gone off, but ſo wan and weakly——

Flor.

Flor. Umh! what was your Buſineſs here, *Celadon?*

Cel. Charity, Charity, chriſtian Charity; you know I was labouring for Life with her.

Flor. But how came you hither? Not that I care——But only to be ſatisfy'd. [*Sighs.*

Cel. You are jealous, in my Conſcience.

Flor. Who, I jealous! Then I wiſh this Sigh may be the laſt that ever I may draw. [*Sighs.*

Cel. But why do you ſigh then?

Flor. Nothing but a Cold, I cannot fetch my Breath well——But what will you ſay, if I wrote the Letter you had to try your Faith?

Cel. Hey-day! this is juſt the Devil and the Sinner; you lay Snares for me, and then puniſh me for being taken; here's trying a Man's Faith indeed: What, do you think I had the Faith of a Stock, or of a Stone? Nay, and you go to tantalize a Man——'Gad, I love upon the Square, I can endure no Tricks to be uſed to me. [Olinda *and* Sabina *at the Door peeping.*

Olin. Sab. Celadon, Celadon!

Flor. What Voices are thoſe?

Cel. Some Comrades of mine that call me to play——Pox on 'em they'll ſpoil all—— [*Aſide.*

Flor. Pray let's ſee 'em.

Cel. Hang 'em, Tatter-de-malions, they are not worth your ſight: Pray, Gentlemen, be gone, I'll be with you immediately.

Sab. No, we'll ſtay here for you.

Flor. Do your Gentlemen ſpeak with treble Voices. I'm reſolv'd to ſee what Company you keep.

Cel. Nay, good my Dear—— [*He lays hold of her to pull her back, ſhe lays hold of* Olinda, *by whom* Sabina *holds; ſo that he pulling, they all come in.*

Flor. Are theſe your Comrades? [*Sings.*] *'Tis* Strephon *calls, what would my Love?* Why do you not roar out like a great Baſs-Viol, *Come follow to the Myrtle Grove*—Pray, Sir, which of theſe fair Ladies is it, for whom you were to do the Courteſy; for it were unconſcionable to leave you to 'em both. What, a Man's buſy Man, you know.

Olin.

Olen. The Gentleman may find an Owner.

Sab. Though not of you.

Cel. Pray agree whoſe the loſt Sheep is, and take

Cel. 'Slife they'll cry me anon, and tell my Mark;

Olen. Can Fleſh and Blood endure this?

Flor. How now, my *Amazon* in *decimo ſexto?*

Sab. Come away, Siſter, we ſhall be jeer'd to death elſe.

[*Exeunt* Olinda *and* Sabina.

Flor. What do you look that way for? You can't forbear leering after the forbidden Fruit—But when e'er I take a Wencher's Word again——

Cel. A Wencher's Word; why ſhould you ſpeak ſo contemptibly of the better half of Mankind? I'll ſtand up for the Honour of my Vocation.

Flor. You are in no fault, I warrant——

Cel. Not to give a fair Lady the Lye, I am in fault; but otherwiſe——Come let us be Friends, and let me wait upon you to your Lodgings.—

Flor. This Impudence ſhall not ſave you from my Table book. *Item*, A Month more for this Fault——

Cel. Pſhah! Pſhah! You ſhall ſee I will ſo belabour you with Conſtancy and Flames, and Darts, and blank Verſe, and ſoft Things, and all that, that before I part with you, I will reduce that unmerciful long Scroll in your Table book, to within two ſeconds of the critical Minute.

Flor. Say you ſo, Sir? I have a good mind to put you to a Proof of your Gallantry——What would you ſay if I ſhould make you an Aſſignation at the Maſquerade to-night? But by the way, I have a mind to play deep there, and for fear I ſhould baulk my Fortune for want of a good Sum, you ſhall lend me two or three hundred Piſtoles.

Cel. Ah! dear Madam, this is the leaſt Proof you could have made of me. I have juſt that Sum in my ſtrong Box, and the Minute you meet me at the Maſquerade, they are poſitively at your Service—I'll bring 'em myſelf—But how ſhall I know you?

Flor. O! I'll ſhow you my Face——But you promiſe not

not to mention the word Love to any Woman before I come.

Cel. Fie, fie, doubt my Conſtancy! you might as well ſuſpect my Honour.

Flor. Well, remember then I depend upon both. Adieu, I am in haſte.

Cel. One Minute will break no Squares, I'll warrant you

Flor. No, no, no more, I ſhall give you a Surfeit of my Company.

Cel. A Surfeit! why you have but tantalized me all this while.

Flor. What would you have?

Cel. An Hand, a Lip, or any Thing that you can ſpare; when you have conjur'd up a Spirit, you muſt give him ſome Employment, or he'll tear you to pieces.

Flor. Well, well, becauſe I won't diſcourage your Conſtancy——there, there's a Lock of my Hair ſet in Diamonds to help your Contemplation——Now not one Word or Step farther, but take your leave in dumb ſhew, and be gone.

Cel. Oh! [*Bowing, and affecting a Sigh.*

Flor. Oh Impertinent!

So have I ſeen in Tragick Scenes a Lover,
With dying Eyes his parting Pains diſcover,
While the ſoft Nymph looks back to view him far,
And ſpeaks her Anguiſh with her Handkercher:
Again they turn, ſtill ogling as before,
Till each gets backward to the diſtant Door,
Then, when the laſt, laſt Look their Grief betrays,
The Act is ended, and the Muſick plays.

[Exeunt, mimicking the

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Enter Palamede, Rodophil, *in Maſquerade, with Flambeaux before them.*

Pal. THIS Maſquerading, *Rodophil*, is a moſt glorious Invention.

Rho. I believe it was invented firſt by ſome jealous Lover, to diſcover the haunts of his jilting Miſtreſs, or by ſome diſtreſſed Servant, to get an Opportunity with another Man's Wife.

Pal. No, no, it muſt be the Invention of a Woman, there's ſo much Subtlety and Love in it.

Rho. Let the Invention be whoſe it will, I'm ſure 'tis extremely pleaſant; for to go unknown is the next degree to going inviſible. [*Enter* Beliza.] *Beliza*, What makes you here?

Bel. Sir, my Lady ſent me after you, to let you know ſhe finds herſelf a little indiſpos'd, ſo that ſhe cannot be at Court, but is retired to reſt in her own Apartment, where ſhe ſhall want the Happineſs of your dear Embraces to-night.

Rho. A very fine Phraſe, *Beliza*, to let me know my Wife deſires to lie alone.

Pal. I doubt, *Rodophil*, you take the pains to inſtruct your Wife's Women in theſe Elegancies.

Rho. Tell my dear Lady, that ſince I muſt be ſo unhappy, as not to wait on her to-night, I will lament bitterly for her Abſcence: 'Tis true, I ſhall ſtay a little here at Court to-night, but without her I ſhall take no Divertiſement.

Bel. I ſhall do your Commands, Sir. [*Exit* Beliza.

Rho. She's ſick as aptly for my purpoſe, as if ſhe had contriv'd it ſo.

Pal. Sick! And lies alone! Then it's poſſible ſhe may have contriv'd it for my purpoſe. Mum!

Rho. Well! if ever Woman was a Help-meet for a Man, my Spouſe is ſo; for within this Hour I received a Note from *Melantha*, that ſhe would be here in Maſquerade in Boy's Habit, to rejoice with me how ſhe enter'd into Fetters, for I find ſhe loves me better than *Palamede*, only becauſe he's to be her Huſband: There's ſomething of Antipathy in the Word Marriage to the very Nature of Love: Marriage is the mere Ladle of Affection, that cools it, when 'tis never ſo fiercely boiling over.

Pal. Dear *Rodophil*, I muſt beg your pardon, there's an occaſion fall'n out, which I had forgot: I can't be at the Maſquerade to-night.

Rho. Dear *Palamede*, I am ſorry we ſha'n't have one Courſe together at the Herd; but I find your Game lies ſingle: Good fortune to you with your Miſtreſs. *Exit.*

Pal. So, he has wiſh'd me good Fortune with his Wife, there's no ſin in this then. Here's fair leave given. Well, I muſt go viſit the Sick: I cannot reſiſt the Temptations of my Charity. O what a Difference will ſhe find betwixt a dull reſty Husband, and the free Spirit of a Lover! He ſets out like a Carrier's Horſe, plodding on becauſe he knows he muſt, with the Bells of Matrimony chiming ſo melancholy about his Neck, in pain till he's at his Journey's-end, and deſpairing to get thither. [*Claſhing of Swords.*] Hark! What Noiſe is that? Swords! nay then have with you.—— [*Exit.*

Re-enter Palamede *with* Rodophil, *and* Doralice *in Man's Habit.*

Rho. Friend, your relief was very timely, otherwiſe I had been oppreſs'd.

Pal. What was the Quarrel?

Rho. What I did, was in reſcue of this Youth.

Pal. What Cauſe could he give 'em.

Dor. The common Cauſe of fighting in Maſquerade; they were drunk, and I was ſober.

Rho. Have they not hurt you?

Dor. No, but I'm exceeding ill with the fright on't.

Pal.

Pal. Let's lead him to ſome Place, where he may recover himſelf.

Rho. Do you conduct him then.

Pal. How croſs this happens to my Deſign of going to *Doralice!* for I'm confident ſhe was ſick on purpoſe that I ſhould viſit her. Hark you, *Rodophil,* cou'd not you take care of this Stripling? I am partly engag'd to-night.

Rho. You know I have Buſineſs; but come, Youth, if it muſt be ſo——

Dor. No, good Sir, don't give yourſelf that trouble; I ſhall be ſafer, and better pleas'd with your Friend here.

Rho. Farewel then, once more I wiſh you a good Adventure.

Pal. Damn this Kindneſs, now muſt I be troubled with this young Rogue, and miſs my Opportunity with *Doralice.* [*Exit* Rhodophil *alone*; Palamede *with* Doralice.

The Scene opens to the Maſquerade; *Company of all ſorts, and ſome at play.* Celadon *looking on.*

Cel. Let me ſee, I am to lend *Florimel* three hundred Piſtoles to-night; and if ſhe had preſs'd me for three hundred and two, I muſt poſitively have borrow'd a Couple to have made up the Sum: She was reſolv'd to leave me without a Croſs in my Pocket, I find; wiſely preſuming, that while I want Money for my *Menu pleſieurs,* I ſhall the oftner come to her for Conſolation:—Suppoſe now I ſhould baulk her Deſign, and fairly venture one hundred of them to win a couple more to 'em——Stay——let me ſee——I have the Box, and throw——A *Don* ſets me ten Piſtoles, I nick him——Ten more——I ſweep them too——Now in all reaſon he is nettled and ſets me Twenty.——Um! Say you ſo, my little *Don,* ſays I——Slap! I win them too. Now he kindles, and butters me with Forty——they are all my own. In fine, he is vehement, and bleeds on to Fourſcore, or an Hundred: And I, not willing to tempt Fortune, come away a moderate Winner of about two hundred Piſtoles——Ay! ay, exactly the Sum I have occaſion for——Ha!

Enter Flavia *and* Florimel *in Maſquerade.*

I'gad, and here comes another thing; I have always occaſion for a fine Woman, by *Jupiter.*

Flo. Do you think he won't know me?

Fla. Not if you keep your Deſign of paſſing for an *African.*

Flor. Well, now I ſhall make a fair Tryal of him; For I have a ſtrange mind to know if his Conſcience will let him be as great a Rogue to *Meliſſa*'s Daughters, as he has been to me.

Fla. I never doubt his Conſcience for any thing—— See, he is making to the Bait already

Cel. If your Wit and Face, Madam, comes up to what the reſt of your Perſon promiſes, there's one Heart gone aſtray, to my knowledge.

Flor. 'Tis true, Sir, I have been flatter'd in my own Country with the Reputation of a little Handſomneſs; but how it will paſs in *Sicily*, is a Queſtion.

Cel. Why, Madam, are not you of *Sicily?*

Flor. No, Sir, of *Morocco*, I only came hither to ſee ſome of my Relations, who are ſettled here, and turn'd Chriſtians, ſince the Expulſion of my Countrymen the *Moors.*

Cel. Are you then a *Mehometan.*

Flor. A *Muſſelman*, at your Service.

Cel. A *Muſſelwoman*, ſay you? I proteſt by your Voice I ſhould have taken you for a certain Chriſtian Lady of my Acquaintance.

Flor. It ſeems you are in love then; if ſo, Sir, I have done with you: 'Twill be dangerous for a poor brown *African* to invade the Dominions of a *Sicilian* Complexion.

Cel. Pſhah! Some little liking I might have, but that was only a Morning Dew, 'tis drawn up by the Sunſhine of your Beauty. I find your *African Cupid* is a much ſurer Archer, than ours of *Europe*—— Yet ——wou'd I cou'd ſee you——One Look would ſecure your Conqueſt.

Flor. No, no. I'll reſerve my Face to gratify your Imagination with——But in earneſt, do you love me.

Cel.

Cel. Ay, by *Alha*, do I moſt intollerably: You have Wit in abundance: by your Motion I ſee you dance to a Miracle; by your Voice, I'm ſure you ſing like an Angel; and if one were but to ſee your Face, I'll warrant it looks like a *Cherubim*.

Flor. But can you be conſtant upon occaſion?

Cel. Conſtant! Ay, by *Mahomet*.

Flor. You ſwear like a *Turk*, Sir; but take heed, our Prophet is a ſevere Puniſher of Promiſe-breakers.

Cel. Pihah! Madam, your Prophet is a *Cavalier* I warrant, I honour him for the handſome Proviſion he has made for us Lovers in the other World, as black Eyes, young Limbs, and freſh Miſtreſſes every day in the Week. Ah! go thy ways, little *Mahomet*, I'faith thou ſhalt always have my good Word.

Flor. Hold, hold, Sir, we are a little too particular, all the Company are at play, you ſee; if you have a mind to venture your Money, I'll make one with you immediately——In the mean time, when you have an idle Thought to throw away, beſtow it on your Servant *Fatyma*.

Cel. This Lady *Fatyma* pleaſes me moſt infinitely.

Fla. Falſe, or true, Madam?

Flor. Falſe, as Water; but by Fire, Air, and Earth, I'll fit him for't. Have you the high Dice about you!

Fla. I have 'em.

Flor. By your leave, Sir, what's your Game?

Cel. Raffle, Madam——Come, ſet what you pleaſe, 'tis no matter what I loſe; the greateſt Stake, my Heart, is gone already.

Flor. There. [*She ſets, and he throws.*

Cel. So. I have a good Chance, two Quaters and a Sice.

Flor. Two Sixes and a Trey wins it [*Sweeps the Money*.

Cel. Very well, Madam——Come, I'll try my Fortune once again——What have I here? two Sixes and a Quater——Come an hundred Piſtoles more upon that Throw.

Flor. I'm at you, Sir.——*Flavia*, the high Dice.

Fla. There.

Flor. Three Fives, I have won you Sir.

Cel. Blood and Furies! it would never have vex'd me to have loſt my Money to a *Chriſtian*, but to a *Pagan*! an *Infidel*!——

M *Fla.*

Fla. Come, come, Madam, e'en give over while you are a Winner.

Cel. I hope the Lady is not under the Curb of a Governeſs, Madam; you'll give her leave to do what ſhe pleaſes with her own, ſure.

Flor. Since you are ſo briſk, Sir, come, there's your hundred piſtoles again, cover 'em, and I am at you.

Cel. Stay, Madam——I will cover you, tho' I'm ſtrip'd for't, give me the Box——Here——Freſh Dice.

Flor. I'll throw with the old ones.

Cel. There, Madam——Juſt in, faith! Two Fives and an Ace.

Flor. Come on, Sir——Three Fours——it's mine.

Cel. Umh!——Loll! loll! de doll! What the Devil did I mean to play with this *Brunet* of *Afric?*

Fla. May the Lady have leave to go now, Sir?

Cel. If your Ladyſhip had never come hither, there wou'd have been no great Loſs of your Company. Come, Madam, this Diamond Locket to twenty Piſtoles.

Flor. Some Lady's Favour, I preſume; I am loth to win it.

Cel. Upon Honour, Madam, my own Hair, deſign'd only for an old Aunt that lives in the Country.

Flor. Nay then, Sir, if it be your own, I won't undervalue it——There's thirty Piſtoles againſt it: Have-at-it——Two Sixes and a Five——I ſtand fair for't. [*He throws.*] 'Tis mine, Sir.

Cel. Conſume and grind the Souls of theſe Dice! Not one Stake in Five: The Devil——if ever I touch Box again. Ah, Plague on your Jeſt.

Flavia *ſhakes the Box at him, and goes out laughing at* Flor. A pretty Figure I ſhall make to *Florimel* by and by—— Now will I ſteal into a Corner, and laugh at myſelf moſt unmercifully: For my Condition is ſo ridiculous, that 'tis paſt curſing. [*Exit.*

The Scene changes into an eating Houſe, Bottles of Wine on the Table. Palamede, *and* Doralice *in Man's Habit.*

Dor. Now cannot I find in my Heart to diſcover myſelf, though I long he ſhould know me. [*Aſide.*

Pal.

Pal. I tell thee, Boy, now I have ſeen thee ſafe, I muſt be gone: I have no leiſure to throw away on thy raw Converſation. I am a Perſon that underſtand better things, I—

Dor. Were I a Woman, Oh how you'd admire me! Cry up every Word I ſaid, and ſcrue your Face into a ſubmiſſive Smile.

Pal. Ay, Boy, there's Dame Nature in the Caſe: He who cannot find Wit in a Miſtreſs, deſerves to find nothing elſe, Boy. But theſe are Riddles to thee, Child, and I have not leiſure to inſtruct thee; I have Affairs to diſpatch, great Affairs, I am a Man of Buſineſs.

Dor. Come, you ſhall not go; you have no Affair but what you may diſpatch here, to my knowledge.

Pal. I now find thou art a Boy of more Underſtanding than I thought thee; a very lewd wicked Boy.

Dor. You are miſtaken, Sir, I would only have you ſhew me a more lawful Reaſon why you would leave me, than I can why you ſhould not, and I'll not ſtay you; for I am not ſo young, but I underſtand the preſſing Occaſions of Mankind as well as you.

Pal. A very forward and underſtanding Boy! Thou art in great danger of a Page's Wit, to be briſk at Fourteen and dull at Twenty. But I'll give thee no farther Account, I muſt and will go.

Dor. My Life on't, your Miſtreſs is not at home.

Pal. This Imp will make me very angry. I tell thee young Sir, ſhe's at home, and at home for me; and, which is more, ſhe is a-bed for me, and ſick for me.

Dor. For you only?

Pal. Ay, for me only,

Dor. But how do you know ſhe's ſick a-bed?

Pal. She ſent her Huſband Word ſo.

Dor. And are you ſuch a Novice in Love, to believe a Wife's Meſſage to her Huſband?

Pal. Why, what the Devil ſhould be her Meaning elſe?

Dor. It may be, to go in Maſquerade as well as you; to obſerve your Haunts, and keep you company without your Knowledge.

Pal. Nay, I'll truſt her for that; ſhe loves me too well to diſguiſe herſelf from me.

Dor. If I were ſhe, I wou'd diſguiſe myſelf on purpoſe to try your Wit, and come to my Servant like a Riddle, read me and take me.

Pal. I cou'd know her in any ſhape; my good Genius would prompt me to find out a handſome Woman: Th[illegible]'s ſomething in her that would attract me to her without my Knowledge.

Dor. Yet ſtill my Mind gives me, that you have met her diſguis'd to-night, and have not known her.

Pal. This is the moſt pragmatical, conceited, little Fellow, he will needs underſtand my Buſineſs better than myſelf. I tell thee once more, thou doſt not know my Miſtreſs.

Dor. And I tell you once more, that I know her better than you do.

Pal. The Boy is reſolv'd to have the laſt Word. I find I muſt go without a Reply. [*Exit.*

Dor. Ah Miſchief, I have loſt him with my fooling. *Palamede, Palamede,* 'tis I, *Doralice.* [*He returns; ſhe plucks off her Peruke, and puts it on again, when he knows her.*

Pal. O Heavens! Is it you, Madam?

Dor. Now, where was your good Genius, that wou'd prompt you to find me out?

Pal. Why, you ſee I was not deceiv'd; you yourſelf were my good Genius.

Enter Rodophil, *and* Melantha *in Boy's Habit.* Rodophil *ſees* Palamede *kiſſing* Doralice's *Hand.*

Rho. Palamede! Again am I fallen into your Quarters? What! ingaging with a Boy?

Pal. I was juſt chaſtizing this young Villain; he was running away without paying his Share of the Reckoning.

Rho. Then I find I was deceiv'd in him.

Pal. Yes, you are deceiv'd in him: 'Tis the archeſt Rogue, if you did but know him.

Mel. Good *Rhodophil,* let's go off *A-la-derobbee,* for fear I ſhould be diſcover'd.

Rho. There's no retiring now, I warrant you for Diſcovery: Now have I the oddeſt Thought to entertain

you

you before your Servant's Face, and he never the wiſer; 'twill be the prettieſt juggling Trick to cheat him when he looks upon us.

Mel. This is the ſtrangeſt Caprice in you.

Pal. [*To* Doralice.] This *Rhodophil*'s the unluckieſt Fellow to me! This is now the ſecond time he has barr'd the Dice, when we were juſt ready to have nick'd him; but if ever I get the Box again——

Dor. Do you think he will know me? Am I like myſelf.

Pal. No more than a Picture in the Hangings.

Dor. Nay, then he can never diſcover me, now the wrong ſide of the Arras is turned towards him.

Pal. At leaſt, 'twill be ſome pleaſure to me to enjoy what Freedom I can, while he looks on; I will ſtorm the Out-works of Matrimony even before his Face.

Rho. What Wine have you there, *Palamede?*

Pal. Old *Chios*, or the Rogue's damn'd that drew it.

Rho. Come, to the moſt conſtant of Miſtreſſes; that I believe is yours, *Palamede.*

Dor. Pray ſpare your Seconds; for my part, I am but a weak Brother.

Pal. Now to the trueſt of Turtles; that is, your Wife, *Rodophil*, that lies ſick at home in the Bed of Honour.

Rho. Now let's have one common Health, and ſo have done.

Dor. Then, for once, I'll begin it. Here's to him that has the faireſt Lady in *Sicily* in Maſquerade to-night.

Pal. This is ſuch an obliging Health, I'll kiſs thee, dear Rogue, for thy Invention. [*Kiſſes her.*

Rho. He who has this Lady, is a happy Man, without Diſpute. [*Kiſſes her.*]——I'm the moſt concern'd in this, I am ſure. [*Aſide.*

Pal. Was it not well found out, *Rodophil?*

Mel. Ay, this was *bien trouvé*, indeed.

Dor. [*To* Melantha.] I ſuppoſe I ſhall do you a kindneſs, to enquire if you have been in *France*, Sir?

Mel. To do you ſervice, Sir.

Dor. O *Monſieur, votre valet bien humble.* [*Saluting her.*

Mel. *Et votre eſclave, Monſieur, de tout mon Cœur* [*Returning the ſalute.*

Dor. I ſuppoſe, ſweet Sir, you are the Hope and Joy of ſome thriving Citizen, who has pinch'd himſelf at home to breed you abroad, where you have learn'd your Exerciſes, as it appears moſt aukwardly, and are return'd with the Addition of a new lac'd Coat, and a long Wig, to your good old Father, who looks at you with his Mouth, while you ſpout *French* with your *Mon Monſieur.*

Pal. Let me kiſs thee again for that, dear Rogue.

Mel. And you, I imagine, are my young Maſter, whom your Mother durſt not truſt upon Salt Water, but left you to be your own Tutor at Fourteen; to be very briſk and *Entreprenant*; to endeavour to be debauch'd ere you had learnt the knack on't; to value yourſelf upon an Intrigue before you get it, and to make it the height of your Ambition to get a Player for your Miſtreſs.

Rho. [*Embracing* Melantha.] Oh dear young Bully, thou haſt tickled him with a *Repartée* I'faith.

Mel. You are one of thoſe that applaud our Country Plays, where Drums, and Trumpets, and Blood and Wounds are Wit.

Rho. Again, my Boy! Let me kiſs thee moſt abundantly

Dor. You are an Admirer of the dull *French* Poetry, which is ſo thin, that 'tis the very Leaf-Gold of Wit, the very Wafers and whipp'd Cream of Senſe, for which a Man opens his Mouth, and gapes to ſwallow nothing: And to be an Admirer of ſuch profound Dulneſs, one muſt be endow'd with a great Perfection of Impudence and Ignorance.

Pal. Let me embrace thee moſt vehemently.

Mel. I'll ſacrifice my Life for *French* Poetry. [*Advancing.*

Dor. I'll die upon the Spot for our Country Wit.

Rho. [*To* Melantha.] Hold, hold, young *Mars. Palamede*, draw back your Hero.

Pal. 'Tis time; I ſhall be drawn in for a Second elſe, at the wrong Weapon.

Mel. Oh, that I were a Man for thy ſake!

Dor. You'll be a Man as ſoon as I ſhall.

Enter a Meſſenger to Rodophil.

Meſſ. Sir, the King has inſtant Buſineſs with you. I

ſa-

ſaw the Guard drawn up by your Lieutenant, before the Palace-Gate, ready to march.

Rho. 'Tis ſomewhat ſudden; ſay that I am coming. *Exit Meſſenger.*] Now, *Palamede*, what think you of this Sport? This is ſome ſudden Tumult, will you along?

Pal. Yes, yes, I will go; but the Devil take me if ever I was leſs in Humour. Why, the Pox, could they not have ſtaid their Tumult till to-morrow? Then I had done my Buſineſs, and been ready for 'em. Truth is, I had a little tranſitory Crime to have committed firſt; and I am the worſt Man in the World at repenting, till a Sin be thoroughly done: But what ſhall we do with the two Boys,

Rho. Let 'em take a Lodging in the Houſe, till the Buſineſs be over.

Dor. What, lie with a Boy? For my part, I own it, I cannot endure to lie with a Boy.

Pal. The more's my Sorrow, I cannot accommodate you with a better Bed-fellow

Mel. Bet me die, if I enter into a pair of Sheets with him that hates the *French*. [*Exit.*

Dor. Piſh, take no care for us, but leave us in the Streets; I warrant you, as late as it is, I'll find my Lodging as well as any drunken Bully of 'em all. [*Exit.*

Rho. I'll fight in mere revenge, and wreak my Paſſion
On all that ſpoil this hopeful Aſſignation. [Aſide.

Pal. I am ſure we fight in a good Quarrel.
Rogues may pretend Religion and the Laws,
But a kind Miſtreſs is the good old Cauſe. [Exeunt.

The Scene changes again to the Maſquerade; Celadon *looking on at the Gaming-Table.*

Cel. What Witchcraft made me put it into Fortune's power to jilt me thus; not only to loſe my Money, but, in all probability, my Miſtreſs along with it! Well! I foreſee what it will come to——ſhe'll quarrel with me upon't, I ſuppoſe——ſo that I have nothing to do but to ſet a good Face upon the matter, and then begin with her firſt——Here ſhe comes, Faith, and Mrs. *Nimble-Tongue*,

Tongue, my evil Genius, along with her! *Jaſper*, come hither, [*Whiſpers his Man.*]——that's all.

Jaſ. I'll endeavour, Sir.

Enter Florimel *and* Flavia *unmaſk'd.*

Flor. So, Sir! I'm as good as my Word you ſee.

Cel. I am ſorry you came ſo late, Madam, for the Company's broke up you ſee. Am I to wait upon you home, or will you be ſo kind to take a hard Lodging with me to-night?

Flor. No, Sir, you ſhall have the Honour, if you pleaſe, to ſee me to my own Lodgings.

Cel. No more Words then, but let's away to prevent diſcovery.

Fla. Dear Sir! You are in mighty haſte to be rid of the Lady, methinks.

Cel. O fie, Madam, but if the Lady ſhou'd want ſleep, you know, 'twould ſpoil the Luſtre of her Eyes to-morrow, and then Ten to One but ſhe loſes half a dozen Conqueſts by it.

Flor. No, no, Sir, I am a peaceable Princeſs, and content with my own, I mean your Heart and Purſe: For the truth is, I have loſt my Money in Maſquerade to-night, and I am come to claim your Promiſe of ſupplying me.

Cel. Madam, you make me entirely happy in your Commands; to morrow Morning my Servant ſhall wait upon you with three hundred Piſtoles.

Flor. But I left my Company with Promiſe to return to play.

Cel. Pſhah! Play upon Tick, and loſe the *Indies*, I'll diſcharge it all to-morrow.

Flor. No, no, to-night, if you'll oblige me.

Cel. Jaſper, go and bring me three hundred Piſtoles immediately.

Jaſ. Sir——[*Staring.*]

Cel. Do you expoſtulate, you Raſcal? How he ſtares! Why you impudent Rogue, you have not been diverting your ſelf with the Inſide of my ſtrong Box, have you? I'll be hang'd if this Villain has not loſt all my Gold at play:

play: If you have, confeſs it immediately, Sirrah; and then perhaps I'll pardon you: But if you offer to ſtand in a Lye, Dog, I'll have no mercy on you. Come, did you loſe it?

Jaf. Sir, 'tis not for me to diſpute with you——— As to the Gold, Sir——I——confeſs——I——I———

Cel. O do you ſo, Sir? Do you hear him, Madam, this impudent Rogue confeſſes he has loſt it.

Flor. Ay, as ſure as e'er he had it, I dare ſwear for him: But commend me to you for a kind Maſter, that can let your Servant play off three hundred Piſtoles without the leaſt Sign of Anger to him.

Fla. 'Tis a ſign he has a greater Bank in ſtore upon occaſion.

Cel. Well, Madam, I muſt confeſs, I have more by me than I will ſpeak of at this time: But till you have given me Satisfaction———

Flor. You Satisfaction, what for my being diſappointed of your Promiſe.

Cel. Don't tell me of a Promiſe, Madam, my Promiſe was made upon a Suppoſition, that your Conduct would deſerve it; but ſince I ſee, Madam, how little regard you have to your Reputation and your Money, and all that, Madam———

Flor. What do you mean?

Cel. Mean! What, you have done nothing to make a Man jealous, I warrant: Going out a Gaming in Maſquerade at unreaſonable Hours, and loſing your Money at play is no fault with you, I ſuppoſe? What do I mean? Have not you been Gaming, Madam, and extravagantly loſt your Money? Your Money, Madam, Death! that Loſs above all provokes me.

Fla. I believe you, becauſe ſhe comes to you for more.

Flor. Is this the mighty Quarrel then? But ſuppoſe, Sir, I am able to clear myſelf.

Cel. I won't ſuppoſe any ſuch thing, Madam, I know it all impoſſible, there's no Excuſe in Nature can be found for it: I'll ſtop my Ears if you but offer it.

Flor. You'll hear me ſure.

Cel. To do this in the Beginning of an Amour, and

to

to a jealous Servant as I am: Had I all the Wealth of *Peru* after ſuch an Extravagance, I would not part with a ſingle *Marevedis* to you.

Flor. To this I anſwer——

Cel. Anſwer nothing at all, Madam, for it will but inflame the Quarrel between us: I muſt come to my ſelf by little and little, and when I am ready for Satisfaction, if you can think of any that's proper for an injur'd Lover to take, I'll then perhaps conſult my Honour, whether I ſhall receive it or no.

Flor. Pſhah! Pſhah! this Anger's all affected, a mere Pretence to ſham me off of the Promiſe you made.

Cel. Very fine! ſham you, Madam!

Flor. Sir, you'll find I know you at laſt.

Cel. And you'll find, Madam, that I know you, and ſo well too, that my poor Heart akes for't. I knew by your ſtaying ſo long, you had loſt your Money; and therefore I once had it in my Mind to go home to Bed without ſpeaking to you: But ſince I knew you'd certainly come to borrow more of me, I was reſolv'd to ſtay and——

Flor. And let me have it; that will be kind indeed.

Cel. No, no, Madam, to reproach you, to declare my Grievances, which are great and many.

Fla. What Money he may have about him, I can't tell, but I'm ſure he does not want for Impudence.

Cel. And therefore I muſt tell you, Madam——

Flor. I'll hear of nothing but the Money.

Fla. Ay, ſtick to that, Madam.

Cel. Do you think me a Perſon to be us'd ſo?——

Flor. Look you, Sir, I won't quarrel with you: Where's the Money?

Cel. By your Favour, Madam, we will quarrel.

Flor. Money, Money.

Cel. I am angry, and can hear nothing.

Flor. Money, Money, Money, Money.

Cel. I thank my Stars, I never was ſo barbarouſly us'd in all my Life.

Flor. Then you are reſolv'd to ſtand it out, I ſee?

Cel. Madam, I have Senſe enough to know when I'm affronted.

Flor. And intend to puſh this Quarrel to an Extremity?

Cel. I ſhall venture to carry it up to the Provocation, Madam.

Flor. Very well, Sir, and becauſe your Reſentment ſhan't want a freſh Occaſion to ſupport it, know then I have loſt no Money to-night, and only pretended that I had, to make a Tryal of your Generoſity, *(Toſſes a Purſe.)* And now, Sir, I preſume the Quarrel lies a little of my Side, ſo that as ſoon as you pleaſe, Sir, that extraordinary Treaſure, your Heart, is again at your own diſpoſal.

Cel. O Madam! the leaſt I can do in return, is to let go the ſlippery hold I had of your Ladyſhip's: And becauſe you ſhan't ſay I keep any thing that belongs to you, Madam, take back your Picture and your Handkerchief.

Flor. I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal Promiſes, take 'em in Imagination.

Cel. Not to be behind hand with you in Airs, Madam—Here I give you back your Locket of Diamonds: Take you that in Imagination——

Flor. No, Sir, I happen'd to have ſecur'd that in reality, ever ſince your Imagination loſt it to the Lady *Fatyma*. [*Shows the Locket.*

Cel. Oh! the Devil, if the Lady *Fatyma* be turn'd Chriſtian again, I am routed to all Intents and Purpoſes.

Flor. By *Alha!* and ſo you are, Sir: By *Mahomet* you are; and to let you ſee I ſcorn to keep any of your Heathen-Offerings, there, there's your Money again; take it back with your Oaths and Proteſtations, they're never the worſe for wearing, I aſſure you: Therefore take 'em ſpick and ſpan, as they are for the uſe of your new *Seraglio*.

Fla. Now come away in Triumph, Madam, the Day's your own.

Flor. Let him go firſt, I'll ſtay and keep the Honour of the Field.

Cel.

Cel. I ſhall not part with that, Madam; I'll not retreat, if you ſtay till Midnight.

Fla. So, ſo; here's like to be more Blows, I find: But I'll e'en leave 'em to fight out their Weapons by themſelves. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

[Florimel *and* Celadon *walk careleſly by one another, humming a ſeveral Tune*——

Cel. Well, to ſee how ridiculous a thing Paſſion is! How like a Fool a Man looks, when he has quarrell'd with the Woman he would give one of his Eyes to be reconcil'd to.

Flor. And a Lover that expects his Miſtreſs ſhould be reconcil'd to him without his making the firſt Motion, muſt certainly have a ſtrong Proof of his Ignorance.

Cel. Then (as I have often ſaid) for a Woman to lay Snares for a Man, and puniſh him for being taken—— To have no regard to the Frailties of Human Nature. Well! Nay, for a Man to be inclin'd to aſk her Pardon; and ſhe to be ſo unmerciful, as not by one ſingle Look, or Word, to encourage his Penitence.

Flor. Well, if ever I engage with another Servant, I fancy I ſhall have more Wit, than to tempt him in a Diſguiſe again: For 'tis certainly as direct a Folly, as to throw a *Venice-Glaſs* to the Ground to try if it wou'd not break: And to part with him upon't, is ſuperlatively ridiculous.

Cel. Madam, if it were not to pleaſe ſome People; I don't ſee any ſuch great Neceſſity of ſome People's parting.

Flor. I proteſt, I fancy ſome People often do it only becauſe perhaps they imagine other People have a mind to it.

Cel. And ſuppoſe a Man were directly to aſk ſome Women's Pardon, ten to one they'd have Stomach enough to refuſe it.

Flor. A modeſt Lover may be refus'd any thing: But there is a certain graceleſs Aſſurance in ſome Men, that ſome rattle-brain'd Women are ſtrangely bewitch'd to.

Cel. Come! come! ſince it muſt out then—I do confeſs——that I fancy you think that I have been in the

the wrong: Not but at the ſame time you muſt own, that the worſt you can ſay of me is, that you could not put yourſelf into any Shape that I did not like you in. In ſhort,

The moſt of my Crime is, I have lov'd you thrice over,
From whence you this Uſe, and Advantage diſcover;
When you're a new Miſtreſs, I'm as oft a freſh Lover.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The WALKS.

Enter Palamede, Stratton. Palamede *with a Letter in his Hand.*

Pal. THIS Evening, ſay'ſt thou? Will they be both here?

Stra. Yes, Sir; both my old Maſter, and your Miſtreſs's Father: The old Gentleman rid hard this Journey; they ſay it ſhall be the laſt time they will ſee the Town; and both of them are ſo pleas'd with this Marriage, which they have concluded for you, that I am afraid they will live ſome Years longer to trouble you with the Joy of it.

Pal. But this is ſuch an unreaſonable thing, to impoſe upon me to be marry'd to-morrow; 'tis hurrying a Man to Execution, without giving him time to ſay his Prayers. Go now and provide your Maſter's Lodgings.

Stra. I go, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pal. It vexes me to the Heart, to leave all my Deſigns with *Doralice* unfiniſh'd; to have flown her ſo often to a Mark, and ſtill to be bob'd at Retrieve: If I had but once enjoy'd her——

Enter Doralice.

Dor. Who's that you are ſo mad to enjoy, *Palamede?*

Pal. You may eaſily imagine that, ſweet *Doralice.*

Dor.

Dor. More eaſily than you think I can: I met juſt now with a certain Man, who came to you with Letters from a certain old Gentleman, yclep'd your Father; whereby I am given to underſtand, that to-morrow you are to take an Oath in the Church to be grave henceforward, to go Ill-dreſs'd and Slovenly, to get Heirs for your Eſtate, and to dandle 'em for your Diverſion; and in ſhort, that Love and Courtſhip are to be no more.

Pal. Now have I ſo much Shame, to be thus apprehended in this manner, that I can neither ſpeak, nor look upon you; I have abundance in me, that I find: But if you have any Spark of true Friendſhip in you, retire a little with me; and beſtow your Charity upon a poor dying Man. A little Comfort from a Miſtreſs, before a Man is going to give himſelf into Marriage, is as good as a luſty doſe of ſtrong Water to a dying Malefactor; it takes away the Senſe of Hanging from him.

Dor. No, good *Palamede*, I muſt not be ſo injurious to your Bride: 'Tis ill drawing from the Bank to-day, when all your ready Money is payable to-morrow.

Pal. A Wife is only to have the ripe Fruit that falls of itſelf.

Dor. But a Wife for the firſt Quarter is a Miſtreſs.

Pal. But when the ſecond comes.

Dor. When it does come, you are ſo given to Variety, that you would make a Wife of me in another Quarter.

Pal. No, never, except I were marry'd to you: Marry'd People can never oblige one another; for all they do is Duty, and conſequently there can be no Thanks: But Love is more frank and generous, than he is honeſt; he's a liberal Giver, but a curſed Paymaſter.

Dor. I declare I will have no Gallant; but if I wou'd, he ſhould never be a marry'd Man: A marry'd Man is but a Miſtreſs's half Servant; for a Lover that comes to me that ſmells o' th' Wife! S'life, I wou'd as ſoon wear her old Gown after her, as her Huſband.

Pal. Am I then to be diſcarded for ever? Pray do but mark how terrible that Word ſounds. For ever! Oh *Deraliſe*. *Dor.*

Dor. Come come, *Palamede*, we have drawn off already as much of our Love as would run clear; after Poſſeſſing, the reſt is but Jealouſies, and Diſquiets, and Quarrelling and Piecing.

Pal. Nay, after one great Quarrel, there's never any ſound Piecing; the Love is apt to break in the ſame place again.

Dor. I declare, I would never renew an old Love; that's like him, who trims an old Coach for ten Years together, when he might buy a new one cheaper.

Pal. Well, Madam, I am convinc'd that 'tis beſt for us not to have gone any farther; but Gad the ſtrongeſt Reaſon is, becauſe I can't help it.

Dor. The only way to keep us new to one another, is never to go any farther; as they keep Grapes, by hanging them upon a Line, they muſt touch nothing if you would preſerve 'em freſh.

Pal. But then they wither, and grow dry in the very keeping: However, I ſhall have a Warmth for you, and an Eagerneſs every time I ſee you; and if I chance to out live *Melantha*———

Dor. And if I chance to out-live *Rhodophil*———

Pal. Well, I'll cheriſh my Body as well as I can upon that Hope. 'Tis true, I would not directly murder the Wife of my Boſom; but to kill her civilly, by the way of Kindneſs, I'll put as far as another Man: I'll begin to-morrow Night, and be very wrathful with her, that's reſolv'd on.

Dor. Well, *Palamede*, here's my Hand, I'll venture to be your ſecond Wife, for all your threatnings.

Pal. In the mean time I'll watch you hourly, as I would the ripeneſs of a Melon, and I hope you'll give me leave, now and then, to look on you, and ſee if you are not ready to be cut yet.

Dor. No no, that muſt not be, *Palamede*, for fear the Gardener ſhould come and catch you taking up the Glaſs.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. [*Aſide.*] Billing ſo ſweetly, now I am confirm'd in

in my Suſpicions: I muſt put an end to this, ere it go farther. [*To* Doralice.] Cry your Mercy, Spouſe, I fear I have interrupted your Recreations.

Dor. What Recreations?

Rho. Nay, no Excuſes, good Spouſe, I ſaw a fair Hand convey'd to Lip, and preſt, as tho' you had been ſqueezing ſoft Wax together for an Indenture. *Palamede*, you and I muſt clear this Reckoning; why wou'd you have ſeduc'd my Wife?

Pal. Why wou'd you have debauch'd my Miſtreſs?

Rho. What do you think of that civil Couple, that play'd at a Game call'd *Hide and ſeek*, laſt Evening in the Grotto?

Pal. What do you think of that innocent Pair, who made it their Pretence to ſeek for others, but came indeed to hide themſelves there?

Rho. All things conſider'd, I begin vehemently to ſuſpect, that the young Gentleman I found in your Company laſt Night, was a certain Youth of my Acquaintance.

Pal. And I have an odd Imagination, that you never could have ſuſpected my ſmall Gallant, if your little villainous *French* Man had not been a falſe Brother.

Rho. Farther Arguments are needleſs: Draw off: I ſhall ſpeak to you now by the way of *Bilbo*.

[*Claps his Hand to his Sword.*

Pal. And I ſhall anſwer you by the way of *Dangerfield*. [*Claps his Hand to his.*

Dor. Hold, hold, are not you two a Couple of mad fighting Fools, to cut one another's Throats for nothing?

Pal. How, for nothing? he courts the Woman I muſt marry.

Rho. And he courts you, whom I have marry'd.

Dor. But you can neither of you be jealous of what you love not.

Rho. Faith, I am jealous, and that makes me partly ſuſpect I love you better than I thought.

Dor. Piſh! a mere jealouſy of Honour.

Rho. Gad, I'm afraid there's ſomething elſe in't; for *Palamede* has Wit; and if he loves you, there's ſomething

thing more in you than I have found; ſome rich Mine for ought I know, that I have not yet diſcovered.

Pal. 'Slife, what's this? here's an Argument for me to love *Melantha*; for he has lov'd her, and he has Wit too, and, for ought I know there may be a Mine in her too; but if there be, I'm reſolv'd I'll dig for't.

Dor. [*To* Rhodophil.] Then I have found my Account in raiſing your Jealouſy; O! 'tis the moſt delicate ſharp Sauce to a cloy'd Stomach; it will give you a new Edge, *Rhodophil.*

Rho. And a new Point too, *Doralice*, if I cou'd be ſure thou art honeſt.

Dor. If you are wiſe, believe me for your own ſake: Love and Religion have but one thing to truſt to; that's a ſound Faith. Conſider, if I have play'd falſe, you can never find it out by any Experiment you can make upon me.

Pal. Rhodophil, you know me too well, to imagine I ſpeak for fear; and therefore, in conſideration of our paſt Friendſhip, I will tell you, and bind it by all things holy, that *Doralice* is innocent.

Rho. Friend, I believe you, and vow the ſame for your *Melantha*; but the Devil on't is, How ſhall we keep 'em ſo?

Pal. What doſt thou think of a bleſſed Community betwixt us four, for the Solace of the Women, and the Relief of the Men? Methinks it would be a pleaſant kind of Life; Wife and Huſband for the ſtanding Diſh, and Miſtreſs and Gallant for the Deſert.

Rho. Then, I think, *Palamede*, we had as good make a firm League, not to invade each other's Property.

Pal. Content, I ſay, from henceforth let all Acts of Hoſtility ceaſe betwixt us; and that in the uſual Form of Treaties, as well by Sea as by Land, and in all freſh Waters.

Dor. I will add one Proviſo, that whoſoever breaks the League, either with War abroad, or by Neglect at home, both the Women ſhall revenge themſelves by the help of the other Party.

Rho.

Rho. That's but reaſonable. Come away, *Doralice*, I have a great Temptation to be ſealing Articles.

Pal. Haſt thou ſo? Nay then, [*Claps him on the Shoulder.*] fall on *Macduff*. And curs'd be he that firſt cries, Hold, enough. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Florimel *in Man's Habit.*

So! I'gad, I think I am a very pretty Fellow! 'Twill be rare now to out-do this mad *Celadon* in all his Tricks, and get both his Miſtreſſes from him; then I ſhall revenge myſelf upon all three, and ſave my own Stake into the Bargain; for I find I do love the Rogue in ſpight of all his Infidelities. Yonder they are, and this way they muſt come——If Clothes, Noiſe, Nonſenſe, and a pert Air will carry them, I'll puſh as fair for their Favours as the briſkeſt Beau of 'em all.

Enter to her Celadon, Olinda, Sabina.

Olin. Never mince the matter!

Sab. You have left your Heart with *Florimel*; we know it.

Cel. You know you wrong me; when I am with *Florimel* 'tis ſtill your Priſoner, it only draws a longer Chain after it.

Flor. Is it e'en ſo! then farewel poor *Florimel*. [*Aſide.*

Cel. But let's leave the Diſcourſe; 'tis all Digreſſion that does not ſpeak of your Beauties——

Flor. Now for me in the Name of Impudence!—— [*Walks with them.*] They are the greateſt Beauties, confeſs, that ever I beheld——

Cel. How now, what's the meaning of this young Fellow?

Flor. And therefore I cannot wonder that this Gentleman, who has the Honour to be known to you, ſhou'd admire you——ſince I that am a Stranger——

Cel. And a very impudent one, as I take it, Sir——

Flor. Am ſo extremely ſurpriz'd, that I admire, love, am wounded, and dying in a Moment.

Cel. I have ſeen him ſomewhere, but where I know not;

not; pr'ythee, my Friend, leave us, doſt thou think we do not know our Way in Court?

Flor. I don't pretend to inſtruct you in your way, for you ſee I do not go before you; but you cannot poſſibly deny me the Happineſs to wait upon theſe Ladies; me, who——

Cel. Thee, who ſhall be beaten moſt unmercifully, if thou doſt follow them.

Flor. You will not draw ſo near Court, I hope?

Cel. Pox on him, an impertinent Puppy, I don't know what to do with him: let's walk away faſter, and be rid of him.——

Flor. O, take no care for me, Sir, you ſhall not loſe me; I'll rather mend my Pace, than not wait on you——

Olin. I begin to like this Fellow——

Cel. You make very bold here in my Seraglio, and I ſhall find a time to tell you ſo, Sir.

Flor. When you find a time to tell me on't, I ſhall find a Time to anſwer you: but pray what do you find in yourſelf ſo extraordinary, that you ſhould ſerve theſe Ladies better than I; let me know what 'tis you value yourſelf upon, and let them judge betwixt us.

Cel. I am ſomewhat more a Man than you.

Flor. That is, you are ſo much older than I: Do you like a Man ever the better for his Age, Ladies?

Sab. Well ſaid, young Gentleman.

Cel. Piſh, thee! a young raw Creature, thou haſt ne'er been under the Barber's Hands yet.

Flor. No, nor under the Barber-Surgeon's yet, as you have been.

Cel 'Slife, what would'ſt thou be at? I am madder than thou art.

Flor. The Devil you are: I'll tope with you—*I'll ſing* with you—I'll dance with you—I'll ſwagger with you—

Cel. I'll fight with you.

Flor. Out upon fighting: tis grown ſo common a Faſhion, that a modiſh Man contemns it; a Man of Garniture and Feather is above the Diſpenſation of the Sword: What's your Opinion, Ladies?

Olin.

Olin. O, Sir, no young Creature can endure a Man that's quarrelſome.

Sab. This is the rareſt Gentleman, I could live and die with him——

Olin. You and I are merry, and juſt of an Humour, Sir, therefore we two ſhould love one another.

Sab. And you and I are juſt of an Age, Sir; and therefore, methinks, we ſhould not hate one another.

Cel. Then I perceive, Ladies, I am a Caſt-away, a Reprobate with you. Why faith this is hard Luck now, that I ſhould be no leſs than one whole Hour in getting your Affections, and muſt now loſe 'em in a quarter of it.

Olin. No matter, let him rail; does the loſs afflict you, Sir?

Cel. No in faith does it not; for if you had not forſaken me, I had you; ſo the Willows may flouriſh, for any Branches I ſhall rob them of.

Sab. However, we have the Advantage to have left you; not you us.

Cel. That's only a certain Nimbleneſs in Nature you Women have to be firſt inconſtant; but if you had made the more haſte, the Wind was veering too upon my Weathercock; the beſt on's is, *Florimel* is worth both of you.

Flor. 'Tis like ſhe'll accept of their Leavings.

Cel. She will accept on't, and ſhe ſhall accept on't; I think I know more of her Mind than you, Sir.

Enter Meliſſa.

Mel. Daughters, there's a poor Collation within that waits for you.

Flor. Will you walk, muſty Sir?

Cel. No, merry Sir, I wo'not; I have ſurfeited of that old Woman's Face already.

Flor. Begin ſome Frolick then; what will you do for her?

Cel. Faith, I am no Dog, to ſhow Tricks for her; I cannot come aloft for an old Woman.

Flor.

Flor. Dare you kiſs her? I never was dar'd by any Man——By your leave, old Madam——Now, Sir, here's *Florimel*'s Health to you——— [*Kiſſes her.*

Mel. Away, Sir; a ſweet young Man as you are, to abuſe the Gift of Nature ſo.

Cel. Good Mother, do not commend me ſo; I am Fleſh and Blood, and you do not know what you may pluck upon that reverend Perſon of yours——— Come on, follow your Leader.

Flor. Stand fair, Mother——

Cel. What with your Hat on?—Lie thou there——

Flor. And thou too——

[*He plucks off her Hat, and ſhe her Peruke, and diſcovers herſelf.*

Omnes. Florimel!

Flor. My kind Miſtreſſes, how ſorry I am, I can do you no further Service: I think I had beſt reſign you to *Celadon*, to make amends for me.

Cel. Lord what a Misfortune it was that the Gentleman could not hold forth to you.

Olin. We have loſt *Celadon* too.

Mel. Come away; this is paſt enduring.

[*Exeunt* Melilla *and* Olinda.

Sab. Well! if ever I believe a Man to be a Man for the ſake of a Peruke and Feather again——

Flor. Come *Celadon*, ſhall we make Accounts even? Lord! what a hanging Look was there; indeed if you had been recreant to your Miſtreſs, or had forſworn your Love, that Sinner's Face had been but decent; but for the virtuous, the innocent, the conſtant *Celadon!*——

Cel. This is not very heroic in you now, to inſult over a Man in his Misfortunes; but take heed, you have robb'd me of my two Miſtreſſes; and I ſhall grow deſperately conſtant, and all the Tempeſt of my Love will fall upon your Head, I ſhall ſo pay you.

Flor. Who, you pay me? You are a Bankrupt, caſt beyond all poſſibility of recovery.

Cel. If I am a Bankrupt, I'll be a very honeſt one: when I cannot pay my Debts, at leaſt I'll give you up the poſſeſſion of my Body.

Flor. No, I'll deal better with you; ſince you are unable to pay, I'll give in your Bond.

Cel. Faith, that's ſo generouſly ſaid, that the leaſt I can do now, is to pay it off like a Man of Honour, both Principle and Intereſt.

Flor. How do you mean?

Cel. Why ſince I ſee nothing but ready Love will ſatisfy you, I'll e'en make up your Accounts, and marry you.

Flor. Which is as much as to ſay, if I'll forgive you the Debt, you'll pay me.

Cel. Pſhah, pſhah, the Funds of this Conſtitution are better able to pay than you imagine— —Come, come, I'll put you into an handſome Penſion, make you my Wife, that is, ſole Teller of my Exchequer, and then you may pay yourſelf.

Flor. Well, for Aſſurance——

Cel. Look you, Madam, no Ayes, for by thoſe Breeches——

Flor. Which I, when ever I do marry, am reſolved to wear, till all the World calls me *Florimel the Wilful.*

Enter Doralice, Rodophil, Palamede *and* Flavia.

Dor. Florimel.

Flor. Nay, now I ſhall have no Mercy.

Pal. Dear *Celadon*, I give you Joy, for I perceive by the Lady's Breeches you are marry'd.

Flor. So, ſo, *Flavia* has given them all their Leſſons, I find. Remember this—— [*Aſide to* Flavia.

Fla. Come, come, Madam, never mince the matter, for to tell you the truth, I knew your Inclinations, and becauſe I was willing to give you a handſome pretence to follow 'em too, I have brought down all your Friends upon you, to ſpeak a good Word for a poor honeſt Gentleman, that, I know, has not Aſſurance enough to do it himſelf: And now, Sir, I ſuppoſe your Quarrel and mine's at an end—— [*To* Celadon.

Cel. I am extremely oblig'd to your good Intentions, Madam, and if you pleaſe to add one more Favour to em, I ſhall confeſs myſelf your humble Servant, as long as I live.

Fla.

Fla. To my poor Power, Sir, you may command me.

Cel. Only that you would be pleas'd, Madam, to uſe your Intereſt with the good Company, that they would engage *Florimel* never to be Friends with me.

Flor. [illegible]ar Sir, I grant that without your making any Intereſt for [illegible]; but pray how come you to be afraid on't?

Cel. Becauſe I am ſure, as ſoon as ever you are, you'll marry me.

Flor. Do you fear it?

Cel. No, 'twill come with a Fear.

Flor. If you think ſo, I will not ſtick with you for an Oath.

Cel. I require no Oath till we come to Church, and then, after the Prieſt, I hope; for I find it will be my Deſtiny to marry thee.

Flor. If ever I ſay a Word after the black Gentleman for thee, *Celadon*——

Cel. Then I hope you'll give me leave to beſtow a faithful Heart elſewhere.

Flor. Ay, but if you'll have one, you muſt beſpeak it: for I am ſure you have none ready made.

Rho. What ſay you, Madam? Shall he marry *Flavia?*

Flor. No, he'll be too cunning for him.

Dor. What ſay you to *Olinda* then? She's tall, and fair, and bonny.

Flor. And fooliſh, and apiſh, and fickle.

Pal. But *Sabina*'s, pretty and loving, and young and innocent.

Flor. And dwarfiſh, and childiſh, and fond, and flippant; if he marries her, Siſters he will get Maypoles; and if he marries her, he will get Fairies to dance about them.

Cel. Nay, then the caſe is clear, *Florimel*; if you take 'em all from me, 'tis becauſe you reſerve me for yourſelf.

Flor. But this Marriage is ſuch a Bug-bear to me; much might be done if we could invent but any way to make it eaſy.

Cel. Some fooliſh People have made it uneaſy by drawing the Knot faſter than they need: But we that are wiſer, will looſen it a little.

Flor. 'Tis true indeed; there's ſome Difference between a Girdle and a Halter.

Cel. As for the firſt Year, according to the laudable Cuſtom of new-marry'd People, we ſhall follow one another up into Chambers, and down into Gardens, and think we ſhall never have enough of one another—— So far 'tis pleaſant enough, I hope.

Flor. But after that, when we begin to live like Husband and Wife, and never come near one another—— what then, Sir?

Cel. Why then our only Happineſs muſt be to have one Mind, and one Will, *Florimel.*

Flor. One Mind, if you pleaſe; but pr'ythee let's have two Wills, for I find one will be little enough for me alone. But how if thoſe two Wills ſhould meet and claſh, *Celadon?*

Cel. I warrant thee for that, Huſbands and Wives keep their Wills far enough aſunder for ever meeting: One thing let's be ſure to agree on, that is, never to be jealous

Flor. No, but e'en love one another as long as we can, and confeſs the Truth when we can love no longer

Cel. When I have been at play, you ſhall never aſk me what money I have loſt.

Flor. When I have been abroad, you ſhall never enquire who treated me.

Cel. Provided always, that whatever Liberties we take with other People, we continue very honeſt to one another

Flor. As far as will conſiſt with a pleaſant Life.

Cel. Laſtly, whereas the Names of *Husband* and *Wife* hold forth nothing, but Claſhing and Cloying, and Dullneſs and Faintneſs in their Signification; they ſhall be aboliſh'd for ever betwixt us.

Flor. And inſtead of thoſe, we'll be marry'd by the more agreeable Names of *Miſtreſs* and *Gallant.*

Cel. None of my Privileges to be infring'd by thee *Florimel,* under the Penalty of a Month's Faſting Nights

Flor. None of my Privileges to be enfring'd by thee *Celadon,* under the Penalty of Cuckoldom.

Cel. Well, if it be my fortune to be made a Cuckold I had father thou ſhouldſt make me one than any one

i

in *Sicily*: And for my Comfort, I ſhall have thee oftner than any of thy Servants.

Flor. La ye now, is not ſuch a Marriage as good as Wenching, *Celadon?*

Cel. This is very good; but not ſo good, *Florimel.*

Omn. A Wedding! A Wedding!

Pal. So, ſo! Here's every body's Buſineſs done but mine.

Rho. Here comes a ſmall Emiſſary, *Palamede*; and I fancy, in order to finiſh it———

Enter Philotis *haſtily.*

Pal. Ha! well, my dear, what News?

Phi. O, Sir, I am glad I have found you!

Pal. What's the Matter?

Phi. My Lady has juſt now received a Letter from her Father, with an abſolute Command to diſpoſe herſelf to marry you to-morrow.

Pal. And ſhe takes it to death, I preſume.

Phi. O, dear Sir, ſhe's under a greater Misfortune than the Apprehenſion of being marry'd to ſo fine a Gentleman.

Pal. O, dear Madam—but pray what is it?

Phi. Why, Sir, ſhe is in ſo unconſolable a Concern for her being out of Favour with the Princeſs, that ſhe proteſts, ſhe'll neither, eat, drink, ſleep, nor marry, till ſhe has made her Peace with her.

Pal. That's hard.

Phi. Now, Sir, you muſt know, upon theſe extraordinary Occaſions, ſhe always practiſes what ſhe is to do and ſay beforehand; and in order to it, ſhe is juſt coming into this part of the Walks; where by her own Direction, Sir, I am to perſonate the Princeſs, and to receive her with all imaginable Coldneſs, while ſhe uſes all the Efforts of her *French* Airs and Phraſes to recommend herſelf into my good Graces.

Pal. Very good; but what is my part all this while?

Phi. Why, Sir, if you'll deſire the good Company to retire a little——you ſhall bolt out upon her while ſhe is in the very Agony of her good Breeding, and worry her

with her own Phraſes, till you force her to lend a reaſonable Ear to your Addreſſes.

Pal. Admirable! *Rodophil*

Rho. We underſtand you——we'll be all ready at the next Corner to give you a lift upon occaſion.

[*Exeunt all but* Palamede *and* Philotis.

Phi. You muſt be ſure to take no Repulſes, and I warrant you do her buſineſs——Here is a Liſt of her Phraſes for the Day——ply her home with 'em, right or wrong, upon any occaſion: Foil her at her own Weapons; for ſhe's like one of the old *Amazons*, ſhe'll never marry, except it be a Man who has firſt conquer'd her.

Pal. Say you ſo? Faith, I'll lay her on to the beſt of my Aſſurance then: But you won't forget, I hope, to give me a Prompt upon occaſion.

Phi. O, dear Sir, if you doubt my Memory, put ſome Token upon my Finger to refreſh it——That Diamond would do admirably.

Pal. There 'tis, and I ask your Pardon heartily for calling your Memory in queſtion.

Phi. Here ſhe comes; to your Poſt. [Pal. *retires.*

Enter Melantha.

Mel. O! are you there, Madam?——come, are you perfect in the Princeſs?

Phi. Yes, Madam, particularly in all the reſerv'd Airs your Ladyſhip was pleas'd to ſhew me.

Mel. Very well—move a little that way—ſo——now you are the Princeſs, and alone; and now is my time to introduce myſelf, and make my court to you in my new *French* Phraſes. Stay, let me read my Catalogue ——*Suite*, *Figure*, *chagrin*, *naivete*, and *Let me die*, for the Parentheſis of all.

Pal. [*Aſide.*] Do, perſecute the Princeſs in Imagination, and I'll perſecute thee as faſt in Effigy.

Mel. Madam, the Princeſs! Let me die, but this is a moſt horrid Spectacle, to ſee a Perſon who makes ſo grand a Figure in the Court, without the *Suite* of a Princeſs, and entertaining your *Chagrin*, all alone; (*Naivete* ſhould have been there, but the diſobedient Word would not come in)

Phi.

Phi. You take an unreaſonable time, Madam, I deſign'd this Hour for Solitude.

Pal. [*To* Melantha.] Let me die, Madam, if I have not waited here theſe two long Hours, without ſo much as the Civility of a ſingle Servant to attend me, entertaining myſelf with my own *Chagrin*, till I had the Honour to ſee your Ladyſhip, who are a Perſon that makes ſo conſiderable a Figure in the Court.

Mel. Truce with your *Douceurs*, good Servant; you ſee I am addreſſing the Princeſs; pray do not embarraſs me——Embarraſs me! what a delicious *French* Word do you make me loſe upon you too! [*To* Philotis.] Your Highneſs, Madam, will pleaſe to pardon the *Coup de'etourdy* which I made, in not ſooner finding you out to be a Princeſs. But, let me die, if this *Eclairciſſement*, which is made this Day of your Quality, does not raviſh me; and give me leave to tell you——

Pal. But firſt give me leave to tell you, Madam, that I have ſo great a Tender for your Perſon, and ſuch a *Paunchant* to do you Service, that——

Mel. What, muſt I ſtill be troubled with your *Sottiſes?* There's another Word loſt, that I meant for the Princeſs, (with a miſchief to you.) But your Highneſs, Madam——

Pal. But your Ladyſhip, Madam——

Mel. I ſay, your Highneſs, Madam——

Phil. Away impertinent.

Mel. Impertinent! Oh, I am the moſt unfortunate Perſon this Day breathing; that the Princeſs ſhould thus *Rompre en viſiere*, without occaſion; let me die, but I'll follow her to Death, till I make my Peace.

Pal. [*Holding her.*] And let me die, but I'll follow you to the Infernals, till you pity me.

Mel. [*Turning towards him angrily.*] Ay, 'tis long of you that this *Malheur* is fall'n upon me; your Impertinence has put me out of the good Graces of the Princeſs, and all that; which has ruin'd me, and all that; and therefore, let me die, but I'll be reveng'd, and all that.

Pal. Façon, Façon, you muſt, and ſhall love me, and all that; for my old Man is coming up, and all that; and I am *deſes peré au dernier,* and will not be diſinherited, and all that.

Mel. How durſt you interrupt me ſo *mal a propos,* when you know I was practiſing my Addreſſes to the Princeſs?

Pal. But why would you addreſs yourſelf ſo much a *Contretemps* then?

Mel. Ah, *Mal Peſte!*

Pal. and *Phi. Ah j'enrage!*

Mel. Ad 'autres, ad 'autres: He mocks himſelf of me, he abuſes me: *Ah me unfortunate.* [*Cries.*

Phi. Indeed you miſtake him, Madam, he does but accommodate his Phraſe to your refin'd Language; purſue your Point, Sir.—— [*To him.*

Pal. Ah, qu'il fait beau dans ces boccages: [*Singing.*
Ah, que le ciel donne un bonne jour!
There I wa with you with a Minuet.

Mel. Let me die now, but this ſinging is fine, and extremely *French* in him. [*Laughs.*] But then that he ſhou'd uſe my own Words, as it were in contempt of me, I cannot bear it. [*Cries.*

Pal. Ces beaux & Sejours, ces doux ramages. [*Singing.*
Mel. Ces beaux & Sejours, ces doux ramages,
Ces beaux Sejous nous invitent a l' amour.
[*Singing after him.*

Pal. Let me die now but that was fine. Ah, now for three or four briſk *Frenchmen,* to be put into maſking Habits, and to ſing it on a Theatre; how witty it would be! And then to dance helter-ſkelter, to a *Chanſon a boire: Toute la terre, toute la terre eſt a moy.* What's matter, though it were made, and ſung two or three Years ago in *Caberets*; how it would attract the Admiration, eſpecially of every one that's an *Eveillée!*

Mel. Well; I begin to have a *Tendre* for you; but yet, upon Condition, that——when we are marry'd, you—— [*Pal. ſings while ſhe ſpeaks.*

Phi. You muſt drown her Voice; if ſhe makes her *French* Conditions, you are a Slave for ever.

Mel.

Mel. First, will you engage——that

Pal. Fa, la, la, la, &c. [*Louder.*

Mel. Will you hear the Conditions?

Pal. No, I will hear no Conditions! I am resolv'd to win you *en François*; to be very airy with abundance of Noise, and no Sense: *Fa, la, la, la,* &c.

Mel. Hold, hold, I am vanquish'd with your *Gaieté d'esprit*. I am yours, and will be yours, *sans nulle reserve*; and, let me die if I do not think myself the happiest Nymph in *Sicily*——My dear *French* Dear, stay but a Minute till I *racomode* myself with the Princess; and then I am yours, *Jusqu' a la mort*. [*Going off.*

Enter Celadon, Florimel, Rhodophil, Doralice, *and* Flavia, *singing.*

Omn. A *Palamede!* A *Palamede!*

Pal. [*Fanning himself.*] Poo! I never thought before, Wooing was so laborious an Exercise; I'gad, if she were worth a Million, I deserve her.

Mel. Ah me, was ever Nymph under such Confusion? I shall have all the *Tendre* of my *Belle Passion* turn'd into Ridicule——I hope, Servant, you did not lay this Ambuscade to be Witnesses of my *Foibles*.

Pal. Not I, upon Honour, Madam, but 'tis impossible for us great Conquerors to fight without Witnesses of our Glory.

Dor. Come, come, Madam, cōnsider the Pains he has taken to deserve you, and don't rob him of the Glory of confessing it——We are all your Friends, give him your Hand.

Mel. Dear, my Dear, don't give me this Confusion——I can't do it——he must take it if he has it.

Pal. Thus I seize it then as my Right of Conquest. And now, Madam, I take you Prisoner for Life

Mel. Oh barbarous, and plunder me of all!

Pal. All in good time, Madam.

Cel. And now, *Palamede*, your Business is done.

Rho. And now, *Doralice*, since your Friend and mine are likely to be busy for some few Months at least, I think we had e'en as good mind our own Business as

ſtand idle——From this Day forward, I'll never dine but at home.

Dor. Why truly, he that's always running to an Eating-houſe, will find, at the Year's End, ne'er the leſs Account in his Houſe-keeping. When the Meal's ready at home, ſomebody múſt ſit down to it.

And high-fed Palates to their Coſt diſcover,
That Huſbands Leavings often feaſt the Lover.

[Exeunt omnes.

THE

THE

NON-JUROR.

A

COMEDY

——— Pulchra Laverna
Da mihi fallere; da Juſtum, Sanctumque videri,
Noctem Peccatis, & Fraudibus obiice Nubem.
HOR.

TO THE

KING

SIR,

IN a Time, when all Communities Congratulate Your MAJESTY on the *Glories* of Your Reign, which are continually riſing from the *Proſperities* of Your People; be graciouſly pleas'd, *Dread Sir*, to permit the loweſt of Your Subjects from the *Theatre*, to take this Occaſion of offering their moſt Humble Acknowledgments for Your Royal Favour and Protection.

YOUR

DEDICATION.

YOUR Comedians, SIR, are an Unhappy Society, whom ſome Severe Heads think wholly Uſeleſs, and others Dangerous to the Young and Innocent: This Comedy is therefore an Attempt to remove that Prejudice, and to ſhew what Honeſt and Laudable Uſes may be made of the *Theatre*, when its Performances keep cloſe to the true Purpoſes of its Inſtitution: That it may be neceſſary to divert the Sullen and Diſaffected from buſying their Brains to diſturb the Happineſs of a Government, which (for want of proper Amuſements) they often enter into Wild and Seditious Schemes to reform: And that it may likewiſe make thoſe very Follies the Ridicule and Diverſion even of thoſe that committed them. Our Labours have at leaſt this Glory to boaſt, That ſince Plays were firſt Exhibited in *England*, they were never totally ſuppreſs'd but by thoſe very People, that turn'd our *Church* and *Conſtitution* into *Irreligion* and *Anarchy*.

OF all Errors, thoſe that are the Effect of *Superſtition* make us naturally moſt obſtinate; it is therefore no wonder, that the Blinded Proſelytes of our Few Non-juring Clergy, are ſo hard to be recovered by the cleareſt Evidences of Senſe and Reaſon. But when a *Principle* is once made truly *Ridiculous*, it is not in the Power of Human Nature not to be *aſham'd* of it. From which Reflection, I was firſt determined to attack thoſe *lurking* Enemies of our Conſtitution from the Stage: And though my Succeſs has far exceeded my Expectation, yet I grieve, when I (perhaps with Vanity) imagine it might have had thrice the good Effect on the Minds of Your MAJESTY's People, were it not under the *Misfortune* of being written by a *Comedian*. I am therefore in ſome

Terror,

Terror, notwithſtanding its Publick Applauſe, to reflect how far Your MAJESTY, in Your Wiſdom, may think it proper to with-hold Your Pardon for the Unlicenſed Boldneſs of my Undertaking. I am ſenſible it may be juſtly urg'd againſt me, That even *Truth* and *Loyalty* might have loſt their Luſtre by appearing reduc'd to want the Defence of ſo inconſiderable a Champion: But as I never believ'd the beſt Play could be ſupported in an Ill Cauſe; ſo was I aſſur'd the worſt might paſs, with Favour, in a Good one. And though my Duty and Concern has made me more careful in the Conduct of this, than any of my former Endeavours; I am convinc'd, that what may have been extraordinary in the Succeſs of it, is utterly owing to a happy Choice of the Subject: And as its meeting no Oppoſition from our Publick Malecontents ſeems, in ſome degree, an Argument of the Clear and Honeſt Truth of thoſe *Principles* it vindicates; ſo may it of the equal Falſhood of the Rebellious and Unchriſtian Tenets it expoſes. Nay, I have yet a farther Hope, that it has even diſcovered the Strength and Number of the *Miſguided* to be much leſs, than may have been artfully inſinuated; there being no Aſſembly where People are ſo free, and apt to ſpeak their Minds, as in a Crowded *Theatre*; Of which Your MAJESTY may have lately ſeen an Inſtance, in the Inſuppreſſible Acclamations that were given on Your appearing to Honour this Play with your Royal Preſence.

BUT were the Diſaffected yet as Numerous as ſome Few may wiſh them, What Honeſt *Engliſhman* can ever think them formidable, that conſiders his Security in the Wiſdom of Your MAJESTY's *Counſels*, and Your Heroick *Reſolution* to Execute them? And as every Action of Your Regal Power has

has ſhewn the Nation, that Your greateſt *Glory* and *Delight* is in being the *Father* of Your *People*; ſo may it Convince its Enemies, that *they* will always find You KING of Your *Subjects*.——— But I am wandring into Thoughts that awe me into Silence; and humbly beg Leave to Subſcribe myſelf,

May it pleaſe Your MAJESTY,

Your MAJESTY's

moſt dutiful,

and moſt obedient,

ſubject and Servant,

COLLEY CIBBER.

PROLOGUE.

Written by N. ROWE, *Esq*;

TO Night, ye Wigs *and* Tories *both be safe,*
Nor hope, at one another's Cost, to laugh:
We mean to souse old Satan *and the* Pope;
They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope.
A Tool of theirs supplies the Comic Stage
With just Materials for Satyrick Rage:
Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint
The stiff Non-juring Separation-Saint.
Good Breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To those who give the Nation to the Devil;
Who a[illegible]rest, [illegible] Foundations strike,
And hate our Monarch, and our Church alike:
Our Church,—which, aw'd with Reverential Fear,
Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.
Long may She These her worst of Foes defy,
And lift her Mitred Head triumphant to the Sky!
While theirs—But Satyr silently disdains
To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's Brains.
Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark,
And fears the Justice's enquiring Clerk.
In close back Rooms his routed Flocks he rallies,
And reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Allies.
There safe, he lets his thundring Censures fly,
Unchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the Lie,
And excommunicates Three-Stories high,
Why, since a Land of Liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this Free-born State?
Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh hateful Objects rise,
Peace, and Prosperity affict their Eyes:
With Anguish, Prince and People they survey,
Their just Obedience, and His righteous Sway.

Ship

PROLOGUE.

Ship off, ye Slaves, and ſeek ſome paſſive Land,
Where Tyrants after your own Hearts command.
To your Tranſalpine *Maſter's Rule reſort,*
And fill an empty abdicated Court:
Turn your Poſſeſſions here to ready Rhino,
And buy ye Lands and Lordſhips at Urbino.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *John Woodvil*,	Mr. *Mills*.
Colonel *Woodvil*,	Mr. *Booth*.
Mr. *Heartly*,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Doctor *Wolf*,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Charles	Mr. *Walker*

WOMEN.

Lady *Woodvil*,	Mrs. *Porter*.
Maria,	Mrs. *Oldfield*.

The SCENE, an Anti-chamber of Sir JOHN'S Houſe in *LONDON*.

THE

THE NON-JUROR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir John Woodvil, *and the Colonel.*

Col. PRAY conſider, Sir.

Sir *John.* So I do, Sir, that I am her Father, and will diſpoſe of her as I pleaſe.

Col. I don't diſpute your Authority, Sir: But as I am your Son too, I think it my Duty to be concern'd for your Honour: Have not you countenanced his Addreſſes to my Siſter? Has not ſhe receiv'd them? How then is it poſſible, That either you or ſhe with Honour can recede?

Sir *John.* Why, Sir? Suppoſe I was about buying a Pad-nag for your Siſter, and upon Enquiry ſhould find him not ſound: Pray, Sir, would there be any great Diſhonour in being off o'the Bargain?

Col. With Submiſſion, Sir, I don't take that to be the Caſe. Mr. *Heartly*'s Birth and Fortune are too well known to you; and I dare ſwear he may defy the World to lay a Blemiſh upon his Principles.

Sir *John.* Why then, Sir, ſince I muſt be catechiz'd, I muſt tell you, I don't like his Principles: For I am inform'd he is a Time-ſerver, one that baſely flatters the Government, and has no more Religion than you have.

Col.

Col. Sir, we don't either of us think it proper to make boaſt of our Religion; but if you pleaſe to enquire, you will find we go to Church as orderly as the reſt of our Neighbours.

Sir *John.* Ay! to what Church!

Col. ——St. *James*'s Church——The eſtabliſh'd Church.

Sir *John.* Eſtabliſh'd Church!

Col. Sir——

Sir *John.* Nay, you need not ſtare, Sir; and before he values himſelf upon going to Church, I would firſt have him be ſure he is a Chriſtian.

Col. A Chriſtian, Sir!

Sir *John.* Ay, that's my Queſtion, Whether he is yet chriſtned? I mean by a Paſtor, that had a Divine, Uninterrupted, Succeſſive Right to mark him as a Sheep of the true Fold?

Col. Is it poſſible! are you an *Engliſhman*, and offer, Sir, a Queſtion ſo uncharitable, not only to him, but the whole Nation?

Sir *John.* Nay, Sir, you may give yourſelf what Airs of Amazement you pleaſe;——I won't argue with you; you are both of you too harden'd to be converted now; but ſince you think it your Duty, as a Son, to be concern'd for my Errors, I think it as much mine, as a Father, to be concern'd for yours——I'll only tell you of them, if you think fit to mend them——ſo——if not ——take the Conſequence.

Col. [*Aſide.*] O! give me Temper, Heav'n! this vile nonjuring Zealot! what poiſonous Principles has he ſwell'd him with!——Well, Sir, ſince you don't think it proper to argue upon this Subject, I'll wave it too: But if I may aſk it without Offence, are theſe your only Reaſons for diſcountenancing Mr. *Heartly*'s Addreſſes to my Siſter?

Sir *John.* Theſe! are they not flagrant! would you have me marry my Daughter to a Pagan! for ſo he is, and all of you, till you are regularly Chriſtians. In ſhort, Son, expect to inherit no Eſtate of mine, unleſs you reſolve to come into the Pale of the Church, of which I profeſs myſelf a Member.

Col.

Col. I thought I always was, Sir, and hope I am ſo ſtill unleſs you have lately been converted to the *Roman*.

Sir *John.* No, Sir, I abhor the Thoughts on't; and proteſt againſt their Errors as much as you do.

Col. If ſo, Sir, Where's our Difference?

Sir *John.* Difference! 'twould make you tremble, Sir, to know it! But ſince 'tis fit you ſhould know it, look there——[*Gives him a Book*] read that, and be reform'd.

Col. What's here? [*Reads*] *The Caſe of Schiſm*, &c. Thank you, Sir; I have ſeen enough of this in the *Daily Courant*, to be ſorry it's in any Hands, but thoſe of the common Hangman.

Sir *John.* Prophanation!

Col. And though I always honour'd your Concern for the Church's Welfare, I little thought 'twas for a Church that is eſtabliſh'd no where?

Sir *John.* O! Perverſeneſs! but there is no better to be expected from your Courſe of Life: This is all the Effects of your modern Loyalty, your Converſation at *Button's*. Will you never leave that foul Neſt of Hereſy and Schiſm?

Col. Yes, Sir, when I ſee any Thing like it there; and ſhould think myſelf oblig'd to retire, where ſuch Principles were ſtarted——I own I uſe the Place, becauſe I generally meet there inſtructive or diverting Company.

Sir *John.* Yes, fine Company indeed, *Arians*, Party-Poets, Players and Preſbyterians.

Col. That's a very unuſual Mixture, Sir; but if a Man entertains me innocently, am I oblig'd to enquire into his Profeſſion, or Principles? Would not it be ridiculous for a Proteſtant that loves Muſick, to refuſe going to the *Opera*, becauſe moſt of the Performers are Papiſts? But, Sir, this ſeems foreign to my Buſineſs; Mr. *Heartly* intends this Morning to pay his Reſpects to you, in hopes to obtain your final Conſent; and deſired me to be preſent, as a Mediator of Articles between you.

Sir *John.* I am glad to hear it.

Col. That's kind indeed, Sir.

Sir *John.* May be not, Sir——for I will not be at home when he comes.

Col.

Col. Nay, pray, Sir, 'twill be but Civility, at leaſt, to hear him.

Sir *John.* And becauſe I won't tell a Lie for the Matter, I'll go out this Moment.

Col. Good Sir.

Sir *John.* But becauſe I won't deceive him neither, tell him, I would not have him loſe his Time, in fooling after your Siſter——In ſhort, I have another Man in my Head for her. [*Exit Sir* John.

Col. Another Man! 'twould be worth one's while now to know him —— Pray Heaven this nonjuring Hypocrite has not got ſome beggarly Traytor in his Eye for her—— I muſt rid the Houſe of him at any rate, or all the Settlement I can hope from my Father is a Caſtle in the Air; nor can indeed his Life be ſafe, while ſuch a Villain makes it an Act of Conſcience to endanger it: If his Eyes are not ſoon open'd againſt him, The Crown's more likely to inherit his Eſtate, than I am; and though the Government has been very favourable upon thoſe Occaſions, it is but a melancholy Buſineſs to petition for what might have been one's Birthright. My Siſter may be ruin'd too——Here ſhe comes; if there be another Man in the Caſe, ſhe no doubt ſhall let me into the Secret

Enter Maria.

Siſter, good Morrow——I want to ſpeak with you.

Mar. Nay but pr'ythee, Brother, don't put on that wiſe politic Face then: Why you look as if the Minority had like to have carried a Queſtion.

Col. Come, come, a Truce with your Rallery; what I have to aſk of you is ſerious, and I beg you would be ſo in your Anſwer.

Mar. Well then, provided it is not upon the Subject of Love, I will be ſo——but make haſte too——for I have not had my Tea yet.

Col. Why if is, and is not upon that Subject.

Mar. O! I love a Riddle dearly——come——let's hear it.

Col. Nay piſh——if you will be ſerious ſay ſo.

Mar. O Lard! Sir, I beg your Pardon——there——there's my whole Form and Features totally diſengag'd, and

and lifeleſs at your Service; now put them in what Poſture of Attention you think fit.

[*She leans againſt him, with her Arms aukwardly falling to her Knees.*]

Col. Was there ever ſuch a giddy Devil!—pr'ythee ſtand up. I have been talking with my Father, and he declares poſitively you ſhall not receive any farther Addreſſes from Mr. *Heartly*.

Mar. Are you ſerious?

Col. He ſaid it this Minute, and with ſome Warmth too.

Mar. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Col. How! glad!

Mar. To a Degree; Do you think a Man has any more Charms for me for my Father's liking him? No, Sir, if Mr. *Heartly* can make his Way to me now, he is oblig'd to me only: Beſides, now it may have the Face of an Amour indeed: Now one has ſomething to ſtruggle for, there's Difficulty, there's Danger, there's the dear Spirit of Contradiction in it too. O I like it mightily.

Col. I am glad this does not make you think the worſe of *Heartly*——but, however, a Father's Conſent might have clapt a Pair of Horſes more to your Coach perhaps, and the Want of that, may pinch your Fortune.

Mar. Burn Fortune; Am not I a fine Woman? And have not I above five thouſand pounds in my own Hands?

Col. Yes, Siſter, but with all your Charms, you have had it in your hands almoſt theſe four Years: pray conſider that too.

Mar. Pſhah! and have not I had the full Swing of my own Airs and Humours theſe four Years! But if I'll humour my Father, I'll warrant he'll make it three or four thouſand more, with ſome unlick'd Lout of a Fellow to ſnub me into the Bargain: A comfortable Equivalent truly——No, no, let him light his Pipe with his Conſent if he pleaſes. Wilful againſt Wife for a Wager.

Col. Well ſaid; nothing goes to your Heart I find.

Mar. No, no, Brother; the Suits of true Lovers ſhall not be ended, like thoſe at Law, by dull Council on both Sides, I'll hear nothing but what the Plantiff himſelf can ſay to me; 'twould be a pretty Thing indeed to confine

my

my Airs to the Directions of a Sollicitor, to look kind, or cruel, only as the Jointure propos'd, is, or is not, equal to the Fortune my Father deſigns me: What do you think I'll have my Features put into the *Gazette* to be diſpos'd of, like a parcel of dirty Acres, by an old Maſter in Chancery to the faireſt Bidder? No, if I muſt have an ill Match, I'll have the pleaſure of playing my own Game at leaſt.

Col. There ſpoke the Spirit of a free-born *Engliſh-woman.*——Well, I am glad you are not ſtartled at the firſt Part of my News however; but farther—Pray, Siſter, has my Father ever propos'd any other Man to you?

Mar. Any other Man! let me know why you aſk, and I'll tell you.

Col. Why the laſt Words he ſaid to me, were, That he had another Man in his Head for you.

Mar. And who is it? Who is it? tell me, dear Brother, quickly.

Col. Why you don't ſo much as ſeem ſurpriz'd at it!

Mar. No, but impatient, and that as well you know.

Col. Why how now, Siſter? [*Gravely.*

Mar. Why ſure, Brother, you know very little of Female Happineſs, if you ſuppoſe the Surpriſe of a new Lover ought to ſhock a Woman of my Temper——don't you know that I am a *Coquette?*

Col. If you are, you are the firſt that ever was ſincere enough to own her being ſo.

Mar. To a Lover I grant you; but I make no more of you than a Siſter, I can ſay any Thing to you.

Col. I ſhould have been better pleas'd if you had not own'd it to me——it's a hateful Character.

Mar. Ay, it's no Matter for that, its violently pleaſant, and there's no Law againſt it, that I know of. You had beſt adviſe your Friend *Heartly* to bring in a Bill to prevent it: All the diſcarded Toaſts, Prudes, and ſuperannuated Virgins would give him their Intereſt I dare ſwear: Take my Word, Coquettry has govern'd the World from the Beginning, and will do ſo to the End on't.

Col. Heartly's like to have a hopeful Time on't with you.

Mar. Well, but don't you really know who it is my Father intends me

Col.

Col. Not I really, but I imagin'd you might, and therefore thought to adviſe with you about it.

Mar. Nay, he has not open'd his Lips to me yet—— Are you ſure he's gone out?

Col. You are very impatient to know methinks? What have you to do to concern your ſelf about any Man but *Hearty*?

Mar. O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! don't be ſo wiſe, pr'ythee Brother; Why if you had an empty Houſe to let, would you be diſpleas'd to hear there were two People about it? Can any Woman think herſelf happy, that's oblig'd to marry only with a *Hobſon*'s Choice? No, don't think to rob me of ſo innocent a Vanity; for believe me, Brother, there is no Fellow upon Earth, how diſagreeable ſoever, but in the long Run of his Addreſſes will utter ſomething at leaſt, that's worth a poor Woman's hearing. Beſides, to be a little ſerious, *Heartly* has a Tincture of Jealouſy in his Temper, which nothing but a ſubſtantial Rival can cure him of.

Col. O your Servant, Madam, now you talk Reaſon; I am glad you are concern'd enough for *Heartly*'s Faults, to think them worth your mending——Ha! ha!

Mar. Concern'd! Why did I ſay that——look you, I'll deny it all to him——Well, never I am ſerious with you again——

Col. Here he comes; be as merry with him as you pleaſe.

Mar. Pſhaw!

Enter Heartly. Maria *takes a Book from the Table and reads*

Hear. Dear Colonel, your Servant.

Col. I am glad you did not come ſooner, for in the Humour my Father left me, 'twould not have been a proper Time to have preſs'd your Affair—I touch'd upon't——but——I'll tell you more preſently; in the mean Time loſe no Ground with my Siſter.

Heart. I ſhall always think my ſelf oblig'd to your Friendſhip let my Succeſs be what it will—Madam——your moſt obedient—What have you got there pray?

Mar. [*Repeating.*]

" *Her lively Looks a ſprightly Mind diſcloſe,*
" *Quick as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe*———

Hear. Pray, Madam, What is it?

Mar. " *Favours to none, to all ſhe Smiles extends*—

Hear. Nay, I will ſee— [*Struggling.*

Mar. [*Putting him by.*]

" *Oft ſhe rejects*——*but never once offends.*

Col. Have a Care, ſhe has dipt into her own Character, and ſhe'll never forgive you, if you don't let her go through with it.

Hear. I beg your Pardon, Madam. [*Gravely.*

Mar. " *Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers ſtrike,*
" *And like the Sun, they ſhine on all alike*—um—um.

Hear. That is ſomething like indeed.

Col. You would ſay ſo, if you knew all.

Hear. All what? Pray what do you mean?

Col. Have a little Patience, I'll tell you immediately.

Hear. [*Aſide.*] Confuſion! ſome Coxcomb now has been flattering her, I'll be curſt elſe, ſhe's ſo full of her dear ſelf upon't.

Mar. [*Turning to Hearty.*]

" *If to her Share ſome Female Errors fall,*
" *Look on her Face*——*and you'll forget them all.*

Is not that natural, *Mr. Hearty?*

Hear. For a Woman to expect it is indeed.

Mar. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the ſame Time a Proof of the poor Man's Paſſion, and her Power?

Hear. So that you think the greateſt Compliment a Lover can make his Miſtreſs, is to give up his Reaſon to her!

Mar. Certainly: For what have your lordly Sex to boaſt of but Reaſon? Underſtanding? And till that's entirely ſurrender'd to her Diſcretion, while the leaſt Sentiment holds out againſt her, a Woman muſt be downright vain to think her Conqueſt compleated.

Hear. There we differ, Madam; for in my Opinion, nothing but the moſt exceſſive Vanity, could value or deſire ſuch a Conqueſt.

Mar. O! d'ye hear him, Brother? The Creature reaſons with me! Nay, has the frontleſs Folly to think me in

in the wrong too! O Lud! he'd make a horrid Tyrant ——positively I won't have him.

Hear. Well, my Comfort is, no other Man will easily know whether you'll have him or not.

Mar. [*Affectedly smiling.*] Am not I a horrid, vain, silly Creature, Mr. *Heartly?*

Hear. A little bordering upon the Baby, I must own.

Mar. Laud! how can you love one so then? But I don't think you love me though——do you?

Hear. Yes, Faith I do, and so shamefully, that I am in Hopes you doubt it.

Mar. Poor Man! he'd fain bring me to Reason.

[*Smiling in his Face.*

Hear. I would indeed, nor am asham'd to own it—— nay, were it but possible to make you serious only when you should be so, you would be the most perfect Creature of your Sex.

Mar. O Lud! he's civil——

Hear. Come, come, you have good Sense, use me but with that, and make me what you please.

Mar. Laud! I don't desire to make any Thing of you, not I.

Hear. Don't look so [illegible] upon me, by Heaven I can't bear it.

Mar. Well! now you are tolerable.

[*Gently glancing on him.*

Hear. Come then, be generous, and swear at least you'll never be another's.

Mar. Ah! Lard! now you have spoil'd all again, beside, how can I be sure of that before I have seen this t'other Man, my Brother spoke to me of? [*Reads to herself again.*

Hear. What Riddle's this? [*To the Col.*

Col. I told you you did not know all: To be serious, my Father went out but now, on purpose to avoid you. In short, he absolutely retracts his Promises, says he would not have you fool away your Time after my Sister, and in plain Terms told me, he had another Man in his Head for her.

Hear. Another Man! Confusion! who! what is he? did not he name him?

Col. No, nor has he yet ſpoke of him to my Siſter.

Hear. This is unaccountable——What can have given him this ſudden turn?

Col. Some Whim our conſcientious Doctor has put in his Head I'll lay my Life.

Hear. He! He can't be ſuch a Villain, he profeſſes a Friendſhip for me.

Col. So much the worſe: By the way, I am now upon the ſcent of a Secret, that I hope ſhortly will prove him a Rogue to the whole Nation.

Hear. You amaze me—But on what Pretence, what Ground, what Reaſon, what Intereſt can he have to oppoſe me?—This Shock is inſupportable.

[*He ſtands fix'd, and mute.*

Col. [*Aſide to* Maria.] Are you really as unconcern'd now as you ſeem to be?

Mar. Thou art a ſtrange Dunce, Brother, that knoweſt no more of Love, than I do of a Regiment——You ſhall ſee now how I'll comfort him——

[*She goes to* Heartly—*mimicks his Poſture and Uneaſineſs, then looks ſeriouſly in his Face, and burſts into a Laugh.*

Hear. I don't wonder at your good Humour, Madam, when you have ſo ſubſtantial an Opportunity to make me uneaſy for Life.

Mar. O Brother! how wiſe he is? Well! his Reproaches have that greatneſs of Soul——the Confuſion they give one is inſupportable——*Betty*, is the Tea ready?

Enter Betty.

Bet. Yes, Madam.

Mar. Mr. *Heartly*, your Servant. [*Exit.*

Col. So, ſo, you have made a fine ſpot of Work on't indeed.

Hear. Dear *Tom*, you'll pardon me, if I ſpeak a little freely. I own the Levity of her Behaviour, at this time, gives me harder Thoughts of her than I once believ'd it poſſible to have of her.

Col. Indeed, my Friend, you miſtake her.

Hear.

Hear. O pardon me, had ſhe any real Concern for me, the Apprehenſion of a Man's Addreſſes, whom yet ſhe never ſaw, muſt have alarm'd her to be ſomething more than ſerious.

Col. Not at all, for (let this Man be who he will) I take all this Levity, as a Proof of her Reſolution to have nothing to ſay to him.

Hear. And pray, Sir, may I not as well ſuſpect, that this artful Delay of her Good-nature to me now, is meant as a proviſional Defence againſt my Reproaches, in caſe, when ſhe has ſeen this Man, ſhe ſhould think it convenient to prefer him to me?

Col. No, no, ſhe's giddy, but not capable of ſo ſerious a Falſhood.

Hear. It's a ſign you don't judge her with a Lover's Eye.

Col. No, but as a ſtander by, I often ſee more of the Game than you do: Don't you know that ſhe is naturally a Coquette? And a Coquette's Play with a ſerious Lover, is like a Back-game at Tables, all open at firſt; ſhe'll make you twenty Blots—and you—ſpare none, take them all up, to be ſure; while ſhe——gains Points upon you: So that when you eagerly expect to end the Game on your Side, ſlap—as you think, ſhe whips up your Man, ſhe's fortified, and you are in a worſe Condition, than when you begun with her—Upon which you know of Courſe, you curſe your Fortune, and ſhe laughs at you.

Hear. Faith you judge it rightly——I have always found it ſo.

Col. In ſhort, you are in haſte to be up, and ſhe's reſolv'd to make you play out the Game at her leiſure; you play for the fair Stake, and ſhe for Victory.

Hear. But ſtill, what could ſhe mean by going away ſo abruptly?

Col. You grew too ſerious for her.

Hear. Why what could bear ſuch Trifling?

Col. You ſhould have laught at her.

Hear. I can't love at that eaſy rate.

Col. No——If you could, the Uneaſineſs would lie on her Side.

Hear. Do you then really think she has any thing in her Heart for me?

Col. Ay, marry Sir—Ah! if you could but get her to own that seriously now—Lord! how you could love her!

Hear. And so I could, by Heav'n!

[*Eagerly embracing him.*

Col. Ay, but 'tis not the Nature of the Creature, you must take her upon her own Terms; tho' faith I thought she own'd a great deal to you, but now; Did not you observe, when you were impatient, with what a conscious Vanity she cry'd—Now you are tolerable.

Hear. Nay, the Devil can be agreeable when she pleases.

Col. Well, well, I'll undertake for her; if my Father don't stand in your Way we are well enough, and I don't question, but the Alarm he has given us, like his other politic Projects, will end all in Fume.

Hear. What says my Lady? you don't think she's against us.

Col. I dare swear she is not, she's too wit, so sweet a Disposition, that even Provocation cannot make her your Enemy.

Hear. How came so fine a Creature to marry your Father in such a Vault in the City of Years?

Col. Why, of Force, *Frank.* She was Poor and Beautiful, He Rich and Amorous——She made him Happy, and Father——

Hear. A Lady——

Col. And a Jointure—Now she's the only one in the Family, that has Power with our precise Doctor, and I dare engage she'll use it with him, to persuade my Father from any thing that's against your Interest; by the way you must know, I have form'd strong Suspicions, that this Sanctify'd Rogue is desperately in love with her.

Hear. O the liquorish Rascal!

Col. You shall judge by the Symptoms: First, he's jealous of every Pretty Thing that comes near her; and under a friendly Pretence of guarding my Father's Honour, has persuaded him to abolish her Assemblies: Nay, at the last Masquerade this conscientious Spy (unknown

to her) was eternally at her Elbow in the Habit of a Cardinal. At Dinner he never fails to ſit next her, and will eat nothing but what ſhe helps him to; always takes her ſide in an Argument, and when he bows after Grace, conſtantly Ogles her; bids my Siſter, if ſhe would look lovely, learn to Dreſs by her; and at the Tea-Table, I have ſeen the impudent Goat moſt luſciouſly ſip off her leavings. She loſt one of her Slippers t'other Day, (by the way ſhe has a mighty pretty Foot) and what do you think was become of it?

Hear. You puzzle me.

Col. I gad, this love-ſick Monkey had ſtole it for a private Play Thing, and one of the Houſe maids, when ſhe clean'd his Study, found it there with one of her old Gloves in the middle of it.

Hear. A very proper Relique to put him in mind of his Devotions to *Venus*.

Col. But mum! here he comes.

Enter Doctor Wolf, *and* Charles.

Doct. *Charles*, ſtep up into my Study, and bring down half a Dozen more of thoſe Manual Devotions that I compos'd for the Uſe of my Friends in Priſon; and, doſt thou hear? leave this Window there, but bring me the Key, and then bid the Butler bring to Prayers—[*Exit* Charles.] Mr. *Heartly*, I am your moſt faithful Servant, I hope you and the good Colonel will ſtay and join in the private Duties of the Family.

Hear. With all my Heart, Sir, provided you'll do the Duty of a Subject too, and not leave out the Prayer for the Royal Family.

Doct. The good Colonel knows I never do omit it.

Col. Sometimes, Doctor, but I don't remember, I ever Once heard you name them.

Doct. That's only to ſhorten the Service, left in ſo large a Family, ſome few vain, idle Souls might think it tedious; and we ought as it were to [illegible] to what's Good, by the gentleſt poſſible Means [illegible]

Hear. How! how Doctor! Are you ſure that [illegible] only Reaſon for leaving their Names out?

Doct. But pray, Sir, why is Naming them so absolutely necessary? when Heaven, without it, knows the true Intention of our Hearts?——Beside, why should we, when we so easily may avoid it, give the least colour of Offence to tender Consciences?

Col. Ay, now you begin to open, Doctor——

Hear. Have a care, Sir, the Conscience that Equivocates in its Devotions, must have the blackest Colour Hell can paint it with.

Col. Well said! to him *Heartly*.

Hear. Your Conscience, I dare say, won't be easily convinc'd, while your Scruples turn to so good Account in a private Family.

Doct. What am I to be baited then——but 'twont be always Holiday—[*Frowning.*] The Time's now yours, but mine may come.

Col. What do you mean, Sir?

Doct. Sir, I shall not explain myself, but make your best of what I've said. I'm not to be intrap'd by all your servile Spies of Power——But Power perhaps may change its Hands, and you are long, and little dare to speak your Mind as I do.

Col. [*Taking him by the Collar.*] Hark you, Sirrah, Dare you menace the Government in my hearing?

Hear. Nay, Colonel, [*Interposing.*

Doct. [illegible] well!

Col. Traytor! but that our Laws have Chains and Gibbets for such Villains, I'd this Moment crackle all thy Bones to Splinters. [*Shakes him.*

Doct. Very well! your Father, Sir, shall know my Treatment.

Hear. Nay, dear Colonel, let him go.

Col. I ask your Pardon, *Frank*, I am asham'd that such a Wretch could move me so.

Hear. Come, compose yourself.

Doct. [*Aside, and recovering himself.*] No! I'll take no Notice of it——I know he's warm and weak enough [illegible] this as his own Story to his Father——let him [illegible] tis better so——'twill but confirm Sir *John* in his good

good Opinion of my Charity, and ſerve to ruin him the faſter. [*Exit.*

Hear. Was there ever ſo inſolent a Raſcal?

Col. The Dog will one Day provoke me to beat his Brains out.

Hear. Who could have ever'd ſuch outrageous Arrogance could have lurk'd under ſo Lamb-like an Outſide?

Col. This Fellow has the Spleen and Spirit of ten *Beckets* in him.

Hear. What the Devil is he? whence came he? what's his Original? is he really a Doctor?

Col. So he pretends, and that he loſt his Living in *Ireland* upon his refuſing the Oaths to the Government. Now I have made the ſtricteſt Inquiries, and can't find the leaſt Evidence, that ever he was in the Country. But (as I hinted to you) there is now in Priſon a poor unhappy Rebel I went to School with, whoſe Pardon I am ſoliciting, and he aſſures me, he knew him very well in *Flanders*, and in ſuch Circumſtances, as when it can be ſerviceable to me to know them, he faithfully promiſes to diſcover, but begs till then I will not inſiſt upon it.

Hear. I gad this Intelligence may be worth your Cheriſhing.

Col. Hah! here's my Siſter again.

Enter Maria *haſtily*, *Doctor* Wolf *following.*

Mar. You'll find, Sir, I will not be us'd thus. Nor ſhall your Credit with my Father protect your Inſolence to me.

Hear. and *Col.* What's the Matter?

Mar. Nothing, pray be quiet—I don't want you—ſtand out of the way— [*They retire.*

Col. What has the Dog done to her?

Mar. How durſt you burſt with ſuch Authority into my Chamber without giving me Notice?

Hear. Confuſion!

Col. Now, *Frank*, whoſe turn is it to keep their Temper. [*Apart.*

Hear. [*Struggling*] 'Tis not mine I'm ſure.

Col. Hold—if my Father won't reſent this, 'tis then time enough for me to do it. } *Apart.*

Doct. Compoſe your Tranſport, Madam, I came by your Father's Deſire, who, being inform'd, that your entertaining Mr. *Hearty*, grew impatient, and gave his poſitive Command that you attend him inſtantly, or he himſelf, he ſays, will fetch you.

Hear. So! now the Storm is riſing.

Doct. So, for what I have done, Madam, I had his Authority, and ſhall leave him to anſwer you.

Mar. 'Tis falſe, he gave you no Authority to inſult me; or if he had, did you ſuppoſe I would bear it from you? What is it you preſume upon? your Function! Does that exempt you from the Manners of a Gentleman?

Doct. Shall I have any Anſwer to your Father, Lady?

Mar. I'll ſend him none by you.

Doct. I ſhall inform him ſo——— [*Exit.*

Mar. A ſaucy Puppy.

Col. Pr'ythee, Siſter, what has the Fellow done to you?

Hear. I beg you tell us, Madam.

Mar. Nay, no great matter——but I was ſitting carelleſs in my Dreſſing Room——a——a falling my Chair back, my Face juſt towards the Door, and this impudent Cur, without the leaſt Notice, comes Bounce in upon me——and my deviliſh Hoop hapening to hitch in the Chair, I was an Hour before I could get down my Petticoats.

Hear. The Rogue muſt be corrected.

Col. Yet faith, I can't help laughing at the Accident! What a ridiculous Figure muſt ſhe make! ha! ha!

Mar. Hah! you're as impudent as he I think: Well, but had not I beſt go to my Father?

Hear. Now, now, dear *Tom*, ſpeak to her before ſhe goes, this is the very Criſis of my Life——

[*Apart to the Col.*

Mar. What does he ſay, Brother?

Col. Why he wants to have me ſpeak to you, and I would have him do it himſelf.

Mar.

Mar. Ay, come, do, *Heartly*, I am in good Humour now.

Hear. O *Maria!*——my Heart is burſting——

Mar. Well, well, out with it.

Hear. Your Father, now, I ſee is bent on parting us ——Nay, what's yet worſe, perhaps, will give you to another——I cannot ſpeak——Imagine what I want from you——

Mar. Well——O lud! one looks ſo ſilly though, when one's ſeritus——O God——In ſhort I cannot get it out.

Col. I warrant you, try again.

Mar. O lud!——well——if one muſt be teiz'd then ——why he muſt Hope. I think.

Hear. Is't poſſible;——Thus——

Col. Buz——[*Stopping his Mouth.*] not a Syllable, ſhe has done very well, I bar all Heroicks: if you preſs it too far, I'll hold Six to Four, ſhe's off again in a Moment.

Hear. I am ſilenc'd.

Mar. Now am I on Tiptoe to know what odd Fellow my Father has found out for me.

Hear. I'd give ſomething to know him.

Mar. He's in a terrible Fret at your being here I find—I had beſt go to him.

Col. By all means.

Mar. O Bleſs us! here he comes piping hot to fetch me! Now we are all in a fine Pickle.

Enter Sir John *haſtily—He takes* Maria *under the Arm, Cocks his Hat, Nods, frowning at* Heartly, *and carries her off.*

Col. So——Well ſaid Doctor! 'tis he, I'm ſure has blown this Fire. What horrid Hangs is this poor Family fallen into? and how the Traytor ſeems to triumph in his Power! How little is my Father like himſelf? by Nature, Open, Juſt, and Generous, but this vile Hypocrite drives his wild Paſſions like the Wind, and I foreſee at laſt will daſh him on his Ruin.

Hear.

Hear. Nothing but your ſpeedily detecting him can prevent it.

Col. I have a Thought, and 'tis the only one that can expoſe him to my Father——Come, *Frank*, be Cheerful; in ſome unguarded Hour, we yet perhaps, this lurking Thief,

When at his Holy Vizor may ſurprize,
And by th' Impoſtor ſtaked to his Eyes.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Charles *with a Writing in his Hand.*

Charles. 'TIS ſo——I have long ſuſpected where his Zeal would end, in the making of his private Fortune——But then to found it on the Ruin of his Patron's Children, makes me wonder at the Villany: What Deſperation may a Son be driven to, ſo barbarouſly diſinherited?——Beſides his Daughter, fair *Maria* too is wrong'd; wrong'd in the moſt tender Point: For ſo extravagant this Settlement, it leaves her not a Shilling but on her conditionally marrying with the Doctor's Conſent; which ſeems, by what I've heard, intended as an Expedient, to oblige her to accept the Doctor himſelf for her Huſband: Now 'twere but an honeſt part to let *Maria* know this Snare, that's laid for her: This Deed's not ſign'd, and might be yet prevented——It ſhall be ſo——'twere Folly not to try——My Condition can't be worſe——Who knows how far her good Nature may think herſelf oblig'd for the Diſcovery?——Muſt he ruin, as he has done mine, all Families he comes into?

Enter Sir John, *Lady* Woodvil, *and* Maria.

Sir *John.* O, *Charles*, your Maſter wants you to tranſcribe ſome Letters.

Charles.

Charles. Sir, I'll wait on him.

[*Exit* Charles, *bowing reſpectfully to the Ladies.*

Mar. A pretty well bred Fellow that.

Sir *John.* Ay, ay; but he has better Qualities than his good Breeding; he is honeſt.

Mar. He's always clean too.

Sir *John.* I wonder, Daughter, when thou wilt take notice of a Man's real Merit—Humph! well bred, and clean forſooth—Would not one think now, ſhe were deſcribing a Coxcomb?

Mar. But, dear *Papa*, do you make no allowance for one's Taſte?

Sir *John.* Taſte; hah! and One's Taſte? That Madam One is to me the moſt provoking, impertinent Jade alive; and Taſte is the true Picture of her ſenſeleſs, fickly Appetite: When do you hear my Wife talk at this rate? and yet ſhe is as young, as your fantaſtical Ladyſhip.

Lady *Wood. Maria*'s of a chearful Temper, my Dear; but I know you don't think ſhe wants Diſcretion.

Sir *John.* I ſhall try that preſently, and you, Sweetheart, ſhall judge between us: In ſhort, Daughter, your Courſe of Life is but one continual Round of playing the Fool to no purpoſe: and therefore I am reſolv'd to make you think ſeriouſly, and marry.

Mar. That I ſhall do before I marry. Sir, you may depend upon't.

Sir *John.* Um—That I am not ſo ſure of—but you may depend upon my having thought ſeriouſly, and that's as well: For the Perſon I intend you is of all the World the only Man can make you truly happy.

Mar. And of all the World, Sir, he's the only Man I'll poſitively marry.

Lady *Wood.* [*Aſide to* Mar.] Thou haſt rare Courage, *Maria*; If I had ſuch a Game to play, I ſhould be frighted out of my Wits.

Mar. Lord, Madam, he'll make nothing on't, depend upon it.

Sir *John.* Mind what I ſay to you——This wonderful Man, I ſay——Firſt, as to his Principles both in Church and State, is unqueſtionable.

Mar.

Mar. Sir, I leave all that to you, for I ſhould never aſk him a Queſtion about either of them.

Sir *John.* You need not, I am fully ſatisfied of both—He is a true, ſtanch Member of the *Engliſh* Catholic Church.

Mar. Methinks though, I would not have him a *Roman* Catholic, Sir, becauſe you know of Double Taxes.

Sir *John.* No, he's no *Roman.*

Mar. Very well, Sir——

Sir *John.* Then as to the State, he'll ſhortly be one of the moſt conſiderable Men in the Kingdom, and that too in an Office for Life; which on whatſoever pretence of Miſbehaviour, no civil Government can deprive him of.

Mar. That's fine indeed; I was afraid he had been a Clergyman.

Sir *John.* I have not yet ſaid what his Function is——As for his private Life——he's ſober.

Mar. O! I ſhould hate a Sot.

Sir *John.* Chaſte.

Mar. A hem! [*Affecting a Laugh.*

Sir *John.* What is't you ſneer at, Madam——You want one of your fine Gentlemen Rakes, I ſuppoſe, that are ſnapping at every Woman they meet with.

Mar. No, no, Sir, I am very well ſatisfied——I——I ſhould not hearken for ſuch a ſort of Man no more than I ſhould for one that every Woman was ready to ſnap at.

Sir *John.* No, you'll be ſecure from Jealouſy; he has Experience, Ripeneſs of Years; he is almoſt Forty-Nine: Your Sex's Vanities will have no Charm for him.

Mar. But all this while, Sir, I don't find that he has any Charm for our Sex's Vanity: How does he look? Is he tall, well made? Does he dreſs, ſing, talk, laugh, and dance well? Has he a good Air, good Teeth, fine Eyes, fine fair Perriwig——Does he keep his Chaiſe, Coach, Chariot, and Berlin, with ſix flouncing *Flanders?* Does he wear blue Velvet, clean White Stockings, and ſubſcribe to the Opera?

Sir *John.* Was there ever ſo profligate a Creature! What will this Age come to!

Lady *Wood.* Nay, *Maria*, here I muſt be againſt you.

Now

Now you are blind indeed, a Woman's Happineſs has little to do with the Pleaſure her Huſband takes in his own Perſon.

Sir *John*. Right.

Lady *Wood*. 'Tis not how he looks, but how he loves, is the Point.

Sir *John*. Good again!

Lady *Wood*. And a Wife is much more ſecure, that has Charms for her Husband, than when the Husband has only Charms for her.

Sir *John*. Admirable! Go on, my Dear.

Lady *Wood*. Do you think, Child, a Woman of Five and twenty may not be much happier with an honeſt Man of Fifty, than the fineſt Woman of Fifty with a young Fellow of Five and twenty?

Sir *John*. Mark that.

Mar. Ay, but when two Five and twenties come together—Dear *Papa*, you muſt allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleaſant and frolickſome.

Sir *John*. Frolickſome! why you ſenſual Ideot, what have Frolicks to do with ſolid Happineſs, I am aſham'd of you—Go! you talk worſe than a Girl at a Boarding-School—Frolickſome! as if Marriage were only a Licence for two People to play the Fool according to Law? Methinks, Madam, you have a better Example of Happineſs before your Face—Here's one has ten times your Underſtanding, and ſhe, you find, has made a different Choice.

Mar. Lord, Sir! how you talk? you don't conſider People's Temper: I don't ſay my Lady is not in the right; but then you know, *Papa*, he's a Prude, and I am a Coquett: ſhe becomes her Character very well, I don't deny it, and I hope you ſee every thing I do is as conſiſtent with mine: your wiſe Folks may lay down what Rules they pleaſe; but 'tis Conſtitution that governs us all, and you can no more bring me, Sir, to eſpouſe a Man of Forty-nine, than you can perſuade my Lady to dance in a Church to the Organ.

Sir *John*. Why you wicked Wretch, could any thing perſuade you to that?

Mar.

Mar. Lord, Sir! I won't anſwer for any thing I ſhould do when the Whim's in my Head: You know I always lov'd a little Flirtation.

Sir *John.* O horrible! My poor Mother has ruin'd her; leaving her a Fortune in her own Hands, has turn'd her Brain: In ſhort, your Sentiments of Life are ſhameful, and I am reſolv'd upon your inſtant Reformation; therefore, as an Earneſt of your Obedience, I ſhall firſt command that you never ſee young *Heartly* more; for in one Word, the good and pious Doctor *Wolf*'s the Man that I have decreed your Huſband.

Mar. Ho! ho! ho! [*Laughing aloud.*

Sir *John.* 'Tis very well——this Laugh, you, think becomes you, but I ſhall ſpoil your Mirth——no more——give me a ſerious Anſwer.

Mar. [*Gravely*] I ask your Pardon, Sir, I ſhould not have ſmil'd indeed, could I have ſuppos'd it poſſible that you were ſerious.

Sir *John.* You'll find me ſo.

Mar. I am ſorry for it; but I have an Objection to the Doctor, Sir, that moſt Father's think a ſubſtantial one.

Sir *John.* Name it.

Mar. Why, Sir, you know he's not worth a Groat.

Sir *John.* That's more than you know, Madam; I am able to give him a better Eſtate than I am afraid you'll deſerve.

Mar. How, Sir?

Sir *John.* I have told you what's my Will, and ſhall leave you to think on't.

Enter Charles.

Charles. [*Aſide to Sir John.*] Sir, if you are at leiſure, the Doctor deſires a private Conference with you, upon Buſineſs of Importance.

Sir *John.* Where is he?

Charles. In his own Chamber, Sir, juſt taking his leave of the Gentleman another Gentleman, that came this Morning Expreſs from *Avignon*. He has ſent you too the Note you ask'd him for.

Sir

Sir *John*. 'Tis well; I'll come to him immediately—[*Exit* Charles.] Daughter, I'm call'd away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my laſt Reſolution, that if you expect a Shilling from me, the Doctor is your Huſband, or I'm no more your Father.

[*Exit Sir John, and drops the Paper.*

Mar. O Madam! I am at my Wits end, not for the little Fortune I may loſe in diſobeying my Father; but it ſtartles me to find what a dangerous Influence this Fellow has o'er all his Actions.

Lady *Wood*. Dear *Maria*, I am now as much alarm'd as you; for though in compliance to your Father, I have been always inclin'd to think charitably of this Doctor, yet now I am convinc'd 'tis time to be upon our guard—he's ſtepping into his Eſtate too!

Mar. Here's my Brother, Madam, we'll conſult with him.

To them the Colonel.

Col. Madam, your moſt obedient—Well, Siſter, is the Secret out? Who is this pretty Fellow my Father has pickt up for you?

Mar. Ey'n our agreeable Doctor.

Col. You are not ſerious.

Lady *Wood*. He's the very Man, I can aſſure you, Sir.

Col. Confuſion! What would the [illegible] Cormorant devour the whole Family? Your Ladyſhip knows he is ſecretly in Love with you too.

Lady *Wood*. Fy! fy! Colonel.

Col. I aſk your Pardon, Madam, if I ſpeak too freely—but I am ſure, by what I have ſeen, your Ladyſhip muſt ſuſpect ſomething of it.

Lady *Wood*. I am ſorry any body elſe has ſeen it; but I muſt own his Civilities of late have been ſomething warmer than I thought became him.

Col. How then are theſe Oppoſites to be reconcil'd; can the Raſcal have the Aſſurance to think both theſe Points are to be carried?—But he does nothing like other People; he's a Contradiction, ev'n to his own Character: Moſt of your Non-Jurors now are generally People of a free and open Diſpoſition, mighty Pretenders to a Conſcience

ſcience of Honour indeed: But you ſeldom ſee them put on the leaſt Shew of *Religion*. But this formal Hypocrite always has it at his Tongue's end, and there it ſticks, for it never gets into his Heart: I'll anſwer for him.

Lady *Wood*. Ay, but that's the Charm, that firſt got him into Sir *John*'s Heart; for the good Man, is himſelf, I am ſure, ſincere; however now miſguided, 'twas not ſo much his Principles of Government, as his well painted Piety; his ſeeming Self-denial, Reſignation, Patience, and humble Outſide, that gave him firſt ſo warm a Lodging in his Boſom.

Mar. My Lady has judg'd it perfectly right.

Col. I am afraid it's too true. There has been his ſureſt footing! But here we are puzzled again——What ſubtle Fetch can he have in being really in Love with your Ladyſhip, and at the ſame time making ſuch a Buſtle to marry my Siſter?

Mar. Truly one would not ſuſpect him to be ſo Termagant: I fancy the Gentleman might have his Hands full of one of us.

Col. And yet his Zeal pretends to be ſo ſhock'd at all indecent Amours, that in the Country he us'd to make the Maids lock up the Turkey-cocks every *Saturday* Night, for fear they ſhould gallant the Hens on a *Sunday*.

Lady *Wood*. O! ridiculous!

Col. Upon my Life, Madam, my Siſter told me ſo.

Mar. I tell you ſo: You Impudent——

Lady *Wood*. Fy! *Maria*, he only jeſts with you.

Mar. How can you be ſuch a Monſter to be playing the fool here, when you have more reaſon to be frighted out of your Wits? You don't know, perhaps, that my Father declares he'll ſettle a Fortune upon this Fellow too.

Col. What do you mean?

Lady *Wood*. 'Tis too true; 'tis not three Minutes ſince he ſaid ſo.

Col. Now then 'tis time indeed his Eyes were open'd; and give me leave to ſay, Madam, 'tis only in your power to ſave not only me, but ev'n my Father too from Ruin.

Lady *Wood*.

Lady *Wood.* I ſhall eaſily come into any thing of that kind, that's practicable—What it's you propoſe?

Col. Why, if this Fellow (which I am ſure of) is really in love with you, give him a fair Opportunity to declare himſelf, and leave me to make my advantage of it.

Lady *Wood.* I apprehend you—I am loath to do a wrong thing———.

Mar. Dear Madam, it's the only way in the World to expoſe him to my Father.

Lady *Wood.* I'll think of it——— [*Muſing.*

Col. When you do, Madam, I am ſure you will come into it.

How now! What Paper's this? it's the Doctor's Hand.

Mar. I believe my Father dropt it.

Col. What's here? [*Reads.*]

'Laid out at ſeveral times for the Secret Services of His M———'

	l.	*s.*	*d*
May the 28th, for ſix Baſkets of Rue and Time,	00	18	00
The 29th *ditto*, Two Cart-Loads of Oaken-Boughs,	02	00	00
June the 10th, For ten Buſhels of White Roſes, ——— — —	01	10	00
Ditto,—Given to the Bell-ringers of ſeveral Pariſhes, — — —	10	15	00
Ditto,— To *Simon Chaunter*, Pariſh-Clerk, for his Selecting proper Staves adapted to the Day, ———	05	07	06
Ditto,—For Lemons and Arrack ſent into *Newgate*.	09	05	00

Col. Well, while they drink it in *Newgate*, much good may it do them.

Paid to *Henry Conſcience*, Juryman, for his extraordinary Trouble in acquitting Sir *Preſton Rebel* of his Indictment,	53	15	00

Allow'd

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Allow'd to *Patrick Mac-Rogue*, of the Foot-Guards, for prevailing with his Comrade to deſert, — —	04	06	06
Given as Smart-Money to *Humphrey Stanch*, Cobler, lately whipt for ſpeaking his Mind of the Government,	03	04	06
Paid to *Abel Perkin*, News-Writer, for divers ſeaſonable Paragraphs, ——	05	00	00
Auguſt the 1ſt, Paid to *John Shoplift* and *Thomas Highway*, for endeavouring to put out the Enemies Bonfire, ——	02	03	06
Auguſt the 2d, Paid the Surgeon for Searcloth, for their Bruiſes, ——	01	01	06

Was there ever ſuch a Heap of ſtupid, cold ſcented Treaſon? Now, Madam, I hope you ſee the Neceſſity of blowing up this Traitor: These are Lengths I did not think my Father had gone with him: What vile, what low Sedition, has he made him ſtoop to?

Lady *Wood.* I tremble at the Precipice he ſtands on!

Mar. O bleſs me! I am in a cold Sweat, dear Brother, leave it where you found it——

Lady *Wood.* By all means——if Sir *John* ſhould know it's in your hands, it may make him deſperate——

Col. You're in the right, Madam.

[*He lays down the Paper.*

Lady *Wood.* Let's ſteal into the next Room, and obſerve that no Body elſe take it up; he'll certainly come back to look for't.

Col. But I muſt leave you, poor *Heartly* ſtays for me at *White*'s; and he'll ſit upon Thorns, 'till I bring him an account of his new Miſtreſs.

Mar. Well, well, get you gone then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir John *in a Hurry.*

Sir *John.* Undone! Ruin'd! where could I drop this Paper?—Hold—let's ſee—[*looks for it.*] Ah! here it is—What a bleſſed 'Scape was this? If my hotbrain'd Son had found it, I ſuppoſe by to-morrow, he would have been begging my Eſtate for the Diſcovery——

Exit.

Enter Doctor Wolf.

O Doctor! all's well: I have found my Paper.

Doct. I am ſincerely glad of it——It might have ruin'd us.

Sir *John.* Well, Sir, what ſay our laſt Advices from *Avignon.*

Doct. All goes right—The Council has approv'd our Scheme, and preſs mightily for Diſpatch among our Friends in *England.*

Sir *John.* But pray, Doctor——

Doct. Hold, Sir,—now we are alone, give me leave to inform you better——Not that I am vain of any worldly Title; but ſince it has pleas'd our Court to dignify me, our Church's Right obliges me to take it.

Sir *John.* Pray, Sir, explain.

Doct. Our laſt Expreſs has brought me this—[*he ſhews a Writing*] which (far unworthy, as I am) promotes me to the vacant See of *Thetford.*

Sir *John.* Is it poſſible? My Lord, I joy in your Advancement.

Doct. It is indeed a Spiritual Comfort to find my Labours in the Cauſe are not forgotten; though I muſt own ſome leſs conſpicuous Inſtance of their Favour had better ſuited me: Such high Diſtinctions are invidious; and it would really grieve me, Sir, among my Friends, to meet with Envy where I only hope for Love; not but I ſubmit in any way to ſerve them.

Sir *John.* Ah! good Man! this Meekneſs will, I hope one Day be rewarded—but pray Sir—my Lord!—I beg your Lordſhip's Pardon—pray what other News? how do all our Friends? are they in Heart, and chearful?

Doct. To a man! never in ſuch ſanguine hopes—the Court's extremely thronged—never was there ſuch a concourſe of warlike Exiles: though they talk, this ſharp Seaſon, of removing farther into *Italy*, for the benefit of milder Air; Well! The Catholicks are the ſincereſt Friends!

Sir *John.* Nay, I muſt do them Juſtice, they are truly zealous in the Cauſe, and it has often griev'd my Heart that

hat our Church's Differences are ſo utterly Irreconcile-able.

Doct. O nouriſh ſtill that charitable Thought! there's ſomething truly Great and Humane in it; and really, if you examine well the Doctrines laid down, by my learned Predeceſſor, in his *Caſe of Schiſm*, you will find thoſe Differences are not ſo terribly material, as ſome obſtinate Schiſmaticks would paint them: Ah! could we but be brought to Temper, a great many ſeeming Contradictions might be reconcil'd on both ſides: But while the Laity will interpret for themſelves, there is indeed no doing it. Now, could we, Sir, like other Nations, but once reſtrain that monſtrous Licence. Ah! Sir, a Union then might ſoon be practicable.

Sir *John.* Auh! 'twill never do here: The *Engliſh* are a ſtubborn headſtrong People, and have been ſo long indulg'd in the uſe of their own Senſes; that, while they have Eyes in their Heads, you will never be able to perſuade them they can't ſee, there's no making them give up their Human Evidences: And your *Credo, quia Impoſſibile eſt,* is an Argument they will always make a Jeſt of. No, no, it's not Force will do the thing, your Preſs'd Men don't always make the beſt Soldiers. And truly, my Lord, we ſeem to be wrong too in another Point, to which I have often imputed the ill Succeſs of our Cauſe; and that is, the taking into our Party ſo many looſe Perſons of diſſolute and abandon'd Morals; Fellows, whom in their daily private Courſe of Life, the Pillory and Gallows ſeem to groan for.

Doct. 'Tis true indeed, and I have often wiſh'd 'twere poſſible to do without them, but in a Multitude all Men won't be all Saints; and then again they are really uſeful; nay, and in many things, that ſober Men will not ſtoop to—They ſerve, poor Curs, to bark at the Government in the open Streets, and keep up the wholeſome Spirt of Clamour in the common People; and, Sir, you cannot conceive the wonderful uſe of Clamour, 'tis ſo teizing to a Miniſtry, it makes them winch and fret, and grow uneaſy in their Poſts—And many a comfortable Point has been gain'd by Clamour! 'tis in the Nature of Mankind

to yield more to that, than Reaſon—Ev'n *Socrates* himſelf could not reſiſt it; for wiſe, as he was, yet you ſee his Wife *Xantippe* carried all her Points by Clamour. Come, come, Clamour is a uſeful Monſter, and we muſt feed the hungry Mouths of it; it being of the laſt Importance to us, that hope to change the Government to let it have no quiet.

Sir *John*. Well, there is indeed no reſiſting mere Neceſſity.

Doct. Beſides if we ſuffer our Spirits to cool here at home, our Friends abroad will ſend us over nothing but Excuſes.

Sir *John*. 'Tis true, but ſtill I am amaz'd, that *France* ſo totally ſhould have left us—*Mardyke*, they ſay, will certainly be demoliſh'd.

Doct. No matter, let them go—we have made a good Exchange, our New Ally is yet better, as he is leſs ſuſpected—But to give them their due, we have no Spirits among us like the Women, the Ladies have ſupported our Cauſe with a ſurprizing Conſtancy. O! there's no daunting them, ev'n with ill Succeſs! they will ſtarve their very Vanities, their Vices to feed their Loyalty; I am inform'd that my good Lady Countreſs of *Night-and-Day*, has never been ſeen in a new Gown, or has once thrown a Die at any of the Aſſemblies, ſince our laſt general Contribution.

Sir *John*. O my good Lord, if our Court abroad but knew what Obligations they have to your indefatigable Endeavours ———

Doct. Alas! Sir, I can only boaſt an honeſt Heart, my Power is weak, I only can aſſiſt them with my Prayers and zealous Wiſhes; or if I had been ſerviceable, have not you, Sir, over-paid me? Your Daughter, Sir, the fair *Maria*, is a Reward no Merit can pretend to.

Sir *John*. Nay, good my Lord, this tender Gratitude confounds me——O! this inſenſible Girl—Pray excuſe me——

[*Weeps*.

Doct. You ſeem'd concern'd, pray what's amiſs?

Sir *John*. That I ſhould be the Father of ſo blind a Child, alas! ſhe ſlights the Bleſſing I propos'd, ſhe ſees

you

you not, my Lord, with my fond Eyes; but lay not, I beſeech you, at my Door, the ungrateful ſtubbornneſs of a thoughtleſs Girl.

Doct. Nay, good Sir, be not thus concern'd for me, we muſt allow her Female Modeſty a time, your ſtrict Commands perhaps too ſuddenly ſurpriz'd her; Maids muſt be wowly, gently dealt with; and might I, Sir, preſume to adviſe——

Sir *John.* Ay, thing, your Will ſhall govern me and her.

Doct. Then, Sir, abate of your Authority, and let the Matter reſt a while: Suppoſe I firſt ſhould beg your good Lady, Sir, to be my Friend to her: Women will hear from their own Sex, what ſometimes, ev'n from the Man they like, would ſtartle them: May I have your permiſſion, Sir, when Dinner is remov'd, to entertain my Lady on this Subject privately?

Sir. *John.* O! by all means, and troth, it is an excellent Thought, I'll go this Inſtant, and prepare her to receive you, and will myſelf contrive your Opportunity,

Doct. You are too good to me, Sir—too bountiful.

Sir *John.* Nay, now, my Lord, you drive me from you.

Doct. Pray pardon me.

Sir *John.* No more I beg you, good my Lord—your Servant. [*Exit.*

Doct. Ha! ha! What noble Harveſts have been reaped from bigotted Credulity, nor ever was a better Inſtance of it. Would it not make one ſmile; that it ſhould ever enter into the Brains of this Man (who can in other Points diſtinguiſh like a Man) that a Proteſtant Church can never be ſecure, till it has a Popiſh Prince to defend it.

Enter Charles.

So *Charles*, haſt thou finiſh'd thoſe Letters?

Charles. I have brought them, Sir.

Doct. 'tis very well, let them be ſeal'd without a Direction, and give them to *Aaron Sham* the Jew, when he calls for them. O! and—here ſtep yourſelf this Afternoon to Mr. *Defeazance* of *Gray's-Inn*, and give him

this Thirty Pound Bill from Sir *Harry Foxhound*, beg him to ſit up Night and Day till the Writings are finiſh'd. For his Trial certainly comes on this Week, he knows we can't always be ſure of a Jury, and a Moment's Delay may make the Commiſſioners lay hold of his Eſtate.

Charles. My Lord, I'll take the utmoſt Care.

Doct. Well, *Charles.* [*Gravely ſmiling.*

Charles. Sir *John* has told me of the new Duty, I ought to pay you when in private.

Doct. But take eſpecial heed, that it be only in private.

Charles. Your Lordſhip need not caution me——my Lord I hear another Whiſper in the Family; I'm told you'll ſhortly be allied to it; Sir *John*, they ſay, has actually conſented; I hope, my Lord, you'll find the Fair *Maria* too, as yielding.

Doct. Such a Propoſal has indeed been ſtarted, but it will end in nothing: *Maria* is a giddy wanton thing, not form'd to make a wiſe Man happy, her Life's too vain, too ſenſual to elevate a Heart like mine: No, no, I have Views more ſerious,

Charles. O my fluttering Joy! [*Aſide.*

Doct. Marriage is a State too turbulent for me.

Charles. But with Sir *John*'s Conſent, my Lord, her Fortune may be conſiderable.

Doct. Thou know'ſt, *Charles*, my Thoughts of Happineſs were never form'd on Fortune.

Charles. No! I find that by the Settlement. [*Aſide.*

Doct. Or if they were, they would be there impoſſible; *Maria*'s vain diſtaſte of me, I know's as deeply rooted, as my Contempt of her: And can'ſt thou think I'd ſtain my Character to be a Wanton's Mockery, to follow through the Wilds of Folly ſhe would lead me, to cringe and doat upon a ſenſeleſs Toy, that every Feather in a Hat can purchaſe?

Charles. But mayn't Sir *John* take it ill my Lord, to have her ſlighted?

Doct. No, no, her ridiculous Averſion will ſecure me from his Reproaches.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, my Maſter deſires to ſpeak with you.

Doct. I'll wait on him—*Charles*, you'll take care of my Directions.

Charles. I'll be ſure, Sir. [*Exit Doctor.*

Kind Heaven, I thank thee! this Bar ſo unexpectedly [illegible] gives vigour to my Heart, and is, I hope, an Omen of my Fortune—but I muſt loſe no time, the Writing may be every Moment call'd for——this is her Chamber.

He knocks ſoftly—and Betty *Enters to him.*

Is your Lady buſy?

Bett. I think ſhe's only a reading.

Charles. Will you do me the Favour to let her know, if ſhe is at leiſure, I beg to ſpeak with her upon ſome earneſt Buſineſs.

Maria *Entring with a Book.*

Mar. Who's that?

Bett. She's here—Mr. *Charles*, Madam, deſires to ſpeak with you.

Mar. O! Your Servant, Mr. *Charles*—Here take this odious *Homer*, and lay him up again, he tires me.

[*Exit* Betty *with the Book.*

How could the blind Wretch make ſuch a horrid fuſs about a fine Woman, for ſo many Volumes together, and give us no Account of her Amours? You have read him I ſuppoſe in the *Greek*, Mr. *Charles*.

Charles. Not lately, Madam.

Mar. But do you ſo violently admire him now?

Charles. The Criticks ſay he has his Beauties, Madam. But *Ovid* has been always my Favourite.

Mar. Ovid! O! he's raviſhing—

Charles. And ſo art thou to Madneſs. [*Aside.*

Mar. Lord! how could one do to learn *Greek*, and you a great while about it?

Charles. It has been half the Buſineſs of my Life, Madam.

Mar.

Mar. That's cruel now! then you think one can't be Miſtreſs of it in a Month or two.

Charles. Not eaſily, Madam.

Mar. They tell me it has the ſofteſt Tone for Love, of any Language in the World, I fancy I could ſoon learn it—I know two Words of it already.

Charles. Pray, Madam, what are they?

Mar. Stay let me ſee—O [illegible] *Zoe*, *kai Pſyche*.

Charles. I hope you know the *Engliſh* of 'em, Madam.

Mar. O lud! I hope there's no harm in it; I am ſure I heard the Doctor ſay it to my Lady—Pray what is it?

Charles. You muſt firſt imagine, Madam, a tender Lover gazing on his Miſtreſs, and then indeed they have a Softneſs in 'em, as thus—*Zoe*, *kai pſyche*! my Life, my Soul!

Mar. O the impudent young Rogue! how his Eyes ſpoke too! [*Aſide.*

What the duce! can he want with me!——

Charles. I have ſtartled her, the muſes. [*Aſide.*

Mar. It always ran in my Head that Fellow had ſomething in him above his Condition—I'll know preſently. [*Aſide.*

Well, but your buſineſs with me, Mr. *Charles*, you have ſomething of Love in your Head now, I'll lay my Life on't.

Charles. I never yet durſt own it, Madam.

Mar. Why, what's the Matter?

Charles. My Story is too melancholy to entertain a Mind ſo much at Eaſe as yours.

Mar. O! I love melancholy Stories of all things.——

Charles. But mine, Madam, can't be told, unleſs I give my Life into your Power.

Mar. O Lud! you have not done any Body a Miſchief, I hope.

Charles. I never did a private Injury; if I have done public Wrong, I'm ſure it might, in me, at leaſt, be [illegible] an honeſt Error.

Mar. Pray whom did you ſerve before you liv'd with the Doctor?

Charles. I was not born to ſerve; and had not an unfortunate Education ruin'd me, might have now appear'd like what I am by Birth, a Gentleman.

Mar. I am ſurpriz'd! Your Education, ſay you, ruin you? Lord! I am concern'd for you. Pray let me know your Story, and if any Services are in my Power, I am ſure you may command them.

Charles. [illegible] ſoft Compaſſion, from ſo fair a Boſom, o'e pays the worſt that can attend my owning what I am.

Mar. O your ſervant——but pray, let's hear.

Charles. My Father's elder Brother, Madam, was a Gentleman of an ancient Family in the North, who having then no Child himſelf, begg'd me from my Nurſe's Arms, to be adopted as his own, with an Aſſurance too of making me his Heir; to which my Father (then alas! in the Infancy of his Fortune) eaſily conſented. This Uncle being himſelf ſecretly diſaffected to the Government, gave me of courſe, in my Education, the ſame unhappy Prejudices, which ſince have ended in the Ruin of us both.

Mar. Then you were bred a *Roman Catholick*.

Charles. No, Madam; but I own in Principles of very little difference, which I imbib'd chiefly from this Doctor; he having been five Years my Governor. As I grew up, my Father's Merit had rais'd his Fortune under the preſent Government; and fearing I might be too far fix'd in Principles againſt it, deſired me from my Uncle Home again: But as I then thought myſelf bound in Gratitude, excus'd my going in Terms of Duty to my Father; whom ſince, alas! I too juſtly have provok'd ever to hope a Reconciliation. I ſaw too late my Folly, and had no Defence againſt his Anger, but by artfully confirming him in a Belief, that I had periſh'd with my Uncle in the late Rebellion.

Mar. Bleſs us! what do you mean? You were not actually in it, I hope!

Charles. I can't diſown the Guilt——but ſince the Royal Mercy has been refus'd to none that frankly have confeſs'd with Penitence their Crime (which from my Heart I moſt ſincerely do) in that is all my Hope——My [illegible] and

and Education's all th' Excuſe I plead; if they deſerve no Pity, I am determin'd to throw off my Diſguiſe, and bow me to the Hand of Juſtice.

Mar. Poor Creature! Lord! I can't bear it. [*With Concern.*

Charles. But there's no known, and friendleſs as I am; to whom, alas! can I apply for Succour! [*Weeps.*

Mar. O Lord! I'll ſerve you, depend upon it. My Brother ſhall have no reſt 'till he gets your Pardon.

Charles. Your kind Compaſſion, Madam, has prevented, what, if I durſt, I ſhould have mentioned, I hope too, I ſhall perſonally deſerve his Favour; if not, your generous Inclination to have ſav'd me, even in my laſt deſpair of Life, will give my Heart a Joy.

Mar. Lord! the poor unfortunate Boy loves me to; what ſhall I do with him? But, Mr. *Charles*, pray once more to your Story—what was it that really drew you into the Rebellion?

Charles. Why, Madam, who, as he is now your Father's, was then my Uncle's Boſom-Counſellor: 'Twas his inſidious Tongue that painted it to us as an incumbent Duty, on which the Welfare of our Souls depended; he warm'd us too into ſuch a weak Belief of vile Reports, as Infamy ſhould bluſh to mention——we were aſſur'd, that half the Churches here in Town were lying all in ſacrilegious Ruins; which ſince, I found, maliciouſly was meant, even of thoſe that are magnificently riſing from their new Foundations!

Mar. But, pray—while you were in Arms how did the Doctor diſpoſe of himſelf?

Charles. He!—went with us, Madam, none ſo active in the Front of Reſolution, till Danger came to face him; then indeed a friendly Fever ſeiz'd him, which on the firſt Alarm of the King's Forces marching towards *Preſton*, gave him a cold Pretence to leave the Town; in the Defence of which my Uncle loſt his Life, and I my only Friend, with all my long-fed Hopes of Fortune.

Mar. Poor Wretch! But how came you to avoid being Priſoner?

Charles. Upon our Surrender of the Place, I brib'd a Townſman to employ me as his Servant, in a backward Working houſe, where, from my Youth, and Change of Habit, I paſs'd without Suſpicion till the whole Affair was over—But then, alas! whether to turn I knew not: My Life grew now no more my Care—Perish, I ſaw, I muſt, whether as a Criminal, or a Beggar, was my only Choice.

Mar. O heav'n! tell me quickly how you came hither.

Charles. In this Garb I wander'd up to *London*, where I ſcarce knew one Mortal, but ſome few Friends in Priſon. What could I do? I ventur'd even thither for my Safety; where 'twas my Fortune firſt to ſee your Father, Madam, diſtributing Relief to ſeveral: He knew my Uncle well; and being inform'd of my Condition, he charitably took me Home; and here has ever ſince conceal'd me as a menial Servant to the Doctor. The Deteſtation of whoſe vile, diſhoneſt Practices at laſt have waked me to a Senſe of all my b'linded Errors; of which this Writing is his leaſt of ſordid Inſtances.

[*Gives it to* Maria.

Mar. You frighten me; pray what are the Purpoſes of it! 'Tis neither ſign'd nor ſeal'd.

Charles. No, Madam, therefore to prevent it by this timely Notice, was my Buſineſs here with you: Your Father gave it the Doctor firſt to ſhew his Council, who having ſince approv'd it, I underſtand this Evening 'twill be executed.

Mar. But what is it?

Charles. It grants to Doctor *Wolf* in preſent four hundred Pounds *per Annum*, of which this very Houſe is part; and at your Father's Death inveſts him in the whole Remainder of his Freehold Eſtate. For you indeed there is a Charge of four thouſand Pounds upon it; provided you marry with the Doctor's Conſent; if not, 'tis added to my Lady's Jointure. But your Brother, Madam, is without Conditions utterly diſinherited.

Mar. I am confounded—what will become of me! my Father now I find was ſerious—O this inſinuating Hypocrite—let me ſee—ay—I will go this Minute—Sir, dare you truſt this in my Hands for an Hour only?

Charles.

Charles. Any thing to ſerve you—my Life's already in your Hands.

Mar. And I dare ſecure it with my own—Hark! they ring to Dinner; pray, Sir, ſtep in, ſay I am oblig'd to dine Abroad, and whiſper one of the Footmen to get an Hackney Coach immediately; then do you take a proper Occaſion to ſlip out after me to Mr. *Double*'s Chambers in the *Temple*, there I ſhall have Time to talk farther with you. You'll excuſe my Hurry—Here *Betty*, my Scarf, and a Maſk. [*Exit* Maria.

Charles. What does my Fortune mean me? She'll there talk farther with me! Of what! What will ſhe talk of? O my Heart! methought ſhe look'd at parting too, as kindly conſcious of ſome Obligation to me: And then how ſoft, how amiably tender was her pity of my Fortune. But O! I rave! keep down my vain aſpiring Thoughts, and to my loſt Condition level all my Hopes.

Rather content with Pity let me live,
Than hope for more than ſhe reſolves to give. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Maria, *and* Betty *taking off her Scarf, &c.*

Mar. HAS any one been to ſpeak with me, *Betty?*

Betty. Only Mr. *Hartly*, Madam; he ſaid he would call again, and bid his Servant ſtay below to give him Notice when you came Home.

Mar. You don't know what he wanted?

Bett. No, Madam, he ſeem'd very uneaſy at your being Abroad.

Mar. Well—go, and lay up thoſe Things—[*Exit* Betty. Ten to One, but his wiſe Head now has found out ſomething to be jealous of; if he lets me ſee it, I ſhall be ſure to make him infinitely eaſy—Here he comes.

Enter Heartly.

Hear. Your humble Servant, Madam,
Mar. Your Servant, Sir. } *gravely.*
Hear. You have been Abroad, I hear.
Mar. Yes, and now I am come Home you ſee.
Hear. You ſeem to turn upon my Words, Madam, is there any Thing particular in them?
Mar. As much as there is in my being Abroad, I believe.
Hear. Might not I ſay you had been Abroad, without giving Offence?
Mar. And might not I as well ſay, I was come Home without your being ſo grave upon't?
Hear. Do you know any Thing ſhould make me grave?
Mar. I know, if you are ſo, I am the worſt Perſon in the World you could poſſibly ſhew it to.
Hear. Nay, I don't ſuppoſe you do any thing, you can't juſtify.
Mar. O! then I find I have done ſomething you think I can't juſtify.
Hear. I don't ſay that neither, perhaps I am in the wrong in what I have ſaid; but I have been ſo often us'd to aſk Pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am reſolv'd henceforth never to rely on the inſolent Evidence of my own Senſes,
Mar. You don't know now, perhaps, that I think this pretty ſmart Speech of yours is very Dull; but ſince that's a Fault you can't help, I will not take it ill. Come now, be as ſincere on your Side, and tell me ſeriouſly, Is not what real Buſineſs I had Abroad, the very Thing you want to be made eaſy in?
Hear. If I thought you would make me eaſy, I would own it.
Mar. Now we come to the Point—To-morrow Morning then, I give you my Word to let you know it all, till when there is a Neceſſity for it being a Secret, and I inſiſt upon your believing it.
Hear. But pray, Madam, what am I to do with my private Imagination in the mean Time, that is not in my Power to confine: And ſure you won't be offended, if to avoid

avoid the Tortures that may give me, I beg you'll truſt me with the Secret now.

Mar. Don't preſs me, for poſitively I will not.

Hear. Cannot had been a kinder Term—is my Diſquiet of ſo little moment to you?

Mar. Of none while your Diſquiet dares not truſt the Aſſurances I have given you; if you expect I ſhould confide in you for Life, do't before I ſee you dare not take my Word for a Day; and if you are wiſe, you'll think ſo fair a Trial of your Faith a Favour.

Hear. If you intend it ſuch—it is a Favour, if not 'tis ſomething—ſo—come let's wave the Subject.

Mar. With all my Heart: Have you ſeen my Brother lately?

Hear. Yes, Madam, and he tells me, it ſeems, the Doctor is the Man your Father has reſolv'd upon.

Mar. 'Tis ſo; nay and what will more ſurprize you he leaves me only to the Choice of him, or of no Fortune.

Hear. And may I without Offence, beg leave to know, what Reſolutions, Madam, you have taken upon it?

Mar. I have not taken any, I do not know what to do; what would you adviſe me to?

Hear. I adviſe you to? Nay, you are in the right to make it a Queſtion.

Mar. He ſays he'll ſettle all his Eſtate upon him too.

Hear. O take it, take it, to be ſure, it's the fitteſt Match in the World, you can't do a wiſer Thing certainly.

Mar. 'Twill be as wiſe at leaſt, as the Ways you take to prevent it.

Hear. I find, Madam, I am not to know what you intend to do; and I ſuppoſe I am to be only at that too.

Mar. When I intend to marry him, I ſhall not care whether you are eaſy, or no.

Hear. If your Indifference, to me, were a Proof of your Inclining to him, the Gentleman need not deſpair.

Mar. Very well, Sir, I'll endeavour to take your Advice, I promiſe you.

Hear. O! that won't coſt you much Trouble, I dare ſay, Madam.

Mar. About as much, I ſuppoſe, as it coſt you to give it me.

Hear. Upon my Word, Madam, I gave is purely to oblige you.

Mar. Then to return your Civility, the leaſt I can do is to take it.

Hear. Is't poſſible? How can you torture me with this Indifference?

Mar. Why do you inſult me with ſuch a bare-fac'd Jealouſy?

Hear. Is it a Crime to be concern'd for what becomes of you? Has not your Father openly declared againſt me, in Favour of my Rival? How is it poſſible at ſuch a Time, not to have a thouſand Fears? What though they all are falſe and groundleſs, are they not ſtill the Effect of Love alarm'd, and anxious to be ſatisfied? I have an open artleſs Heart, that cannot bear Diſguiſes, but when 'tis griev'd in ſpite of me, 'twill ſhew it——Pray pardon me——But when I am told you went out in the utmoſt Hurry with ſome Writings to a Lawyer, and took the D——'s own Servant with you, ev'n in the very Hour your Father had propos'd him as your Husband! Good Heaven! what am I to think? Can I, muſt I ſuppoſe my Senſes fail me? If I have Eyes, have Ears, and have a Heart, muſt it be ſtill a Crime to think I ſee, and hear——Yet by my Torments feel I love.

Mar. [*Aſide.*] Well! I own it looks ill-natur'd now, not to ſhew him ſome Concern——but then this Jealouſy——I muſt, and will get the better of.

Hear. Speak *Maria*, is ſtill my Jealouſy a Crime?

Mar. If you ſtill inſiſt on it, as a Proof of Love, then I muſt tell you, Sir, 'tis of that kind, that only ſlighted Hearts are pleas'd with; when I am ſo reduc'd, then I perhaps may bear it——The Fact you charge me with I grant is true, I have been [illegible] you ſay: But ſtill let Appearances look ne'er ſo [illegible], while there is a Poſſibility in Nature, that will [illegible] one may be innocent, I won't bear a Look, that tells me to my Face, you dare ſuſpect me: If you have Doubts, why don't you ſatisfy them before you ſee me? Can you ſuppoſe that I

to ſtand confounded, as a Criminal before you? How deſpicable a Figure muſt a Woman make, to bear but ſuch a Moment? Come, come, there's nothing ſhews ſo low a Mind, as theſe grave and inſolent Jealouſies. The Man, that's capable of ever ſeeing a Woman, after he believes her falſe, is capable on her Submiſſion, and a little Flattery, were ſhe really falſe, poorly to forgive and bear it.

Hear. You won't find me, Madam; of ſo low a Spirit; but ſince I ſee your Tyranny ariſes from your mean Opinion of me, 'tis time to be myſelf, and diſavow your Power, you uſe it now beyond my bearing; not only impoſe on me to disbelieve my Senſes, but do it with ſuch an imperious Air, as if my Honeſt, manly Reaſon were your Slave, and this poor groveling Frame that follows you, durſt ſhew no Signs of Life, but what you deign to give it.

Mar. Oh! you are in the right—go on—ſuſpect me ſtill, believe the worſt you can—'tis all true—I don't juſtify myſelf—Why do you trouble me with your Complaints? If you are Maſter of that manly Reaſon you have boaſted, give me a Manly Proof of it, reſume your Liberty, deſpiſe me, go, go off in Triumph now, and let me ſee you ſcorn the Woman, whoſe vile, o'er-bearing Falſhood, would inſult your Senſes.

Hear. O Heaven! is this the End of all? Are then thoſe tender Proteſtations you have made me (for ſuch I thought them) when with the ſofteſt kind Reluctance your riſing Bluſhes gave me ſomething more, than Hope—What all—O *Maria!* All but come to this?

Mar. [*Aſide.*] O Lud! I am growing fond, if I hear on, I ſhall tell him every thing; 'tis but another ſtruggle, and I ſhall conquer it—So, ſo, you are not gone, I ſee.

Hear. Do you then wiſh me gone, Madam?

Mar. Your [illegible] will direct you.

Hear. [illegible]—my Heart can bear no more. [illegible] what? am I [illegible] here! 'Tis but a Pang, and I am free for ever.

Enter

Enter Charles, *with two Writings.*

Mar. At laſt I am reliev'd! Well, Mr. *Charles*, is it done?

Charles. I did not ſtir from his Deſk, Madam, till it was intirely finiſh'd.

Mar. Where's the Origin'l?

Charles. This is it, Madam.

Mar. Very well; that, you know you muſt keep, but come, we muſt loſe no Time, we will examine this in the next Room. Now I feel for him. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit* Maria, *with* Charles.

Hear. O Rage! Rage! this is not to be borne—ſhe's gone, ſhe's loſt, ſordidly has ſold herſelf to Fortune, and I muſt now forget her—Hold, if poſſible, let me cool a Moment—Intereſt! No, that could not tempt her.—She knows I'm Maſter of a larger Fortune, than theirs, the utmoſt Hopes can give her, that on her own Conditions ſhe may be mine.—But what's this ſecret Treaty that's within! what's doing there! who can reſolve that Riddle! And yet perhaps, like other Riddles, when 'tis explain'd, nothing may ſeem ſo eaſy: But why again, might ſhe not truſt me too with the Secret! That! that entangles all afreſh, and ſets me on the Rack of Jealouſy.

Enter Colonel.

Col. How now, *Frank!* what in a Rapture?

Hear. Pr'ythee, pardon me, I am unfit to talk with you.

Col. What is *Maria* in her Airs again?

Hear. I know not what ſhe is.

Col. Do you know where ſhe is?

Hear. Retir'd this Moment to her Chamber, with the Doctor's Servant.

Col. Why you are not jealous of the Doctor, I hope.

Hear. Perhaps ſhe'll be [illegible] you, and tell you wherein I have miſtaken her.

Col. Poor *Frank*, thou art a perfect Sir *Martin* in Amours, every Plot I lay upon my Siſter's Inclination for thee, thou art ſure to ruin by thy own Comfort Conduct.

Hear. I own I have too little Temper, and too much real Paſſion for a modiſh Lover.

Col. Come, come, pr'ythee be eaſy once more, I'll undertake for you, if you'll fetch a cool Turn in the *Park* upon *Conſtitution Hill*, in leſs than half an Hour. I'll come to you.

Hear. Dear *Tom* thou art a Friend indeed! O I have a thouſand Things—but you ſhall find me there.

[*Exit* Heartly.

Col. Poor *Frank!* now has he been taking ſome honeſt Pains to make himſelf miſerable.

Enter Maria, *and* Charles.

How now, Siſter, what have you done to *Heartly?* The poor Fellow looks, as if he had kill'd your Parrot.

Mar. Pſhah! you know him well enough, I have only been ſetting him a Love-Leſſon, it a little puzzles him to get through it at firſt, but he'll know it all by to-morrow; you will be ſure to be in the way, Mr. *Charles.*

Charles. Madam, you may depend upon me, I have my full Inſtructions. [*Exit* Charles.

Col. O ho! There's the Buſineſs then—I ſee *Heartly* was not to be truſted with it; ha! ha! and pr'ythee what is this mighty Secret, that's tranſacting between *Charles* and you.

Mar. That's what he would have known indeed, but you muſt know, I don't think it proper to let you tell him neither, for all your ſly manner of asking.

Col. O! pray take your own Time, dear Madam, I am not in haſte to know, I can aſſure you, I came about another Affair, our Deſign upon the Doctor; Now while my Father takes his Nap after Dinner, would be the propereſt Time to put it in Execution: pr'ythee go to my Lady, and perſuade her to it this Moment.

Mar. Will you go with me?

Col. No, I'll reſerve myſelf unknown to her in this thing: for, ſhould I tell her I deſign to over-bear him, ſhe might be ſcrupulous.

Mar. That's true—but hold, on ſecond Thoughts, you muſt know part of this Affair between *Charles* and me; nay,

nay, I give you leave to tell it *Heartly* too, on some Conditions, 'tis true, I did design to have surprized you, but now—my Mind's alter'd, that's enough.

Col. Ay, for any Mortal's Satisfaction—but here comes my Lady.

Mar. Away then to your Post—but let me see you, when this Affair is over.

Col. I'll [illegible] with you. [*Exit* Col.

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Mar. Well, Madam, has your Ladyship consider'd my Brother's Proposal about the Doctor?

Lady *Wood.* I have Child, and am convinc'd it ought not to be delay'd a Moment: I have just sent to speak with him here—Sir *John* too presses me to give him a Hearing upon your Account; but must I play a treacherous Part now, and instead of persuading you to the Doctor, ev'n persuade the Doctor against you.

Mar. Dear Madam, don't be so nice, if Wives were [illegible] to disemble, what wou'd become of many wilful Husband's Happiness?

[illegible] Nay, that's true too.

[illegible] give the World now methinks, to see this solemn Interview: sure there can't be a more ridiculous Image than unlawful Love peeping his sly Head out from under the Cloke of Sanctity! O! that I were in your Ladyship's place, I would lead that dancing Blood of his such a prophane Courant—your wise Fellows make the rarest Fools too: But your Ladyship will make a Rogue of him, and that will do our Business at present.

Lady *Wood.* If he makes himself one, 'tis his own Fault.

Mar. Dear Madam, one Moment's Truce with the Prude, I beg you, don't start at his first Declaration, but let him go on till he shews the very bottom of his ugly Heart.

Lady *Wood.* I'll warrant you, I'll give a good Account of him—here he comes.

Mar. Then I hope, Madam, you will give me Leave to be Commode, and steal off.

Lady

Lady *Wood.* Very well. [*Exit* Maria, *and Enter Doctor.*

Doct. I am told, Madam, you deſign me the Happineſs of your Commands; I am proud you think me worthy of them in any ſort.

Lady *Wood.* Pleaſe to ſit, Sir.

Doct. Did not Sir *John* inform you too, that I had deſir'd a private Conference with your Ladyſhip?

Lady *Wood.* He did, Sir.

Doct. 'Tis then by his Permiſſion we are thus happily alone.

Lady *Wood.* True, and 'tis on that Account, I wanted to adviſe with you.

Doct. Well, but, dear Lady, ah! [*Sighing*] you can't conceive the Joyouſneſs I feel, in this ſo unexpected Interview, ah! ha! I have a Thouſand friendly Things to ſay to you—Ah! ha! and how ſtands your precious Health? Is your naughty Cold abated yet? I have ſcarce cloſed my Eyes theſe two Nights, with my Concern for you, and every watchful Interval has ſent a Thouſand Sighs and Prayers to Heaven for your Recovery.

Lady *Wood.* Your Charity was too far concern'd for me.

Doct. Ah! don't ſay ſo, don't ſay ſo—You merit more than mortal Man can do for you.

Lady *Wood.* Indeed, you over-rate me.

Doct. I ſpeak it from my Soul! indeed! indeed! indeed! I do. [*Preſſes her hand.*

Lady *Wood.* O dear, you hurt my Hand, Sir.

Doct. Impute it to my Zeal, and want of Words to expreſs my Heart; ah! I would not harm you for the World, no, bright Creature, 'tis the whole Buſineſs of my Soul to——

Lady *Wood.* But to our Affair, Sir.

Doct. Ah! thou heavenly Woman! [*Laying his Hand on her Knee.*

Lady *Wood.* Your Hand need not be there, Sir.

Doct. Ah! admiring the ſoftneſs of this Silk, Madam.

Lady *Wood.* Ay, but I am ticklish.

Doct. They are indeed come to a prodigious Perfection in this Manufacture—How wonderful is Human Art!—

Art!—Here it diſputes the Prize with Nature—that all this ſoft, and gaudy Luſtre, ſhould be wrought from the poor Labours of a Worm! [*Stroking it.*

Lady *Wood.* But our Buſineſs, Sir, is upon another Subject: Sir *John* informs me, that he thinks himſelf under no Obligation to Mr. *Heartly*, and therefore reſolves to give you *Maria*: Now pray be ſincere, and let me know what your real Intentions are?

Doct. Is it poſſible! Can you, Divine Perfection, be ſtill a Stranger to my real Thoughts! Has no one Action of my Life inform'd you better? Since I muſt plainly ſpeak them then, *Maria*'s but a Feint, a blind to ſcreen my real Thoughts from ſhrewd Suſpicion's Eye, and ſhield your ſpotleſs Fame from wordly Cenſure. Could you then think 'twas for *Maria*'s ſake, your Balls, Aſſemblies, and your Toilet Viſits have been reſtrained? Would I have urg'd Sir *John* to make that Fence to inſloſe a Butterfly? No, ſoft, and ſerious Excellence, your Virtues only were the Object of my Care, I could not bear to ſee the Gay, the Young, and the Inconſtant [illegible] in your diffuſive Beams of Beauty, without a ſecret Grudge, I might ſay, Envy ev'n of ſuch Inſects Happineſs.

Lady *Wood.* Well, Sir, I take all this, as I ſuppoſe you intended it, for my Good, my ſpiritual Welfare.

Doct. Indeed I meant you ſerious, cordial Service.

Lady *Wood.* I dare ſay you did, you are above the low and momentary Views of this World.

Doct. Ah! I ſhould be ſo—and yet, alas! I find this mortal Cloathing of my Soul is made like other Mens, of groſſer Fleſh and Blood, and has its Frailties.

Lady *Wood.* We all have thoſe, but yours I know, are well corrected by your divine and virtuous Contemplations.

Doct. And yet our [illegible] Beauties does not reſtrain us wholly from the love of all that mortal—Beauty here, [illegible] muſt die. [illegible] lives 'twas given us to admire, to wake the ſluggiſh Soul, and charm the ſenſible: At the firſt ſight of you I felt unuſual Tranſports in my Soul, and trembled at [illegible]

Guilt that might enſue; but on Reflection found my Flame receiv'd a Sanction from your Goodneſs, and might be reconcil'd with Virtue; on this I chaced my ſlandrous Fears, let in the harmleſs Paſſion at my Eyes, and gave up all my Heart to Love.

Col. [*Behind.*] Indeed! ſo warm, Sir *Roger*, but I ſhall cool your Paſſion with a Witneſs. [*Exit.*

Lady *Wood.* Theſe gay Profeſſions, Sir, ſhew more the Courtier than the Zealot; nor could I think a Mind ſo fortify'd as yours could have been open to ſuch vain Temptations.

Doct. What Boſom can be Proof 'gainſt ſuch Artillery of Love? I may reſiſt, call all my Prayers, my Faſtings, Tears and Penance to my Aid, but yet, alas! theſe have not made an Angel of me: I am ſtill but Man. Virtue may ſtrive, but Nature will be uppermoſt; Permit me then on this fair Shrine to pay my Vows, and offer up a Heart——

Lady *Wood.* Hold, Sir, you've ſaid enough t[o] you in my Power, ſuppoſe I now ſhould let m[e] Sir, your Benefactor, know the Favour you de[al] [*She riſes.*

Doct. You cannot be ſo cruel?

Lady *Wood.* Nor will, on one Condition.

Doct. Name it.

Lady *W.* That inſtantly you renounce all Claim and Title to *Maria*, and uſe your utmoſt Intereſt with Sir *John* to give her, with her full Fortune, to Mr. *Heartly*. If you are wiſe, conſider on't. [*Sir* John *and Colonel behind.*

[*The Doctor turning accidentally ſees them.*

Doct. Ha! the Colonel there! his Father with him too! here may have been ſome Treachery; what's to be done? [*Aſide.*

Col. Now, Sir, let your Eyes convince you.

Sir *John.* They do, that yours, Sir, have deceiv'd you, all this I knew of. [*Apart.*

Col. [illegible] Sir!

Sir *John.* Obſerve, and be convinc'd.

Doct. I have it. [*Muſing.*

Lady

Lady *Wood.* [*To the Doctor.*] Methinks this Business needs not, Sir, so long a Pause.

Doct. Madam, I cannot easily give up such honest Hopes.

Lady *Wood.* Honest!

Doct. Perhaps my Years are thought unequal to my Flame, but, Lady, those were found no strong Objection 'twixt Sir *John* and you; and can you blame me then for following so sure a Guide in the same youthful Path to Happiness.

Lady *Wood.* Is this your Resolution then?

Col. Will you let him go on, Sir?
Sir *John.* Yes, Sir, to confound your Slander. } *Apart.*
Col. Monstrous!

Doct. Can you suppose my Heart less capable of Love than his? Is it for me to push the Blessing from me too? For tho' my Flame has been of long Duration, my conscious want of Merit kept it still conceal'd, till his good Nature brought it to this blest Occasion; and can you then, so authoriz'd, refuse your friendly Pity to my Sufferings? One Word from you compleats my Joy; in [illegible] Madam, is my only Hope, my Fear, my Ease, my Pain, my [illegible]ment, or my Happiness; *Maria!* O! *Maria!*

Col. Confusion!

Sir *John.* [*Coming forward with the Colonel.*] Now, vile Detractor of all Virtue, is your outrageous Malice yet confounded? Did I not tell you too, he only made an Interest here to gain your Sister?

Col. His Devil has out-reach'd me. [*Aside.*

Sir *John.* Is this your rank Detection of his Treachery?

Doct. Sir *John*, I did not see you, Sir, I doubt you are come too soon, I have not yet prevail'd with her.

[*Aside to him.*

Sir *John.* Ah! good Man, be not concern'd; your Trouble shall be shorter for't, I'll force her to Compliance.

Lady *Wood.* What have you done—your Impatience has ruin'd all. } *Apart.*
Col. I see it now too late.

Sir *John.* Now, Sir! will your base Prejudice of Party never be at rest? Am I to be still thought partial, blind,

and obſtinate to favour ſo much injur'd Virtue! if thou art a Man not loſt to Conſcience, or to Honour, then like a Man repair this Wrong, confeſs the Rancour of thy vile Suſpicion, and throw thee at his Feet for Pardon.

Doct. What mean you, Sir?

Lady *Wood.* [*Aſide.*] While he is in this Temper, he will not eaſily be undeceiv'd—I've yet an After-game to play, till when, 'tis beſt to leave him in his Error.

[*Exit Lady* Wood.

Sir *John.* What! mute! defenceleſs! hardned in thy Malice?

Col. I ſcorn the Imputation, Sir, and with the ſame repeated Honeſty avow (howe'er his Cunning may have chang'd Appearances) that you are ſtill deceiv'd, that all I told you, Sir, was true, theſe Eyes, theſe Ears were Witneſſes of his audacious Love, without the mention of my Siſter's Name, directly, plainly, groſly tending to abuſe the Honour of your Bed.

Sir *John.* Audacious Monſter; were not your own Senſes Evidence againſt your frontleſs Accuſation? I ſee your Aim; Wife, Children, Servants, all are bent Againſt him, and think to weary me by groundleſs Clamours to diſcard him, but all ſhall not do, your Malice on your own vile Heads; to me, it but the more endears him; either ſubmit, and ask his Pardon for this Wrong—

Doct. Good Sir!

Sir *John.* Or this Inſtant leave my Sight, my Houſe, my Family for ever.

Doct. What means this Raſhneſs, Sir! on my Account it muſt not be, what would the World report of it? I grant it poſſible he loves me not, but you muſt grant it too as poſſible he might miſtake me! it muſt be ſo—He is too much your Son to do his Enemy a wilful Injury: If he, I ſay, ſuppos'd my Converſe with your Lady Criminal, to accuſe me then, 'was but the Error of his Virtue, not his Baſeneſs; you ought to love him, thank him for ſuch watchful Care: Was it for him to ſee, as he believ'd, your Honour in ſo foul a danger, and ſtand concernleſs by? The Law of Heaven, of Nature, and

of

of Filial Duty, all oblig'd him to alarm your Vengeance, and detect the Villainy.

Sir *John.* O Miracle of Charity!

Doct. Come, come, ſuch Breaches muſt not be, betwixt ſo good a Son, and Father; forget, forgive, embrace him, cheriſh him, and let me bleſs the Hour I was the Occaſion of ſo ſweet a Reconcilement.

Sir *John.* I cannot bear ſuch Goodneſs! O ſink me not into the Earth with Shame——Hear this, perverſe, and Reprobate! O! couldſt thou wrong ſuch more than mortal Virtue!

Col. Wrong him! the hardned Impudence of this painted Charity——

Sir *John.* Peace, Monſter——

Col. Is of a blacker deeper Dye, than the great Devil himſelf in all his Triumphs over Innocence ever wore.

Sir *John.* O graceleſs Infidel!

Col. No, Sir, though I would hazard Life to ſave you from the Ruin he miſleads you to; could die to reconcile my Duty to your Favour; yet on the Terms that [illegible] offers, 'tis Mercy to refuſe it, I glory in the Diſgrace your Errors give me—But, Sir, I'll trouble you no more: To-day is his, to-morrow may be mine. [*Exit* Col.

Doct. I did not think he had ſo hard a Nature.

Sir *John.* O my good Lord, your charitable Heart diſcovers not the Rancour that's in his; but what better can be hoped for, from a Wretch ſo ſwell'd with Spleen, and Rage of Party.

Doct. No, no, Sir, I am the Thorn that galls him, 'tis me, 'tis me he hates; he thinks I ſtand before him in your Favour; and 'tis not fit indeed I ſhould do ſo; for fallen as he is, he's ſtill your Son, and I alas! an Alien, an Intruder here, and ought in Conſcience to retire, and heal theſe hapleſs Breaches in your Family.

Sir *John.* What means your Lordſhip?

Doct. But I'll remove this Eye-ſore.—Here *Charles!*—

Enter Charles.

Sir *John.* For Goodneſs ſake,

Doct.

Doct. Bring me that Writing I gave you to lay up this Morning.

Charles. Now Fortune favour us. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit* Charles.

Sir *John.* Make haſte, good *Charles*, it ſhall be ſign'd this Moment.

Doct. Not for the World; 'twas not to that End I ſent for it, but to refuſe, you kind Intentions; for with your Children's Curſes, Sir, I dare not, muſt not take it.

Sir *John.* Nay good my Lord, you carry it now too far; my Daughter is not wrong'd by it, but if not obſtinate, may ſtill be happy; and for my wicked Son, ſhall he then Heir my Lands, to propagate more miſerable Schiſmaticks? No, let him depend on you, whom he has wrong'd; perhaps in time he may reflect upon his Father's Juſtice; be reconcil'd to your rewarded Virtues, and reform his fatal Errors.

Re-enter Charles *with a Writing.*

Doct. That would be indeed a Bleſſing.

Sir *John.* If Heaven ſhould at laſt reclaim him, the Power to right him ſtill is yours; in you I know he yet would find a fond forgiving Father.

Doct. The Imagination of ſo bleſt an Hour, ſoftens me to a Tenderneſs I can't ſupport.

Sir *John.* O the dear, good Man! come, come, let's in to execute this Deed.

Doct. Will you then force me to accept this Truſt? For, call it what you will, with me, it ſhall never be more than ſuch.

Sir *John.* Let that depend upon the Conduct of my Son.

Doct. Well, Sir, ſince yet it may prevent his Ruin, I conſent.

So ſweet a Hope muſt all my Fears controul,
I take the Truſt, a Guardian to his Soul. [Exeunt.

ACT

ACT IV.

Maria *and* Charles.

Mar. YOU were a Witneſs then?

Charles. I ſaw it ſign'd, ſeal'd, and deliver'd, Madam.

Mar. And all paſs'd without the leaſt Suſpicion?

Charles. Sir *John* ſign'd it with ſuch Earneſtneſs, and the Doctor receiv'd it with ſuch a ſeeming Reluctance, that neither had the Curioſity to examine a Line of it.

Mar. Well, Mr. *Charles*, whether it ſucceeds to our Ends, or not, we have ſtill the ſame Obligations to you: You ſaw with what a friendly Warmth my Brother heard your Story, and I don't in the leaſt doubt his Succeſs in your Affair at Court.

Charles. What I have done, my Duty bound me to: But pray, Madam, give me leave, without Offence, to ask you one innocent Queſtion.

Mar. Freely, Sir.

Charles. Have you never ſuſpected then, that in all this Affair I have had ſome ſecret, ſtronger Motive to it, than barely Duty?

Mar. Yes—but have you been in no Apprehenſions I ſhould diſcover that Motive? [*Gravely.*

Charles. Pray, pardon me, I ſee already, I have gone too far.

Mar. Not at all, it loſes you no Merit with me, nor is it in my Nature to uſe any one ill, that loves me, unleſs I lov'd that one again, then indeed, there might be Danger—Come, don't look grave, my Inclinations to another, ſhall not hinder me paying every One, what's due to their Merit, I ſhall therefore always think myſelf, oblig'd to treat your Misfortunes and your Modeſty with the utmoſt Tenderneſs.

Charles. By the dear, ſoft Tale, you have given my Heart, I never hoped for more

Mar. Then I'll give you a great deal more, and to ſhew my particular good Opinion of you, I'll do you a Favour, Mr. *Charles*, I never did any Man ſince I was born——I'll be ſincere with you.

Charles. Is it then poſſible you can have lov'd another, to whom you never were ſincere?

Mar. Alas! you are but a Novice in the Paſſion——Sincerity is a dangerous Virtue, and often ſurfeits what it ought to nouriſh: therefore I take more Pains to make the Man I love believe I ſlight him, than (if poſſible) I would to convince you of my Eſteem and Friendſhip.

Charles. Be but ſincere in that, Madam, and I can't complain.

Mar. Nay, I'll give you a Proof of it, I'll ſhew you all the Good-nature you can deſire; you ſhall make what Love to me you pleaſe now; but then I'll tell you the Conſequence, I ſhall certainly be pleas'd with it, and that will flatter you, till I do you a Miſchief. Now do you think me ſincere?

Charles. I ſcarce conſider that, but I'm ſure you are agreeable.

Mar. Why look you there now! do you conſider, that a Woman had as lief be thought agreeable, as handſome? And how can you ſuppoſe, from one of your Senſe, that I am not pleas'd with being told ſo?

Charles. Was ever Temper ſo enchanting?

Mar. Or Vanity more venial! I'm pleas'd with you. [*ſmiling.*

Charles. Diſtracting! ſure never was Deſpair adminiſtred with a Hand ſo gentle.

Mar. So! now you have convinc'd me, I have a good Underſtanding too—Why I ſhall certainly have the better Opinion of yours, for finding it out now.

Charles. Your good Opinion's what I aim at.

Mar. Ay, but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me ſtill; and then I muſt think the better of you ſtill; and then you think better of me upon that too: and ſo at laſt I ſhall think ſeriouſly; and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Charles, [illegible] will prevent [illegible].

Charles. I see my Folly now, and blush at my Presumption; but yet to cure my weaning Heart, and reconcile me to my Doom, be yet sincere, and satisfy one sickly Longing of my Soul.

Mar. To my Power, command me.

Charles. O! tell me then the Requisites I want, and what's the secret Charm that has preferr'd my Rival to your Heart.

Mar. Come then, be chearful, and I'll answer like a Friend. The Gentleness and Modesty of your Temper, would make with mine but an unequal Mixture; with you I should be ungovernable, not know myself; your Compliance would undo me. I am by Nature Vain, Thoughtless, Wild, and Wilful; therefore ask a higher Spirit to controul and lead me. For whatever outward Airs I give myself, I am within convinc'd, a Woman makes a very wrong Figure in Happiness, that does not think Superiority best becomes her Husband.—But what's yet more, tho' I confess you have Qualities uncommon in your Sex, and such as ought to warm a Heart to love; yet here you come too late; Compassion's all within my Power: And I know you cannot but have seen, I am under Obligations, I need not explain to you.

Charles. I am satisfied—You treat me with so kind and gentle a Concern, that I must submit to it.

Mar. [*Apart.*] Well! when all's done, he's a pretty Fellow; and the first sure, that ever heard Reason against himself with so good an Understanding.

Enter a Servant with a Letter to Charles.

Serv. Sir, the *Colonel* order'd me to give this into your own Hands.

Mar. From my Brother?—Where is he?

Serv. I left him, Madam, at the *Secretary's Office* with one Sir *Charles Trueman*, and Mr. *Heartly*. [*Exit* Serv.

Charles. Ha! my Father! [illegible] Heaven, 'tis his Hand too: Now I tremble!

Mar. Come, Sir, take heart; I dare say there's good [illegible] I should be glad to hear it——But [illegible] yourself first.

Charles.

Charles. Since you command me, Madam.

[*Reads to himself.*

Mar. [*Aside.*] Lord! how one may live, and learn! I could not have believ'd, that Modesty in a young Fellow could have been so amiable a Virtue: And though, I own, there is I know not what of dear Delight in indulging one's Vanity with them; yet, upon serious Reflection, we must confess, that Truth and Sincerity have a Thousand Charms beyond it. And I now find more Pleasure in my self-denying Endeavours to make this poor Creature easy, than ever I took in humbling the Airs and Assurance of a Man of Quality—I believe I shall as good confess all this to *Hearty*, and ev'n make up the Bustle with him too—But then he will so teaze one for Instances of real Inclination—O Ged—I can't bear the Thought on't—And yet we must come together too—Well! Nature knows the way to be sure, and so I'll ev'n trust to her for't—Bless me! What's the Matter? you seem'd concern'd, Sir. [*To* Charles *wiping his Tears.*

Charles. I am indeed, but 'tis with Joy! O! Madam! my Father's reconcil'd to me: This Letter is from him.

Mar. Pray let's hear—

Charles. [*Reading.*]

Dear *Charles*,

This Day by Colonel Woodvil, *I receiv'd the joyful News of your being yet alive, and well: Tho' that's but half my Comfort. He has assur'd me too, you have renounc'd those Principles, that made me think your Death my Happiness. The Services you have intended his Family, and may do the Government, in your just Detection of a Traytor that would ruin both, have been so well receiv'd at Court, and so generously represented there by the* Colonel *and Mr.* Hearty, *that they have obtain'd an Order for your Pardon; which I [illegible] the Passing of, before I throw my Arms about you, that may leave no Doubt or Fear behind to interrupt the Fulness of my Joy. I am inform'd that in revealing yourself a certain fair Lady you let fall some Words, that [illegible]*

hopeleſs Paſſion for her. Your Youth excuſes what is paſt; but now conſider how far you owe your Life to Mr. Heartly: *I therefore charge you, on my Bleſſing, to give up every idle Thought of Love, that may interrupt his Happineſs, or abate the Merit of what you've done to deſerve the Pardon of your Sovereign, or of your affectionate forgiving Father,* Charles Truman.

Mar. I am overjoy'd at your good Fortune.

Charles. You, Madam, are the Source of all——but I am now unfit to thank you. [*Weeps.*

Mar. You owe me nothing, Sir; Succeſs was all I hoped for.

Charles. Pray excuſe me—It would be Rudeneſs to trouble you with the tender Thoughts this muſt give a Heart oblig'd like mine. [*Exit* Charles.

Mar. Poor Creature! how full his honeſt Heart is? What early Viciſſitudes of Fortune has he run through? Well! this was handſomely done of *Heartly*, conſidering what he had felt upon his Account, to be ſo concern'd for his Pardon.

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Lady *Wood.* Dear *Maria*, what will become of us? The Tyranny of this ſubtle Prieſt is inſupportable: He has ſo fortified himſelf in Sir *John*'s Opinion by this laſt Miſconduct of your Brother, that I begin to loſe my uſual Power with him.

Mar. Pray explain, Madam.

Lady *Wood.* In ſpight of all I cou'd urge, he is this Minute bringing the Doctor to make his Addreſſes to you.

Mar. I am glad on't; for the Beaſt muſt come like a Bear to the Stake, I'm ſure: He knows I ſhall bait him.

Lady *Wood.* No, no, he preſſes it to keep Sir *John* ſtill blind to his wicked Deſigns upon me—Therefore I came to give you Notice, that you might be prepar'd to receive him.

[illegible] oblig'd to your Ladyſhip. Our Meeting [illegible] doubt on't.

Lad[illegible]

Lady *Wood.* You have heard, I ſuppoſe, what an extravagant Settlement your Father has ſign'd to.

Mar. Yes, Madam; but I am glad your Ladyſhip's like to be a Gainer by it, however: For when I marry, it will be without the Doctor's Conſent, depend upon't.

Lady *Wood.* No, Child, I did not come into Sir *John*'s Family with a Deſign to injure it, or make any one of it my Enemy: Whenever that Four Thouſand Pound falls into my Hands, you'll find it as firmly yours, as if it had been given you, without that odious Condition.

Mar. Madam, I think myſelf as much oblig'd by this kind Intention, as the Performance: But if your Ladyſhip could yet find a way to prove this Hypocrite a private Villain to my Father, I am not without Hopes the Publick will ſoon have enough againſt him, to give a Turn to the Settlement.

Lady *Wood.* But ſuppoſe that fails, what will become of your poor Brother?

Mar. But, dear Madam, I cannot ſuppoſe this Fellow muſt not be hang'd at laſt; and then, you know, the ſame honeſt Hand that ties him up, releaſes the Settlement.

Lady *Wood.* Not abſolutely, neither; for this very Houſe is given him in preſent, which, tho' that were to be the End of him, would then be forfeited.

Mar. Why, then my Brother muſt ev'n petition the Government. There have been Preſidents of the ſame Favour, Madam. If not, he muſt pay for his Blundering, and lay his next Plot deeper, I think.

Lady *Wood.* I am glad you are ſo chearful upon it, however; it looks as if you had ſomething *in Petto* to depend upon. But here comes the Doctor.

Enter Sir John *with the* Doctor.

Sir *John.* Daughter, ſince you have the Happineſs to be thought Amiable in the Eye of this Good Man, I expect you give him an Inſtant Opportunity to improve it into an Amity, for Life.

Mar. I hope, Sir, I ſhall give him no Occaſion to alter his Opinion of me.

Sir *John*. Why, that's well ſaid; come, Sweet-heart, we'll uſe no Ceremony.

[*Exit Sir* John, *with Lady* Woodvil, Maria *and the* Doctor *ſtand ſome Time mute, in formal Civilities, and a conſcious Contempt of each other.*

Mar. Pleaſe to ſit, Sir.——What can the ugly Cur ſay to me? He ſeems a little puzzled. This puts me in mind of the tender Interview between Lady *Charlotte*, and Lord *Hardy* in the Funeral. [*Aſide.*

Doct. Look you, fair Lady, not to make many Words, I am convinc'd, notwithſtanding your good Father's Favour, I am not the Perſon you deſire to be alone with, upon this Occaſion.

Mar. Your Modeſty——is pleas'd to be in the right, Sir.

Doct. Humh! if I don't flatter myſelf, you have always had a very ill Opinion of me.

Mar. A worſe, Sir, of no Mortal breathing.

Doct. Humh! and it is likely, it may be immoveable.

Mar. No Rock ſo firm.

Doct. Humh! from theſe Premiſes then, I may reaſonably conclude——you hate me heartily.

Mar. Moſt ſincerely, Sir.

Doct. Well! there is, however, ſome Merit in ſpeaking Truth; therefore to be as juſt on my ſide, I ought in Conſcience to let you know, that I have as cordial a Contempt for you too.

Mar. O! fy! you flatter me. [*Affecting a Bluſh.*

Doct. Indeed I don't; you wrong your own Imperfections to think ſo.

Mar. Theſe Words from any Tongue but yours, might ſhock me, but coming from the only Man I hate——they charm me.

Doct. Admirable! there ſeems good Senſe in this: Have you never obſerv'd, Madam, that ſometimes the greateſt Diſcords raiſe the moſt agreeable Harmony?

Mar. Yes. But what do you infer from thence?

Doct. That while we ſtill preſerve this Temper in our Hate, a mutual Benefit may ariſe from it.

Mar. O! never fear me, Sir; I ſhall not fly out; being convinc'd, that nothing gives ſo much a Point to our Averſion

Averſion, as good Breeding; as, on the contrary, ill Manners often hide a ſecret Inclination.

Doct. Moſt accurately diſtinguiſh'd—Well, Madam, is there no Project you can think of now, to turn this mutual Averſion, as I ſaid, into a mutual Benefit?

Mar. None that I know of, unleſs we were to marry for our mutual Mortification.

Doct. What would you give then, to avoid marrying me?

Mar. My Life, with Joy, if Death alone cou'd ſhun you.

Doct. When you marry any other Perſon—my Conſent is neceſſary.

Mar. So I hear indeed——But pray, *Doctor*, tell me, how could your Modeſty receive ſo inſolent a Power, without putting my poor Father out of Countenance with your Bluſhes?

Doct. You over-rate my Prudence: I ſought it not, but he would crowd it in among other Obligations: He is good-natur'd, and I could not ſhock him by a Refuſal. Wou'd you have had me plainly told him, what a deſpicable Opinion I had of his Daughter?

Mar. Or rather, what a favourable one you had of his Wife, Sir?

Doct. Humh! you ſeem to loſe your Temper.

Mar. Why do you ſuppoſe, the whole Family does not ſee it, except my Father?

Doct. If you will keep your Temper, I have ſomething to propoſe to you.

Mar. Your Reproof is juſt; but I only rais'd my Voice, to let you know, I know you.

Doct. You might have ſpar'd your Pains, it being of no Conſequence to my Propoſal, what you think of me.

Mar. Not unlikely. Come, Sir, I am ready to receive it.

Doct. In one Word then—I take it for granted, that you would marry Mr. *Hearty*——Am I right?

Mar. Once in your Life, you are.

Doct. Nay, no Compliments; let us be plain—Would you marry him?

Mar. You are mighty nice, methinks——Well—I would.

Doct. Then I won't consent to it—Now, if you have any Proposal to make me—so—if not, our Amour's at an end; and we part as Civil Enemies, as if we had been married this Twelvemonth—Think of it.

Mar. [*Aside.*] O the mercenary Villain, he wants to have a Fellow-feeling, I find—What shall I do with him—bite him—pretend to comply, and make my Advantage of it—Well, Sir, I understand every thing but the Sum—if we agree upon that, it's a Bargain.

Doct. Half.

Mar. What, Two Thousand Pound for your Consent only?

Doct. Why, is not Two Thousand Pound worth Two Thousand Pound? Don't you actually get so much by it? Is not the half better than nothing? Come, come, say, I have us'd you like a Friend.

Mar. Nay, I think it's the only civil Thing you have done, since you came into the Family.

Doct. Do you then make your Advantage of it.

Mar. Why, as you say, *Doctor*, 'tis better than nothing. But how is my Father to be brought into this?

Doct. Leave that to my Management.

Mar. What Security tho' do you expect for this Money?

Doct. Oh, when I deliver my Consent in Writing, *Heartly* shall lay it me down in *Bank*-Bills.

Mar. Well! on one Proviso, I'll undertake that too.

Doct. Name it.

Mar. Upon your immediately owning to my Father, that you are willing to give up your Interest to Mr. *Heartly*.

Doct. Hush! stay—I agree to it—you shall have Proof of it this Evening—But in the mean time, let me warn you too; Don't expect, after I have hinted what you desire to your Father, to make your Advantages now by betraying me to him. You know my Power there: if you do, I can easily give it a Counter-Turn: So discover what you please, I shall only pity you.

Mar. O! I shall not mind in my own Light; I know you're over, and your Conscience too well, dear *Doctor*.

Doct. Nay, I dare depend upon your being true to your

your own Intereſt. Here comes your Father, I will break it to him immediately. You'll prepare Mr. *Heartly* the mean time.

Mar. Without fail.

Doct. I am ſatisfied.

Enter Sir John.

Sir *John.* Well, Sir, is my Daughter prudent? Has ſhe at laſt, a true and virtuous Senſe of Happineſs?

Doct. She underſtands me better than I hoped, Sir.

Mar. Well ſaid Equivocation. [*Aſide.*

Doct. If you pleaſe, Sir *John*, we'll take a Turn in the Garden, I have ſomething there to offer to you.

Sir *John.* With all my Heart, Sir,——*Maria.*——There's a Toy for thee——Now thou art again my Daughter. [*Gives her a Ring.*

Come, Sir, I wait on you. [*Exeunt* Sir *John* and *Doctor.*

Mar. What this Fellow's Original was, I know not; but by his Conſcience and Cunning, he would make an admirable Jeſuit—Here comes my Brother, and I hope with a good Account of him—Well! Brother, What Succeſs?

Enter Colonel.

Col. All that my honeſt heart could wiſh for—Subſtantial Affidavits! that will puzzle him to Anſwer; I have planted a Meſſenger at the next Door, who has a Warrant in his Pocket, when I give the Word, to take him.

Mar. Why ſhould not you do it immediately, he's now in the Garden with my Father.

Col. No; our ſeizing him now for Treaſon, I am afraid won't convince my Father of his Villainy. My Deſign is not only to get my Father out of his Hands, but to drive the pernicious Principles he has inſtill'd out of my Father too.

Mar. That I doubt will be difficult.

Col. Not at all, if we can firſt prove him a private Villain to him. My Father's Honeſty will ſoon reflect, and may receive as ſudden a Turn as his Credulity.

Mar. That's true again; and I hope I am furniſh'd with a new Occaſion to begin the Alarm to him.

Col. Pray what is't?

Mar. Not to trouble you with Particulars; but in ſhort, I have agreed with the *Doctor*, that *Heartly* ſhall give him Two Thouſand Pounds for his Conſent; without which, you know, by my Father's late Settlement, *Heartly* and I can never come together.

Col. And does the Monſter really inſiſt upon't?

Mar. Not only that, but ev'n defies me to make an Advantage of the Diſcovery.

Col. One would think the Villain ſuſpects his Footing in the Family is but ſhort-liv'd, he is in ſuch Haſte to have his Pennyworths out on't. But pr'ythee, Siſter, What Secret's this, that you have yet behind in thoſe Writings that *Charles* brought to you?

Mar. O! that's what I can't yet tell you.

Col. Why, pray?

Mar. Becauſe, when you have done all you can, I am reſolv'd to reſerve ſome Merit againſt him to myſelf.

Col. But why do you ſuppoſe I would not aſſiſt in it?

Mar. You can't, it's now too late.

Col. Pſhah! this is raſh, and ridiculous.

Mar. Ay, may be ſo; I ſuppoſe *Heartly* will be of that Opinion too: But if he is, you had better adviſe him to keep it to himſelf.

Col. You will have your obſtinate Way, I find.

Mar. It can't be worſe than yours, I'm ſure; remember how you came off in your laſt Project; I know you meant well, but you are diſinherited for all that.

Col. That's no Surprize to me; but I am aſham'd however.

Mar. By the way; What have you done with *Heartly*? why is he not here?

Col. He has been here, but you muſt excuſe him; he was oblig'd to call in Haſte for *Charles*, whom he took home with him in his own Coach, where his Father waited to receive him.

Mar. The poor Boy by this Time then has ſeen him. Sure their meeting muſt have been a moving Sight; I would

would give the World methinks for a true Account of it.

Col. You'll have it from *Heartly* by and by; 'tis at his Houſe they meet: The Father, Sir *Charles Trueman*, happened to be *Heartly*'s intimate Acquaintance.

Mar. Well! I own *Heartly* has gained upon me by this.

Col. I am glad to hear that at leaſt. But I muſt let my Lady know what Progreſs we have made in the *Doctor*'s Buſineſs, and beg her Aſſiſtance to finiſh him. [*Ex.* Col.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Mr. *Heartly*.

Mar. Deſire him to walk in.

Enter Heartly.

Hear. To find you thus alone, Madam, was an Happineſs I did not expect from the Temper of our laſt parting.

Mar. I ſhould have been as well pleas'd now to have been thank'd, as reproach'd for my good Nature; but you will be in the Right, I find.

Hear. Indeed you take me wrong; I literally meant, that I was afraid you would not ſo ſoon think I had deſerv'd this Favour.

Mar. Well, then, one of us has been in the Wrong at leaſt.

Hear. 'Twas I, I own it——More is not in my Power; all the Amends that have been, I have made you: My very Joy of ſeeing you, has waited, 'till what you had at Heart unaſk'd, was perfected; my own Pardon was poſtpon'd, 'till I had ſecur'd one ev'n for a Rival's Life, whom you ſo juſtly had compaſſionated.

Mar. Pooh! but why would you ſay *unaſk'd* now? Don't you conſider your doing it ſo, is half the Merit of the Action?--Lord! you have no Art: you ſhould have left me to have taken Notice of that; only imagine now, how kind, and handſome an Acknowledgment you have robb'd me of?

Hear. And yet how artfully you have paid it? With what a wanton, charming Eaſe you play upon my Tenderneſs?

Mar. Well, but was not you silly now?

Hear. [*Gazing on her.*] Come—You shall not be serious—You can't be more agreeable.

Mar. O! but I am serious.

Hear. Then I'll be so—Do you forgive me all?

Mar. What. [*Looking on her Fan, as not hearing him.*

Hear. Are we Friends, *Maria?*

Mar. O Lord! but you have told me nothing of poor *Charles*; Pray how did his Father receive him?

Hear. Must you needs know that, before you answer me?

Mar. Lord! you are never well till you have talk'd one out of Countenance.

Hear. Come, I won't be too particular, you shall answer nothing—Give me but your Hand only.

Mar. Pshah! I won't pull off my Glove, not I.

Hear. I'll take it as it is then.

Mar. Lord! there, there, eat it, eat it.

[*Putting it aukwardly to him.*

Hear. And so I could, by Heav'n.

[*Kisses it eagerly, and pulls off her Glove.*

Mar. O my Glove! my Glove! my Glove!—Pooh! you are in a perfect Storm! Lord! if you make such a Rout with ones Hand only, What would you do if you had ones Heart?

Hear. That's impossible to tell—But you were asking me of *Charles*, Madam.

Mar. O! ay, that's true! Well, now you are good again———Come tell me all that Affair, and then you shall see———how I will like you. [*Wantonly.*

Hear. O! that I could thus play with Inclination!

Mar. Pshah! but you don't tell me now.

Hear. There is not much to tell——Where two such tender Passions met, Words had but faintly spoke them. The Son conducted to the Door, with sudden Fear stopt short, and bursting into Sighs, o'er charg'd with Shame and Joy, had almost fainted in my Arms: The Father, touch'd with his Concern, mov'd forward with a kindly Smile to meet him. At this he took new Life, and springing from his Hold, fell prostrate at my Feet, where

mute

mute, and trembling, for a while he lay. At length with streaming Eyes, and faultering Tongue, he begg'd his Bleſſing, and his Pardon. The tender Father caught him in his Arms, and dropping his fond Head upon his Cheek, kiſs'd him, and ſigh'd out, *Heaven protect thee!* then gave into his Hand the Royal Pardon; and turning back his Face to dry his Manly Eyes, he cry'd, *Deſerve this Royal Mercy*, Charles, *and I am ſtill thy Father.* The grateful Youth, raiſing his Heart-ſwollen Voice, reply'd, *May Heaven preſerve the Royal Life that gave it.* But here, their Paſſions grew too ſtrong for farther Speech: Silent Embraces, alternate Sighs, and mingling Tears, were all their Language now. The moving Scene became too tender for my Eyes, and call'd methought, for Privacy; there unperceiv'd I left them, to recover into breathing Senſe, and utterable Joy.

Mar. Well! of all the inmoſt Tranſports of the Soul, there's none that dance into the Heart, like friendly Reconcilements.

Hear. Thoſe Tranſports might be ours, *Maria*, would you but try your Power to pardon.

Mar. Which of thoſe Two now do you think was happieſt at that Meeting?

Hear. O! the Father, doubtleſs: Great Souls feel a kind of honeſt Glory in forgiving, that far exceeds the Tranſport of receiving Pardon.

Mar. Now I think to bend the ſtubborn Mind to aſk it, is an equal Conqueſt; and the Joy ſuperior to receive, where the Heart wiſhes to be under Obligations.

Hear. Put me into the happy Boy's Condition, and I may then, perhaps, reſolve you better.

Mar. You ſhall poſitively bring him into Acquaintance.

Hear. Upon my Word I will.

Mar. And ſhew him to all the Women of Taſte; and I'll have you call him my pretty Fellow too.

Hear. I will indeed: But hear me——

Mar. I'm poſitive, if he had White Stockings he would cut down all the Wranglers at Court in a Fortnight!

Hear. [illegible] no doubt on't; but——

Mar.

Mar. You can't conceive how prettily he makes Love now.

Hear. Not ſo well, as you make your Defence, *Maria.*

Mar. O Lord! I had forgot——he's to teach me *Greek* too.

Hear. O, the trifling Tyrant! How long, *Maria*, do you think you can find out new Evaſions for what I ſay unto you?

Mar. Lord, you are horrid ſilly! But ſince 'tis Love that makes you ſuch a Dunce——poor *Heartly*,——I forgive you.

Enter Colonel *unſeen.*

Hear. That's kind, however——But to compleat my Joy, be kinder yet——and——

Mar. O! I can't, I can't——Lord! did you never ride a Horſe-Match?

Hear. Was ever ſo wild a Queſtion?

Mar. Becauſe if you have, it runs in my Head, you certainly gallop'd a Mile beyond the Winning-Poſt to make ſure on't.

Hear. Now I underſtand you: But ſince you will have me touch every Thing ſo very tenderly, *Maria*, How ſhall I find proper Words to aſk you the Lover's laſt neceſſary Queſtion?

Mar. O! there's a Thouſand Points to be adjuſted, before that's anſwer'd.

Col. [*Coming unexpectedly between them.*] Name them this Moment then, for poſitively this is the laſt Time of aſking.

Mar. Pſhah! Who ſent for you?

Col. I only came to teach you to ſpeak plain *Engliſh*, my Dear.

Mar. Lord! mind your own Buſineſs, can't you?

Col. So I will; for I will make you do more of yours in Two Minutes, than you would have done without me in a Twelvemonth. Why, how now! What! do you think the Man's to dangle after your ridiculous Airs for ever?

Mar. This is mighty pretty!

Col.

Col. You'll ſay ſo on *Thurſday* Seven-night, (for let Affairs take what Turn they will in the Family;) that's poſitively your Wedding-Day—Nay, you ſha'n't ſtir.

Mar. Was ever ſuch Aſſurance?

Hear. Upon my Life, Madam, I am out of Countenance: I don't know how to behave myſelf to him.

Mar. No, no, let him go on, only——This is beyond whatever was known, ſure!

Hear. Admirable! I hope it will come to ſomething. [*Aſide.*

Col. Ha! ha! If I were to leave you to your ſelves now, what a Couple of pretty out-of-Countenance Figures you would make; Humming and Hawing upon the vulgar Points of Jointure, and Pin Money——Come, come! I know what's proper o'both Sides, you ſhall leave it to me.

Hear. I had rather *Maria* would name her own Terms to me.

Col. Have you a Mind to any Thing particular? [*To* Maria.

Mar. Why ſure! What! Do you think I'm only to be fill'd out here as you pleaſe, and ſweetned, and ſupp'd up like a Diſh of *Bohea*.

Col. Why, pray Madam, when your Tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it? But you, I ſuppoſe, expect a Lover's Heart, like your Lamp, ſhould be always flaming at your Elbow, and when it's ready to go out, you indolently ſupply it with the Spirit of Contradiction.

Mar. And ſo you ſuppoſe, that your Aſſurance has made an End of this Matter?

Col. Not till you have given him your Hand upon it.

Mar. That then would compleat it?

Col. Perfectly.

Mar. Why then take it, *Heartly.* [*Giving her Hand to* Heartly.

Hear. O ſoft Surprize! Extatick Joy.

Mar. Now I preſume you are in high Triumph, Sir. [*To the* Col.

C.

Col. No, Siſter, now you are conſiſtent with that good Senſe I always thought you Miſtreſs of.

Mar. I'm afraid Mr. *Heartly*, we are both oblig'd to him.

Hear. If you think ſo, *Maria*, my Heart———
Is under double Obligations laid. [*Embracing him.*

Col. If it cements our Friendſhip, I am overpaid.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Heartly, *and* Maria.

Mar. WELL, now, *Heartly*, now you have nothing to do but to look forward, and, if poſſible, to forget what I have been to you: Though 'tis a horrid Reſtraint you lay upon our Sex: You firſt make it the Buſineſs of your Lives to blow up our Vanity, and then prepoſterouſly expect we ſhould be prudent and humble: That is, you invite us to a Feaſt, where 'tis criminal to taſte, or have an Appetite; You put a Sword into a Child's Hand, and then are angry if it does Miſchief.

Hear. You give up too much, *Maria*; I never treated you ſo: What might have been Flattery to moſt Women, was but honeſt Truth to you.

Mar. Why look you there now! Is not that enough to turn any poor Woman into a Changeling?

Hear. No, becauſe 'tis true; charge me with a Falſhood and I ſubmit.

Mar. Nay then did you not once tell me, that all my Airs and Follies were merely put on in Compliance to the World, and that good Senſe was only natural to me; that ev'n my Affectation (I have not forgot your Words) carried more Sincerity, than the ſerious Vows of other Women?

Hear. By all my Happineſs I think ſo ſtill.

Mar. What, ſeriouſly?

Hear. Upon my Soul I do.

Mar. Lord! how delighful! Do you really love me then, *Heartly?* Do, tell me, for now I begin to believe every Thing you ſay to me. But don't neither—I am vain ſtill——'Twas my Vanity that made me ask you.

Hear. Now I don't take it ſo.

Mar. There was ſome in't I am ſure, tho' it begins to dwindle, I can tell you.

Hear. No matter, I love you as you are, I would not have you loſe your Pleaſantry, *Maria.*

Mar. Well, do, let me be ſilly ſometimes.

Hear. O! I can play with you, for that Matter.

Mar. Pſhah! you'll laugh at me.

Hear. Not while you are good in Eſſentials.

Mar. Indeed I'll be very good.

Hear. O fy! that will be the way to make me ſo.

Mar. Lord! What ſignifies Senſe, where there is ſo much Pleaſure in Folly?

Hear. No perfect Paſſion ever was without it; the Pleaſure would ſubſide were we always to be wiſe in it.

Mar. For my Part I think ſo: But will you really ſtand to the Agreement tho', that I have made with the Doctor?

Hear. Why not? You ſhall not break your Word upon my Account, though he might be a Villain you gave it to.

Mar. Well, I take it as a Compliment; not but I have ſome Hopes of getting over it, and juſtly too; but don't let me tell you now. I love to ſurprize——Tho' you ſhall know all, if you deſire it.

Hear. No, *Maria*, I don't want the Secret; I am ſatisfied in your Inclination to truſt me.

Mar. Well then, I'll keep the Secret only to ſhew you, that you upon Occaſion may truſt me with one.

Hear. After that, *Maria*, it would be wronging you to aſk it: But pray, Madam, has the Doctor yet given you any Proof of his having declin'd his Intereſt to your Father?

Mar.

Mar. Yes, he told me juſt now, he had brought him to pauſe upon it, and does not queſtion in Two Days to compleat it; but deſires in the mean time you will be ready and punctual with the *Preamble*.

Hear. Suppoſe I ſhould talk with Sir *John* myſelf; 'tis true he has ſlighted me of late, but however, I ought at leaſt to aſk his Conſent, though I have but little Hopes of it.

Mar. By all Means, do ſo——Here he comes——This may open another Scene of Action too, that we are preparing for.

Enter Sir John, *and Lady* Woodvil, *who walks apart with* Maria.

Sir *John.* Mr. *Heartly*, I am glad I have met with you here.

Hear. I have endeavour'd twice to Day, Sir, to pay my Reſpects to you.

Sir *John.* Sir, I'll be plain with you—I went out to avoid you; but where the Welfare of a Child is concern'd, you muſt not take it ill, if we don't ſtand upon Ceremony.——However, ſince I have Reaſon now to be more in Temper, than perhaps I was, at that Time, I ſhould be glad to talk with you.

Hear. I take it as a Favour, Sir.

Sr *John.* Sir,—Doctor *Wolf* informs me, that he is well aſſured you were born the Year before the Revolution: Now, Sir, I ſhould be glad to be well ſatisfied in that Point; a greater Conſequence depending on it, perhaps, than you imagine.

Hear. Sir, I have been always told that was my Age; but for your farther Satisfaction I appeal to the Regiſter.

Sir *John.* Sir, I dare believe you, and am glad to hear it.

Hear. But pray, Sir, may I beg leave to aſk, why you are ſo concerned to know this.

Sir *John.* Becauſe Sir, if this be true, I am ſatisfied you may be a *regular Chriſtian*; the Doubt of which may have, perhaps, done you ſome Diſſervice in my private Opinion.

Hear. Sir, if that can reconcile me to it, I ſhall be thankful for the Benefit, without conſidering why I that way came to deſerve it.

Sir *John.* That Argument might hold us now too long ——— But, Sir ——— here's the Caſe ——— your Principles and mine have the Misfortune to differ: Yours being (as I take it) entirely on the Revolution Side.

Hear. If I am not miſinform'd, Sir, you yourſelf commanded a Regiment in Defence of it.

Sir *John.* I did ſo, and thought it juſt. ——'Twould be fruitleſs, perhaps, to offer you the Reaſons, that ſince have alter'd my Opinion: But now, Sir, even ſuppoſing that I err in Principle, you muſt ſtill allow, that Conſcience is the Rule that every honeſt Man ought to walk by.

Hear. 'Tis granted, Sir.

Sir *John.* Then give me leave to tell you, Sir, that giving you my Daughter, would be to act againſt that Conſcience I pretend to, and conſequently the ſame Ties oblige me to beſtow her, where the ſame Principles with mine, I think deſerve her ——— Now, Sir, conſult your own Honour, and tell me, how you can ſtill purſue my Daughter, without doing Violence to mine?

Hear. But, Sir, to ſhorten this Diſpute, ſuppoſe the Doctor (whom I preſume you deſign her for) actually conſents to give me up his Intereſt, might not that ſoften your Objections to me?

Sir *John.* But why do you ſuppoſe, Sir, he would give up his Intereſt?

Hear. I only judge from what your Daughter tells me, Sir.

Sir *John.* My Daughter!

Hear. I appeal to her.

Mar. And I appeal ev'n to yourſelf, Sir. ——— Has not the Doctor juſt now in the Garden ſpoke in Favour of Mr. *Heartly* to you? Nay, pray, Sir, be plain, becauſe more depends on that, than you can eaſily imagine or believe.

Sir

Sir *John.* What ſenſeleſs Inſinuation have you got in your Head now?

Mar. Be ſo kind, Sir, firſt to anſwer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

Sir *John.* Well, I own he has decln'd his Intereſt; in Favour of Mr. *Heartly:* But I muſt tell you, Madam, he did it in ſo modeſt, ſo friendly, ſo good-natur'd, ſo conſcientious a Manner, that I now think myſelf more than ever bound in Honour to eſpouſe him.

Mar. But now, Sir, (only for Argument's Sake) ſuppoſe I could prove, that all this ſeeming Virtue was utterly Artificial; that his Regard to Mr. *Heartly* was neither founded upon Modeſty, Friendſhip, Good-Nature, nor Conſcience; or in ſhort, that he has lately betray'd and ſold the Truſt you made him; like a Villain barter'd, bargain'd to give me to Mr. *Heartly*, for half the Four Thouſand Pound you have valued his Conſent at. I ſay, ſuppoſe this were the Caſe, where would be his Virtue then, Sir?

Sir *John.* And I ſay 'tis impious to ſuppoſe it.

Hear. Under Favour, Sir, how is it poſſible your Daughter could know the Doctor had ſpoke to you upon this Head, if he himſelf had not told her ſo, in Conſequence of his Agreement?

Sir *John.* Sir, I don't admit your Conſequence: Her knowing it from him is no Proof, that he might not ſtill reſign her from a Principle of Modeſty or Good-Nature.

Mar. Then, Sir, from what Principle muſt you ſuppoſe that I accuſe him?

Sir *John.* From an obſtinate Prejudice to all that's Good and Virtuous.

Mar. That's too hard, Sir. What Blot has ſtain'd my Life, that you can think ſo of me. But, Sir, the worſt your Opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. *Heartly*, without either his Conſent or yours.

Sir *John.* What, do you brave me, Madam?

Mar. [*In Tears.*] No Sir, but I ſcorn a Lye, and will ſo far vindicate my Integrity, as to inſiſt on your believing me, if not, as a Child whom you abandon,

I have a right to throw myſelf into other Arms for Protection.

Hear. O *Maria!* how thy Spirit Charms me?

[*Apart to her.*

Sir *John.* I am confounded! thoſe Tears cannot be Counterfeit, nor can this be True.

Lady *Wood.* Indeed my Dear, I fear it is, it would be Cruel to her Concern to think it wholly falſe, can you ſuppoſe ſhe'd urge ſo groſs an Accuſation only to expoſe herſelf to the Juſtice of your Reſentment?

Sir *John.* What are you againſt him too? then he has found but me, and I cannot, at ſo ſhort a warning, give him up to Infamy, and Baſeneſs.

Lady *Wood.* Good Sir, be compos'd, and aſk your Heart one farther Queſtion.

Sir *John.* What would you ſay to me?

Lady *Wood.* In all our mutual Courſe of Happineſs, have I ever yet deceiv'd you with a Falſhood?

Sir *John.* Never, I grant it, nor has my honeſt Heart yet wrong'd thy Goodneſs with a jealous Thought of it.

Lady *Wood.* Would you then believe me, ſhould I accuſe him too? even of Crimes, that Virtue bluſhes but to mention?

Sir *John.* To what Extravagance would you drive me?

Lady *Wood.* I would before have undeceiv'd you, when his late Artifice turn'd the honeſt Duty of your Son, into his own Reproach, and Ruin: But knowing then your Temper was inacceſſible, I durſt not offer it. But now, in better Hope of being believ'd, I here avow the Truth of all he was accus'd of then.

Sir *John.* Will you diſtract me? my Senſes could not be deceiv'd.

Lady *Wood.* Indeed they were, he ſaw you liſtning, and at the Inſtant turn'd his impious barefac'd Love to me, into equivocal Interceſſions pretending to *Maria.*

Sir *John.* You ſtartle me.

Lady *Wood.* Could you otherwiſe ſuppoſe, your Son would have brought you to be Witneſs of his own weak Malice in Accuſing him?

Sir *John.* I'm all Aſtoniſhment!

Lady

Lady *Wood.* Come, Sir, suspend your Wonder, respite your Belief ev'n of this, till grosser Evidence convinces you: Suppose I here, before your Face, should let you see his Villainy, make him repeat his odious Love to me, at once throw off his Mask, and shew the barefac'd Traytor.

Sir *John.* Is it possible? Make me but Witness of that Fact, and I shall soon accuse myself, and own my Folly equal to his Baseness: But pardon me, as I in such a Case would not believe, ev'n him accusing you, so am I bound in equal Charity to think, you yet may be deceiv'd, in what you charge on him.

Lady *Wood.* 'Tis Just—let it be so—we'll yet suppose him Innocent, till you yourself pronounce him Guilty; and since I have stak'd my Faith upon the Truth of what I urge, 'tis fit we bring him to immediate Tryal. But then, Sir, I must beg you to descend ev'n to the poor Shifts we are reduc'd to.

Sir *John.* All, to any thing to ease me of my Doubts, propose them.

Lady *Wood.* They that would set Toils for Beasts of Prey, must lurk in humble Caves to watch their Haunts.

Sir *John.* Place me where you please.

Lady *Wood.* Under this Table is your only Stand, the Carpet will conceal you.

Sir *John.* Be it so, I'll take my Post, what more?

Lady *Wood.* Mr. *Heartly*, shall we beg your Leave, and you *Maria*, take the least suspected way to send the *Doctor* to me immediately.

Mar. I have a Thought will do it, Madam,—come Sir. [Exit *Mar.* and *Hear.*

Lady *Wood.* Here Sir, take this Cushion, you will be easier. [*Sir* John *goes under the Table.*] Now Sir, you must consider how desperate a Disease I have undertaken to cure, therefore you must not winch nor stir too soon, at any Freedom you observe me take with him; be sure lie close and still, and when the Proof is full, appear at your Discretion.

Sir *John.* Fear not, I'll be patient.

Lady *Wood.* Hush! he comes.

Enter

Enter Doctor *with a Book.*

Doct. Your Woman told me, Madam, you were here alone, and desir'd to speak with me.

Lady *Wood.* I did, Sir, but that we may be sure we are alone, pray shut the outward Door, and see that Passage too be clear, another Surprize might ruin us—— is all safe?

Doct. I have taken care, Madam.

Lady *Wood.* I am afraid I interrupt your Meditations.

Doct. Say rather you improve them: You, Madam, were the subject of my solitary Thoughts, I take in all the little aids I can to guard my Frailty, and truly I have receiv'd great Consolation from an unfortunate Example here before me.

Lady *Wood.* Pray of what kind, Sir?

Doct. I had just dipt into poor *Eloisa*'s Passion for *Abelard*: It is indeed a piteous Conflict! How terrible! How penitent a Sense she shews of guilty Pleasures past, and fruitless Pains to shut them from her Memory.

Lady *Wood.* I have read her Story, Sir.

Doct. Is it not pitiful?

Lady *Wood.* A Heart of Stone might feel for her.

Doct. O! think then, what I endure for you, such are my Pains, but such is my Sincerity, tho I fear my being reduc'd to feign a Passion for *Maria*, in my late Surprize, has done dishonour to the Vows I then preferr'd to you.

Lady *Wood.* 'Twas on that point, I wanted now to talk with you, not knowing then, how far you might mistake my Silence: Now had I clos'd with the Colonel in accusing you, it would have been plain I was your Enemy; as had I join'd in your Defence against him, it had been as grosly evident I was his; but since I have uses for his Friendship, and, as I saw your Credit with Sir *John* needed no support, I hope you'll think betwixt the two Extremes I have acted but a prudent Part.

Doct. Let me presume to hope then, what I did, you judge was Self-Defence, and pure Necessity.

Lady *Wood.* 'Twas wonderful! Surprizing to Perfection!

tion? The Wit of it——but I won't tell you, what Effect it had upon me.

Doct. Why, Madam? let me beseech you.

Lady *Wood.* No, 'twas nothing——beside——what need you ask me?

Doct. Why do you thus deceive my fooliſh Heart, and feed it, with ſuch *Hybla* Drops of Flattery? You cannot ſure think kindly of me.

Lady *Wood.* O well feign'd Fear! You too, I find, can flatter in your Turn: You know how well the ſubtle force of Modeſty prevails. O Men! Men! Men!

Doct. 'Twere Arrogance to think I have obliged you: Goodneſs: But treat me as you please, I'll be ſincere to you, and frankly own, I ſtill ſuſpect, that all this ſoftning Favour is but Artifice.

Lady *Wood.* Well! well! I'd have you think ſo.

Doct. What Tranſport would it give, to be aſſured I wrong you! but O! I fear this Shadow of Compliance is only meant to lure me from *Maria*, and then as fond *Ixion*'s were of old, to fill my Arms with Air.

Lady *Wood.* Methinks this Doubt of me, ſeems rather founded on your ſecond Thoughts of not reſigning her; 'tis ſhe, I find is your ſubſtantial Happineſs.

Doct. O that you could but fear! I thought ſo! how eaſy 'twere to prove my Coldneſs, or my Love.

Lady *Wood.* O, Sir, you have convinc'd me now of both.

Doct. Can all this pretty Anger then be real? take heed, fair Creature, it flatters more, than Kindneſs.

Lady *Wood.* I can aſſure you, Sir, I ſhould have ſpar'd you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engag'd to her.

Doct. Nay then I muſt believe you: but indeed you wrong me, to prove my Innocence, 'tis not an Hour ſince I preſs'd Sir *John* to give *Maria* to young *Heartly*.

Lady *Wood.* O! all Artifice! you knew that modeſt Reſignation, would make Sir *John* but warmer in your Intereſt.

Doct. Since you will ſnip the Secret from my Heart——know then, I actually have ſold her, like a Bawble,

Bawble, to her childish Lover, for two thousand times her Value.

Lady *Wood.* Are you serious?

Doct. As this is true, or false, may I in you be blest, or miserable.

Lady *Wood.* But how can you suppose Sir *John* will ever hear of it.

Doct. Alas! poor Man! he knows not his own Weakness, he's molded into any Shape, if you but gently stroke his Humour: I dare depend on his Consent—— beside, I intend To-morrow to persuade him 'tis for the Interest of our *Cause*, it should be so, and then I have him sure.

Lady *Wood.* Fy! how is that possible? he can't be so implicitly Credulous. You don't take him sure for a *Roman* Catholick.

Doct. Um——not absolutely——But, poor Soul! he little thinks how near he is one. 'Tis true, name to him but *Rome*, or Popery, he startles, as at a Monster: But gild its grossest Doctrines with the Stile of *English Catholick*, he swallows down the Poison, like a Cordial.

Lady *Wood.* Nay, if he's so far within your Power, it cannot fail, He must consent: Well, Sir, now I give you leave to guess the Reason, why I too, at our last Meeting, so warmly prest you to resign *Maria*.

Doct. Is it possible? was I then so early your Concern?

Lady *Wood.* You cannot blame me sure, for having there oppos'd your Happiness.

Doct. I dye upon the Transport. [*Taking her Hand.*

Lady *Wood.* Be sure you are secret now: Your least Imprudence makes these, like Fairy Favours vanish in a Moment.

Doct. How can you form so vain a Fear?

Lady *Wood.* Call it not vain, for let our Converse end in what it may, you still shall find, my Fame is dear to me, as Life.

Doct. Where can it find so sure a Guard? the grave Austerity of my Life will strike Suspicion dumb, and yours may mock the Malice of Detraction: I am no

Giddy

Giddy, Looſe-Liv'd Courtier, [illegible] thoſe falſe Profeſſion[illegible] end only in his Boaſt of Favour? No, fair ſpotleſs Miracle, the Myſteries of Love are only fit for Hearts recluſe, and elevate as mine: My Happineſs, like yours, depending on my Secrecy.

Lady *Wood.* 'Tis you muſt anſwer for this Folly.

Doct. I take it whole upon myſelf, the Guilt be only mine, but be our Tranſports mutual —— come lovely Creature, let us withdraw to Privacy, where murmuring Love ſhall huſh thy Fears, and loſe them in the Burning Joy.

[*Sir* John *ſtepping ſoftly behind him ſeizes him by the Throat.*

Sir *John.* Traytor!

Doct. Ah! [*Aſtoniſh'd.*]

Sir *John.* Is this thy Sanctity? this thy Doctrine? theſe thy Meditations! If ſtung with my Abuſes I now ſhould ſtab thee to the Heart, what Devil durſt murmur 'twere not an Act of Juſtice? But ſince thy vile Hypocricy unmaſk'd, muſt make Mankind abhor thee, be thy own Shame, thy living Puniſhment.

Doct. Do! Triumph Sir——your Artifice has well ſucceeded——I ſee your Ends! you needed not ſo deep a Plot to part with me. [*Trembling.*

Sir *John.* Suppreſs thy weak Evaſions——Ungrateful Wretch! Have I for this redeem'd thee from the Jaws of gaping Poverty, Fed, Cloath'd, Lov'd, Preferr'd thee to my Boſom, to my Family, and Fortune? Wife, Children, Friends, Servants, all that were not Friends to thee, accounted as my Enemies; nay more to crown my Faith in thee, I have relied on thy Integrity ev'n for my future Happineſs: And how haſt thou, in one ſhort Day requited me? Taking the Advantage of my blinded Paſſion, thou haſt turn'd the Duty of my Son to his Undoing; Sordidly haſt ſold the Truſt I made thee of my Daughter, attempted, like a felonious Traytor, to ſeduce my Wife, and haſt, I fear, with poiſonous Doctrines too enſnar'd my Soul.

Lady *Wood.* Now Heav'n be prais'd his Heart ſeems conſcious of his Error. [*Aſide.*

Sir

Sir *John.* But why do I reproach thee? had I not been the weakeſt of Mankind, thou never couldſt have prov'd ſo great a Villain——whether Heaven intends all this to puniſh, or to ſave me, yet I know not; my Senſes ſtagger at the View, and my Reflexion's loſt in wild Aſtoniſhment. [*He ſtands muſing.*

Doct. This Snare was worthy of you, Madam, 'tis you have made this Villain of me [*Apart to Lady* Wood.

Lady *Wood.* You would have made me worſe, but I have only ſhewn him what you were before.

Doct. I thank you.

Lady *Wood.* Thank your own Ingratitude, and Wickedneſs; But I muſt now purſue my Victory. [*Exit Lady* W.

Doct. [*Aparte.*] No it ends not here He was not brought to liſten to this Error alone! There's ſomething deeper yet deſigned againſt me—I muſt be ſpeedy—ſuppoſe I talk with *Charles*, alarm him with our common Danger, point out his Ruin as our only Means of Safety, and like the Panther in the Toil provok'd, turn ſhort with Vengeance on my Hunters?

Sir *John.* What! ſtill within my Sight! of all my Follies, which is it tells thee, that I now ſhall keep my Temper.

Doct. [*Turning boldly to him.*] Whom do you menace, me Sir? Reflect upon your own Condition firſt, and where you are.

Sir *John.* What would the Villain drive at! I pr'ythee leave me, I cannot look on thee! thy over-bearing Inſolence confounds me: But ſince thy Wickedneſs has turned my Eyes upon myſelf, and to thy Crimes detected, I hope to owe my future Innocence, as the ſore Wound the Viper gives, the Viper beſt can cure: For that one Good may Heaven like me forgive thee: But ſeek thy Biding in ſome other Place——out of my Houſe this Inſtant, Hence! begone! and ſee my ſhameful Face no more.

Doct. Nay then, 'tis Time to be myſelf, and let you know, that I am Maſter here, Turn you out, Sir, this Houſe is mine! and now, Sir, at your Peril dare to inſult me.

Sir *John.* O! Heaven! 'tis true, thou haſt diſarm'd my Juſtice, and turn'd its Sword into my own weak Boſom——I had forgot my Folly; 'tis fit it ſhould be ſo, and Heaven is juſt, at once to let me ſee my Crime, and Puniſhment—O my poor injur'd Son!—Whither ſhall I fly to hide me from the World?

Enter Lady Woodvil.

Lady *Wood.* Whither are you going, Sir?

Sir *John.* I know not——but here it ſeems I am a Treſpaſſer——the Maſter of this Houſe has warn'd me hence, and ſince the Right is now in him, 'tis juſt I ſhould reſign it.

Lady *Wood.* You ſhall not ſtir. He dares not act with ſuch abandon'd Inſolence, Nay, Sir, Poſſeſſion ſtill is yours, if he pretends a Right, let him by open Courſe of Law maintain it.

Doct. Are theſe the Shifts you are reduc'd to? no, Madam, I ſhall not wait ſo ſlow a Vengeance, you'll find I have a ſhorter way to rout you.——Here! *Charles!*

[*Exit* Doctor.

Sir *John.* Nay then there is an end of all——I have provok'd a Serpent——my Life, I ſee, muſt pay the Forfeit of my Folly!

Lady *Wood.* Come, Sir, take Heart! your Life, in ſpite of him, is free, and I hope your Actions too: However, tell me freely, have you raſhly done any thing, for which the Law may Queſtion you?

Sir *John.* I think, not ſtrictly, 'tis true I have lately truſted him with Sums of Money, which he pretended, if accounted for, might endanger both of us.

Lady *Wood.* O! the ſubtle Villain! thoſe Sums are innocent, I dare anſwer for them: But is there nothing more?

Sir *John.* Not, that I can call to mind, more criminal.

Lady *Wood.* Pray tell the worſt, that we may arm againſt him.

Sir *John.* Sometimes with my own Hand, I have reliev'd the wants of wretched Priſoners to the State.

Lady *Wood.* We have no Laws that frown on Acts of Charity.

Charity, if that were Criminal, the Government itſelf is guilty.

Sir *John*. How far our private Converſe may affect ——That I know not. If *Charles* betrays me not, think his Malice cannot reach me.

Lady *Wood*. Then Sir, be eaſy, for he has loſt his ...nce there: *Charles* has long ſince perceiv'd his ..., and grew from thence a ſecret Convert to the ...of Truth, and Loyalty; of which he has given ...eritorious Proof, that Mr. *Neatly*, and your Son, ... Day, Sir, have obtain'd his Pardon

Sir J. You tell me Wonders! Pardon'd! and a ...ay you! how ſtrongly are our Hearts perſuaded ...ple! What Darkneſs have I wander'd in! How a... ſuch Royal Mercy! yet with what hardned Malice has that Slave tradu...ed it?

Enter Mar... *haſtily*.

Mar. O Sir! I am frighte... out of my Senſes! for Heaven's ſake be gone! Fly, this Moment, this wicked Fellow has deſigns upon your Life.

Lady *Wood*. How!

Sir *John*. What doſt thou mean? explain.

Mar. As I was paſſing by the Hall, I heard him eag...neſt in Diſcourſe with *Charles*, and upon their naming you, I ſtopt awhile to liſten, where I heard the *Doctor* urge to him, that you were falſe at Heart, that from your late frivolous Pretence to break with him, he was convinc'd your Malice now would ſtop at nothing to undo him, that *Charles* himſelf was equally in Danger, and that to ſave your own Life, you certainly deſign'd to ſacrifice theirs to the Government, which there was no poſſibility of preventing, but by their immediate joining in a Charge of Treaſon againſt you.

Lady *Wood*. O the Villain! 'tis well we are ſecure in *Charles*.

Sir *John*. If we are not, why be it as it may—I will not ſtir—I'll ſtand upon my Innocence, or if that's betray'd, will throw me on the Mercy of that Royal Breaſt, whoſe Virtues my Credu... has injur'd.

Lady *Wood.* and *Mar.* Ah!

[*A Piſtol is heard from within.*

Sir *John.* What means, that Piſtol?

Lady *Wood.* Don't ſtir, I beg you, Sir.

Mar. What Terrors has this Monſter brought into our Family?

Lady *Wood.* What will it end in?

Sir *John.* How wretched has my Folly made me!

Lady *Wood.* How now! what's the matter?

Enter Betty.

Bet. O, dear Madam! I ſhall faint away. Murder doing.

Sir *John.* Who! where, what is it!

Bet. The *Doctor*, Sir, and Mr. *Charles*, were Words juſt now in the Hall, and upon a ſudden there was a Piſtol fir'd between them: Oh! I am afraid poor Mr. *Charles* is kill'd.

Sir *John.* How!

Bet. Oh! here he comes himſelf, Sir, he will tell you more.

Enter Heartly, Charles, *and the* Doctor *held by Servants.*

Hear. Here bring in this Ruffian, this is Villany beyond example.

Sir *John.* What means this Outrage?

Lady *Wood.* I tremble.

Charles. Don't be alarm'd, Madam, there's no Miſchief done, what was intended, the *Doctor* here can beſt inform you.

Doct. [*To Heartly.*] You, Sir, ſhall anſwer for this Inſult? What am I held for? who's here that dares aſſume a Right to Queſtion me?

Hear. Keep your Temper, Sir, we'll releaſe you preſently, but Sir *John* muſt firſt know the bottom of his Obligations to you.

Sir *John.* Mr. *Heartly*, I am aſham'd to look on you.

Doct. What, Sir! ſhall my own Servant abuſe me, brave me, lift his Hand againſt me, and I not dare to puniſh him.

Hear. Your Servant, Sir! we know him better.

Doct.

Doct. Then, Sir, I demand my Liberty, that the Government too may know him.

Charles. Yes, and let it too be known, you first seduc'd me to Rebel, and now would have me expiate my Offence with Perjury.

Doct. How, Sir?

Charles. Yes, Perjury! for such it must have been, should I have charg'd, as you'd have had me, this Gentleman with Treason: What Facts have I been privy to, that reach that Name? The worst I know of him, is, that all the factious Falshoods you have rais'd against the [illegible] Princes, he, blinded with your Hypocrisy, believ'd.

Doct. 'Tis well, Sir, you are protected now.

Charles. This, Sir, in short has been our Cause of Quarrel: The *Doctor* finding I receiv'd with Coldness his vile Designs against your Life, began to offer Menaces on mine, if I compl[illegible]'d not; at which I smiling, told him, the Disappointments of his Love had made him desperate: This stung him into Rage, and fastning at my Throat, he answer'd, Villain! you'll be humbler, when you groan in Chains for this; Here indeed all Temper left me, when disengaging from his Hold, with one home Blow I fell'd him reeling to the Pavement; at this grown desperate, he ran with fury to some Pistols that hung above the Chimney, to revenge him, I in the Instant as he reach'd one, seiz'd upon his Wrist, and as we grappled, Sir, the Pistol firing to the Cieling, alarm'd the Family, when Mr. *Heartly*, and your Servants, rusht in to part us.

Sir *John.* Insatiate Villain! O my Shame!

Doct. Well, Sir! now you have heard this mighty Charge! what have you more against me?

Hear. More, Sir, I hope is needless, but if Sir *John* is yet unsatisfied——

Sir *John.* O! I have seen too much! every new Instance of his Wickedness but adds afresh to my Confusion.

Lady *Wood.* Now, Sir, is [illegible] Dame. } *Apart.*

Hear. I go this Minu[illegible]m.

Doct.

Doct. I value not your whiſper'd Menaces, for know to your Confuſion, my Vengeance is not yet defeated: You'll find, Sir, that to rebel, or to conceal a Rebel are in the Eye of Law both equal Acts of Treaſon: That Fact I'm ſure is evident againſt you: There! there ſtands in Proof the ſtripling Traitor you have ſhelter'd! this, Sir, your whole Family can charge you with, and ſwear it home they ſhall, or load their Souls with Perjury; but then to daſh your few remaining Days with Bitterneſs of Miſery. Remember I, Sir, whom mortally you hate, ſucceed the Inſtant Heir to your Poſſeſſions: Now farewel, and let Diſgrace and Beggary [illegible] Childrens Portion.

As he is going out the Colonel *ſtops him.*

Col. Hold, Sir, not ſo faſt, you cannot paſs.
Doct. Who, Sir, ſhall dare to ſtop me?
Col. Within there! March!

Enter a Meſſenger *with a File of Muſqueteers.*

Meſſ. Is your Name *Wolf*, Sir?
Doct. What if it be, Sir!
Meſſ. Then, Sir, I have a Warrant againſt you for High Treaſon.
Doct. Me, Sir? [*Startled.*]
Meſſ. Do you know one *Colonel Perth*, Sir?
Doct. Ha! then I am betray'd indeed.
Clear. This *Perth*, it ſeems, Sir, has manag'd his Correſpondence at *Avignon*, from whence he came laſt Night Expreſs, but the Government having immediate Notice of his Arrival, he was this Morning ſeiz'd, and examin'd before the Council, where, among other Facts, he has confeſt he knew the *Doctor* actually in Arms at the firſt rebellious Riſing in *Northumberland*, which has been ſince by other Witneſſes confirm'd.
Col. And, Sir, to convince you, that ev'n the Doctrine he has [illegible] could never flow from the pure Fountain of [illegible] Faith: Here are Affidavits in my Hand that [illegible] under his Diſguiſe [illegible] Emiſſary of [illegible] Papiſt.

Thus

Orders, and has several times been seen, as such, to officiate public Mass in the Church of *Nostre Dame* at *Antwerp*.

Mar. Hear. and Lady *Wood.* How!

Sir *John.* I start with Horror, ev'n at the Danger I am freed from.

Col. And now, Sir, had not your insatiate Villanies to this Family forc'd me to this close Inquiry into your private Life, Perhaps you might have pass'd unquestion'd, among the Rout of Enemies, whom our Government despises.

D[illegible] Well, Sir! now then you know your worst of me [illegible] but know, what you call Criminal, may yet before your Triumph is secure, not only find its Pardon, but Reward: I yet may Live, Sir, to retort your Insult, at least [illegible] Days, that are allotted me, will want for no Supports of Life, while this Conveyance calls me Master.

Sir *John.* There! there indeed he stings me to the Heart! for that rash Act, Reproach and endless Shame will haunt me.

Mar. No Sir—be comforted! for ev'n there too his abandon'd Hope must leave him.

Sir *John.* Why dost thou torture me! did I not sign that Deed!

Mar. Yes, Sir, but in that Deed you'll find my Mother, not that Traitor is your Heir: For know the fatal Deed, which you intended, Sir, to sign, is here ev'n yet unseal'd and Innocent.

Omnes. Ha! [*The* Doctor *hastily opens the Deed to examine it, and all the Company seem surpriz'd.*

Sir *John.* What means she?

Mar. I mean, Sir, that this Deed, by Accident falling into this Gentleman's Hands, his generous Concern for our Family discover'd it to me: when I, reduc'd to this Extremity, instantly procur'd that other to be drawn exactly like it, which in your Impatience, Sir, to execute, pass'd unsuspected for the Original, their only Difference is that, wherever here y[illegible] *Doctor*'s Name, [illegible] find my Bro[illegible] oughout, and [illegible] in every [illegible] in all tha[illegible] Right

Right and Title, which you intended for your mortal Enemy.

Doct. Diſtraction! Outwitted by a brainleſs Girl.

[*Throws down the Writing in Rage. All the Servants having attended to the Diſcovery, break out into Huzzas of Joy, &c. while Sir* John, *the* Colonel, Charles *and* Maria *ſeverally embrace:* Heartly, *and Lady* Woodvil *ſilently join in their Congratulations.*

Doct. I cannot bear their irkſome Joy——come, Sir, lead me where you pleaſe—a Dungeon would relieve me now.

Col. Secure your Priſoner.

Ser. Huzzah! a Traitor! a Traitor!

[*Exeunt* Meſſ. Soldiers, Doctor, *and* Servants.

Mar. Now *Heartly*, I hope I have made Atonement for your Jealouſy.

Hear. You have baniſht it for ever; This was beyond yourſelf ſurprizing.

Col. Siſter——

Mar. Come, no ſet Speeches, If I deſerve your Thanks, return them in a Friendſhip here. [*Pointing to* Charles.

Char. The Buſineſs of my Life ſhall be to merit it.

Charles. And mine to ſpeak my Senſe of Obligations.

Sir John. O my Child! for this Deliverance, I only can reward thee here. [*Gives* Maria *to* Heartly.

For thee, my Son, whoſe filial Virtues I have injur'd; whatever Deed in every Article ſhall be ratified: I ſee your Eyes are all upon me, expecting from that vile Traitor's Practices, ſome voluntary Inſtance of my Heart's Converſion: I muſt be blind indeed, were I not now convinc'd he muſt in all Things have alike deceiv'd me, as the Dial that miſ-tells one Hour, the Conſequence is falſe through the whole Round of Day. Let it ſuffice, I ſee my Errors with a conſcious Shame; but hope, when I am juſtly Weigh'd, you'll find thoſe Errors [illegible] but from [illegible] not diſinclin'd to Truth,

(Tho' by [illegible] *pearances.*

His Senſe was ſh [illegible] *private Life*

Hear. And now, Sir, since I am sure, it will no more offend you, give me leave to observe, that of all the Arts our Enemies make use on to embroil us, none seem so audaciously preposterous, as their insisting that a Nation's best Security is the Word of a Prince, whose Religion indulges him to give it, and at the same time obliges him to break it: and though perhaps in lesser Points our Politic Disputes won't suddenly be ended, methinks there's one Principle, that all Parties might easily come into, that no Change of Government can give us a Blessing equal to our Liberty.

Grant it, but this and then of course you'll own,
To guard that Freedom, GEORGE *must fill the Throne.*

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

HOW wild, how frantic is the vain Essay,
That builds on modern Politics a Play!
Methinks to Write at all, is bold enough,
But in a Play to stand a Factious Puff!
Not Rome's *old Stage presum'd, nor Fame's a Fibber,*
And Moderns to attempt it! well said CIBBER!
Was't not enough the Critics might pursue him!
But must he rouse a Party to undo him!
These Blows I told him on his Play would fall,
But he unmov'd, cry'd—Blood! we'll stand it all,
When PRIESTS *turn* TRAITORS *where's the mighty matter?*
Since when has Treason been exempt from Satire?
And should from Guilt a factious Clamour rise,
Such Spite must speak them England's *Enemies,*
But if Old England's *Friends allow 'tis right.*
[illegible] sure their Power can chace the Jacobite,
[illegible] their Malice, like their Troops, to Flight.
As for the Critics, those, he owns may teize him,
Because he never took such Pains to please them,
In Time, Place, Action, Rules by which old Wits
Made Plays, as—Dames do Puddings, by Receipts:
But hopes again ev'n Rebels cannot say,
Tho' vanquisht, they're insulted in his Play:
Nay more——To set their Cause in fairest light,
[illegible] made a M[illegible] A Jacobite [illegible]
[illegible] Bards good [illegible] take it [illegible]
[illegible] own, [illegible] from [illegible]

EPILOGUE.

Thus to the Fair that may be wrong inclin'd,
He hopes to CHARLES's *Paſſion will be kind,*
Lie down, at worſt, on their reflecting Pillow,
The Rebel, after all's, a pretty Fellow!
But why, you'll ſay, was I made HEARTLY's *Wife?*
Conſider, Fair-ones, HEARTLY *ſav'd his Life:*
So that you ſee, the Boy han't quite miſcarried,
Beſide——
Are all thoſe Dears ſo happy you have married?
How often, in that State, has Love ſeen Elves
So cramm'd with Comfort, they could hang themſelves?
Let moſt you can againſt his Satire plead,
Is that my Lord of THETFORD's *hang'd indeed.*
If that ſeems hard, why grant him your Reprieve,
And by an Act of Grace, let this NON-JUROR *Live.*

End of the THIRD VOLUME.

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